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THE

July 15—August

REVIEW OF REVIEW

Founded by W. T. STEAD.



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THE PROGRESS OF THE WORLD.

LONDON, JULY 8.

• The world is full of conflicts, disturbances and crises. Nature herself seems restless. Earthquakes in California and again

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THROUGH.

A spirit like this is and will be helpful though, by itself, it will not be enough to bring the country through its trials.

Japan have added their quota to the national peacelessness. In this country industrial conflict would appear to be inevitable were not a new spirit of reasonableness abroad in the land and did not all parties perceive in a growing degree the need of pulling together. Mr. J. H. Thomas, speaking to the Annual Conference of the National Union of Railwaymen last Sunday, wisely advised trade unionists and employers alike to "talk out" instead of "fighting out" their differences. He added: "Our relations with the employers are essentially friendly; and with all the cards on the table we shall not be unmindful of the fact that the interests of one section of the community are not greater than the interests of the whole community." If this spirit were confined to trade unionists, without comprehension of their difficulties in other quarters, the outlook would not be reassuring. Fortunately there is strong reason to believe that it inspires not only the majority of employers but shareholders in mines and railways as well as the Government. In the *Times* of July 6 a significant letter was published from an anonymous correspondent. He wrote:

If one section, interested in a particular industry, is called upon in the present crisis to make sacrifices, then all sections should do the same. I write as a receiver of minimum coal rents, more than half of whose income is derived from this source. If miners are to be called upon to make the sacrifice of one hour's extra work, then not only the directors but all shareholders, royalty owners and receivers of minimum rent should be obliged to make a corresponding sacrifice. I am quite willing that a proportion of my minimum rent should be temporarily appropriated for the purpose of saving the mining industry. In the same way, I think that shareholders in railway undertakings should temporarily share in the sacrifices.

The principle of "sacrifices all round" is excellent but it needs to be applied with sympathetic insight and imagination if it is to be permanently productive of goodwill. It may be difficult for working miners to understand the reality of the hardships inflicted on thousands of impoverished families in the so-called "middle" or "upper" classes when their incomes are suddenly diminished, and not only upon those families but upon their dependents and others who minister to them. And it is still more difficult for people whom such hardship befalls to realise the greater hardships which unemployment or the diminution of a scanty wage involves for miners and workmen at the other end of the "social scale." Two shillings a week deducted from the wages of a miner who may be earning 30s. a week, or less, is a more serious aggravation of his poverty than the loss of £100 a year to a man with an income of £1,000. And when it is claimed that miners and other workmen have only to work more in order to earn more, it is sometimes forgotten that the shorter hours and the higher standard of living which manual workers have attained in England during the past ten or fifteen years, represent to them an acquisition more precious, because not fully expressible in terms of cash, than the margin of comfort of which a decrease in income may deprive middle class families. Sympathetic imagination, that is to say, the effort to see and appreciate the difficulties of others, is a more potent generator of goodwill than ever a just bargain; and it is because this quality of imagination is spreading among the people that we believe the country will pull successfully through its difficulties.

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THE RABBITS OF RECOVERY



Dyson in the Daily Herald

[London

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Racey in the Daily Star

[Montreal

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THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS



USURY: the Problem at Lausanne

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS

London, July 9th, 1932

THE NARRATIVE OF THE WORLD

DE VALERA IN LONDON

The Oath Bill and the Land Annuities are still in dispute between Great Britain and Mr. de Valera's Government.

Early in June the Free State Senate reduced the Oath Bill to a single clause abolishing the oath, and made its coming into force dependent on agreement with Great Britain. Mr. de Valera then asked for discussions on the differences between the two Governments, and Mr. Thomas, Secretary for the Dominions, accompanied by Lord Hailsham, Secretary for War, travelled to Dublin. But their journey was little more than a gesture on the part of the British Government, and the real issue was thrashed out when Mr. de Valera came to London.

The Irish President's main purpose in so doing was to dispose of any difficulties that might be in the way of fiscal negotiations at Ottawa, or before that Conference. But as the British attitude depends on his policy in regard to the Oath and the Land Annuities, it did not seem that there was much hope of agreement.

Such fears were justified. Mr. de Valera "stood pat", in the words of the *Manchester Guardian*, and the same paper quoted an Irish observer in Downing Street as saying that

What prompted Mr. de Valera to court the present discussions was nothing but the fanatic's belief in his case and his conviction that it could be shown to be reasonable to any reasonable man.

The points at issue, and the attitude of the two Governments towards them, were well set out in the *Daily Telegraph*:

Free State

Persists in its determination to proceed with the bill to abolish the Oath of Allegiance.

Maintains its refusal to pay the Land Annuities (which amount to £3,000,000 a year) due to Britain.

Wishes to secure a united Ireland by incorporating Ulster in the Free State.

Great Britain

Refuses to enter into further agreements with the Free State until the Oath Bill is dropped.

Holds that the annuities form part of the Irish Treaty, and that the Free State is legally bound to pay them.

Will make no attempt to bring about the unification of Ireland without the consent of Ulster.

Perhaps the most remarkable fact that became known after the negotiations had broken down was that Mr. de Valera, while prepared to submit to arbitration on the Land Annuities, insisted that at least one member of the Board must be a foreigner. This the *Daily Telegraph* described as "an insult to the British Commonwealth".

In the House of Commons Mr. Thomas gave a clear and dispassionate account of what had occurred, and added that the British Government would not enter into any agreements with a Government that treated its obligations in such a manner.

The subsequent debate was notable for a speech by Mr. Lloyd George, who, with all his old fire and Parliamentary mastery, supported the National Government of which he has been such a violent critic. Mr. Lloyd George went further than Mr. Thomas by bringing in the more dangerous

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS

question of defence and of the impossibility of allowing the Irish Coast to be in the hands of a Government perhaps neutral when we were at war.

It is evidently Mr. de Valera's own character that is the cause of the trouble. Mr. Lloyd George described him from personal experience as being "perfectly unique", and added that "this poor distracted world has good right to feel profoundly thankful that he is unique".

DRUG TRAFFIC

Last month Mohamed Mustapha Nafei, the chief of the drug smugglers and traffickers of Egypt, was convicted and sentenced by the Cairo Central Criminal Court. He seems to have lived up to the "highest standards of competent and scientific villainy that have been set by the late Edgar Wallace and other masters of detective fiction", as *The Times* expressed it in a leading article :

Like their chief villains, he showed a horrid skill in compromising harmless citizens in his operations and binding them by blackmail to his service. His staff was numerous ; his activities far flung ; his imagination prolific. He had agents in every great city of the Levant ; he founded a shipping company at Alexandria the better to mask his smuggling operations and doubtless induced some very respectable capitalists to assist in its flotation ; he maintained a chemical laboratory in Cairo ; he rented villas in the suburbs of both cities for the concealment of the drugs that made his fortune ; he armed his motor cars, and would probably have armoured them if he had escaped arrest much longer. He was, in fact, one of the most dangerous men engaged in the most dangerous and destructive of the anti-social professions.

A few days later other arrests were made in Constantinople, Alexandria, and Paris. Four of the six arrested in Constantinople were British subjects—three brothers and a sister named Warrington—and it is stated that they were carrying on an illicit traffic in heroin, much of it being sent by ordinary post into Egypt.

One of the brothers, Oscar Warrington, is reported to have applied for a post in

the Egyptian police. Another, Alexander, was the leader of the gang, and has confessed that the sister, Marie, was used as a cashier for the profits of a notorious drug dealer.

Seven arrests were made in Alexandria. The men concerned had been using the same method of the unregistered post for disposing of the drugs. In Paris the "drug squad" seized a Pole named Jacob Polak witz, described by the *Daily Herald* as an "American millionaire", who had on his person in dollars and francs the sum of £3,000. His method of sending morphine to New York was to conceal it in consignments of children's toys.

These criminals do not seem to have been so clever as Nafei the Egyptian, though it is not unlikely that they were connected with his large organization, which has now received a severe set-back owing to the work of Russell Pasha, Commander of the Cairo Police and Chief of the Egyptian Central Narcotics Bureau.

THE SCYTHIA'S COAL

A week before the recovery of the *Egypt's* gold by the Italian Sorima Company the ss. *Scythia* of the Cunard Line sailed for New York from Liverpool. She carried 150 tons of a new mixture of oil and pulverized coal for use in one of the boilers, and when the Cunard Company, who hold the patents for this invention, received a cable, "all expectations realized", they were as pleased as the Italian divers on ss. *Artiglio*. Indeed, if all goes well, the finding of gold is a mere drop in the ocean of wealth compared with the new method of using coal with oil.

Experiments have been going on for years. At present 40 per cent pulverized coal is mixed with 60 per cent oil and passed into the bunkers, and through pipes and jets as if it were oil. The cost of oil fuel is 60s. a ton, of pit-head coal 12s. a ton (the cost of pulverizing and mixing must be added). When it is said that the Cunard Company alone uses one million tons of oil fuel a year, the importance of this discovery to other shipping firms, to the Admiralty to the coal industry, and to British trade in general, will be realized. A representative

of the Cunard Company, interviewed by the *Observer*, referred to it in the following terms:

There is no doubt that this may prove a momentous thing for the coal industry of this country—indeed, for industry generally. The men who evolved the new fuel—they are Mr. R. A. Adam, assistant superintendent engineer of the company; Mr. F. C. Holmes, chief chemist; and Mr. A. W. Perrins, a combustion engineer—have been at work on it for about three years. Their difficulty had always been to attain a mixture which would not permit of the coal sinking to the bottom of the oil, but now they have solved that difficulty and have achieved a mixture which looks almost exactly like pure oil except that it is blacker and feels slightly rough in comparison. But the coal is ground so fine that it is extraordinarily difficult to tell the difference between the two.

Oil fuel replaced coal because it was cheaper, cleaner, and more convenient to take in, but this new mixture is cheaper still, and may reduce the cost of running by one half. Also it burns just as cleanly as pure oil, is as easy to take in through a pipe-line, does not necessitate altering furnaces or boilers, and will be of enormous benefit to the coal trade of this country—a home industry—while oil fuel comes from abroad. If it really is the great success which we believe it is, other companies will use it, and indeed it will be adopted right throughout the world.

REVOLUTION IN CHILE

Economic distress resulting from the world crisis, and the penetration of Communist influence, were responsible for two revolutions in Chile last month. President Montero and his Government were overthrown by a military *coup d'état* supported by the Socialist Party and led by Colonel Marmaduke Grove, Commandant of the Aviation School. Ten days later Don Carlos Davila, one of Colonel Grove's accomplices, having resigned from the Junta because his views were not considered sufficiently revolutionary, started a counter-revolution which had the support of the army and succeeded in putting into power a Government of more moderate complexion.

These events caused no little stir abroad, due not only to fear for the life and property of foreign residents in Santiago, but to the fact that Colonel Grove and his "red" supporters had threatened British and American investments in Chile, which total,

according to the *Literary Digest*, over a billion dollars. The *British Daily Express* even reported that the Minister of Labour in the new Cabinet was "in close touch with Amtorg, the world-wide Russian Trade Commission, whose head-quarters are in Moscow". It went on to say that the Russian plan of "collective life" was being applied to hundreds of Chilean families, and that the colonisation of large estates in the Russian fashion had already begun.

For the time being, at any rate, these fears were not justified. The navy from Valparaíso, as well as the army, revolted in favour of Don Carlos Davila, and the officers and men of the Aviation School were unable to prevent Colonel Grove from being besieged in the President's Palace, where he subsequently surrendered. The new Government denied that it would molest the private property of Chileans and foreigners in a statement to the United Press authorized by acting-President Davila.

A published report that capitalistic enterprises and private and foreign property will be confiscated is absurd. In case an attempt at a run on the banks is made, provisions have been taken to prevent a run and control the situation. Also the Government has no intention of molesting bank deposits.

The Press of South America was not entirely reassured. *La Nacion*, an influential daily of Buenos Aires, wrote:

"The revolution and the Socialist programme are both of military origin and are not supported by the people. What hope for success is there for a country in the grade of evolution in which Chile finds itself?"

In Peru the Lima *Cronica* thought it a mistake that Chile should have made the error of following the road to revolution in order to solve an economic and social problem, which is exclusively a consequence of the world crisis.

Don Carlos Davila issued a manifesto declaring in favour of a "Nationalist Socialist policy", emphasizing that this means control exercised in favour of order and peace. But though he is still in power, the position of his Government has been threatened again by extreme supporters of

Colonel Grove, in spite of the fact that this officer, whose father is said to have been English or Irish, was banished to an island 500 miles out in the Pacific. Towards the end of the month a third revolutionary struggle was in progress, made more disturbing by a sudden earthquake.

Don Carlos Davila is an interesting personality. After being editor of the Chilean *La Nacion*, he became Ambassador for his country in Washington in 1927. According to a Washington United Press despatch,

One summer, while other diplomats were dipping in the surf at Newport or lounging at some other fashionable watering place, Davila isolated himself for an intensive study of Soviet Russia and the Five-Year Plan.

Perhaps it is owing to such a study that he has refused to adopt the extreme measures of Colonel Grove.

Revolution is in the air. Siam followed the example of Chile **KING** on June 24th, though the **PRAJADHIPOK** causes of the revolution, staged by the Siamese army and navy, were by no means so "red" as they had been in South America.

News of the revolt first reached the outside world through a telephone message to Berlin from Marga von Etzdorf, the German airwoman who made a solo flight to Japan and was held up on her return journey in Bangkok, the capital of Siam, owing to an accident. She reported that princes of the Royal Family had been taken prisoner and all the members of the Siamese Cabinet, with the exception of the Minister of Commerce and Communications, had been arrested. The movement appeared to be meeting with popular support. The people, she said, were thronging the streets of Bangkok, cheering the soldiers and sailors. Proclamations were posted on the walls of the city warning the inhabitants that any action against the revolutionaries would endanger the life of the Royal Family.

This message was soon confirmed as substantially true. King Prajadhipok was away in Huahin at the time, and a warship

was sent to fetch him to the capital, and to obtain his signature to a letter from the "People's Party", which insisted that it was not carrying out a "revolution", but merely wished to establish a Government "of and for the people with the King's consent".

According to the *Observer* this letter said,

If any member of the People's Party is harmed we must make the Princes suffer. We have no desire to seize Royal property, our chief aim being to have a constitutional monarchy.

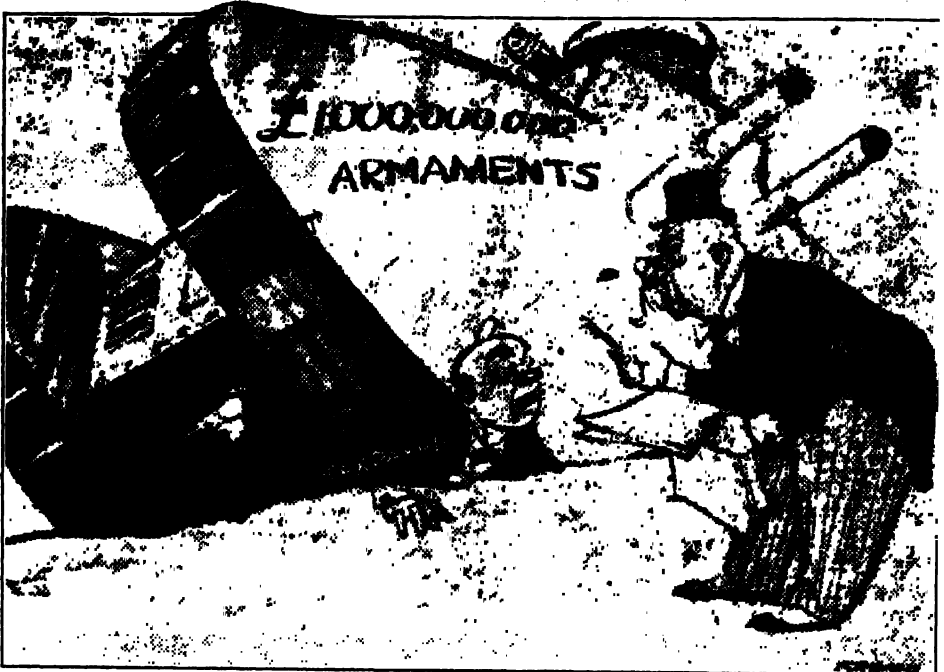
If Your Majesty refuses to accept or refuses to reply within one hour we shall proclaim a constitutional monarchy and appoint another suitable Prince as King.

In reply the King telegraphed that he was "in entire agreement" with the requirements of the leaders of the People's Party. He had recognized the need of a change for some time past and was willing to act as the head of the new Administration, if his health would allow. This message, he said, "is from my heart".

King Prajadhipok is thirty-eight years of age, was educated at Eton College, and succeeded to the throne in 1925. He has hitherto been an absolute monarch, with no system of party government, or Parliament. He presided in person over his Cabinet and the Supreme Council. In addition to these bodies, a Privy Council was established five years ago to act in an advisory capacity.

The influence of Western ideas, however, has been strong in Siam for many years, and the present political change, which can hardly be called a revolution, is due to the fact that the Western-educated Siamese decided that they ought to have a share in the conduct of the country's affairs. It is true that the movement originated in the Siamese army and navy, but according to the King's brother-in-law, who is now in the United States, the Royal Family had discussed the establishment of a Constitutional monarchy for more than a year. The *Observer* remarked that "the Siamese have a considerable admiration for Great Britain and her institutions, and the British mode has been largely in the minds of the mer behind the present movement".

TOPICS OF THE MONTH



Grimes in the Star

Expert : " But all these armaments are guaranteed inoffensive "

[London

Debts and Disarmament

THE LAUSANNE-GENEVA CONFERENCES

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD, after being elected chairman of the Lausanne Conference which opened on June 16th, made a speech that was welcomed by all who heard it as a statesmanlike review of the urgent problems that confront the Powers, now united in discussion on the shores of Lake Geneva.

Despair [he said] is a fortress which must be carried by storm. It cannot be conquered by long siege. Despair rarely sinks quickly into acquiescence. It enlists its decaying strength in frenzied devotion to those movements not of divine but of satanic discontent, which pass

over the face of the earth in times of unsettlement and hardship such as these.

Mr. Macdonald dealt in generalities, as he was bound to do on such an occasion. He made it clear, however, that engagement cannot be set aside by unilateral repudiation but must be revised by agreement, if incapable of fulfilment or economically unsound. Claiming that it "is nothing less than a system which is crumbling under our feet", he stressed the urgency of the task, and included in his speech a carefully worded appeal to the United States of America.

AS a result of the War, Germany owes Reparations to the European Powers, and these Powers owe War Debts to each other and in far greater amount to the U.S.A. Germany has paid a part of her Reparation debt (as to how much, no one can agree) but since the occupation of the Ruhr she has only been able to do so by recourse to foreign loans. The Allies have discharged part of their own debt, and have made separate agreements for payment to America.

Almost everyone admits now that these payments, because they have to be made in coin, not goods (owing to the complexity and restrictions of currency, exchange and tariffs) are to a great extent responsible for the unprecedented economic crisis from which the world is suffering. The Hoover Moratorium of last year was a tardy admission of this fact.

But it is not an easy matter to wipe the slate clean. Political passions outweigh economic reason. Democratic electorates cannot easily be educated up to the sense of their leaders, though sometimes they are in advance of it.

Germany cannot pay, at present. That is certain. But if Reparations have to be cancelled, the European Powers will find the burden of their debts to America even more heavy. And America, particularly in view of the forthcoming Presidential Election, can hardly be approached at this time with a demand, or a prayer, for cancellation. America's only response, so far, is to suggest that Europe should first begin to settle her own troubles by a reduction of armaments.

We thus see how Reparations, War Debts, and Disarmament are unavoidably three problems in one.

THE Lausanne Conference, in which America is taking no part, has been called to achieve a final settlement of Reparations first of all, and secondly to consider the question of War Debts with the idea of finding a solution that may be acceptable as soon as the American Presidential Election is over.

Before the Conference opened, Mr. J. M.



[Kladderadtsch]

[Berlin

What is wanted at Geneva—a really practical method of deciding whether a weapon is offensive or not

Keynes, the well-known economist, writing in *The Times*, advocated that the European Powers should work out a complete plan for the settlement not only of Reparations but of War Debts as well, and should forward it to Washington with the proposal that the Conference should immediately proceed to that capital and discuss it with the President and with leading representatives of the two American parties. Commenting on this suggestion, *The Times* said:

The existing arrangements with regard to the debts were made by the United States separately with each individual nation, and American opinion may well hold that negotiations for their modification should also be conducted separately, especially as some nations were treated much more leniently than others. An attempt to create a common front must seem more likely on the face of it to arouse resentment and prejudice than to facilitate agreement.

THE difficulty of bringing American opinion round to the European point of

view is equalled by that of bridging the gulf between France and Germany.

Germany cannot pay now. Germany can never pay, says that country. Germany *will* not pay, exclaim the followers of Hitler. Nevertheless, it should not be forgotten by those who deplore the French attitude, that the Allies have a "right" to Reparations. In the words of *The Times*,

The demagogic agitation against "tribute payments" in Germany cannot be allowed to distort the problem. The origin of the reparation annuities was the damage done to the civilian population of the Allied countries and their property during the War, for which Germany at Versailles, in London (during the Dawes Conference), and at The Hague has undertaken to make compensation. There was never a question of an indemnity, all claim to which was renounced at the outset. It is a matter of reparation, and the final settlement of the problem ought to bear some relation to its origin.

At the beginning of the Conference, Mr. Neville Chamberlain stated that the policy of Great Britain was complete cancellation as the best way of arriving at a permanent settlement. He pointed out that if this were done, Great Britain would lose £200 million by excess of payments over receipts. Great Britain, however, considered that the stimulus to credit resulting from such a policy would be worth the sacrifice.

M. Herriot, the French Premier, replied that cancellation was not "an efficacious and equitable solution." Without laying too much stress on the French thesis of "security", he urged that the problem was political as well as economic, that the principle of reparations should not be abandoned, and that a final sum should be fixed for German payment.

After this preliminary skirmish, the delegates agreed to and issued a Moratorium covering all payments between participants in the Conference "for the duration", without prejudice to the solution which may ultimately be reached.

PROSPECTS of progress were improved by the attitude of the German Chancellor, Herr von Papen. In the words of the London *Morning Post*, "his unreserved

acknowledgment of Germany's legal liability, and his careful abstention from any repudiationist talk, did far more to advance Germany's claims to consideration than could possibly have been achieved by the fire and thunder which Hitler would like to bring to the Conference table."

Unfortunately, it became clear that Herr von Papen's attitude—his fluency in French and English, his relations with French Catholics and Generals—was not well received in his own country. Germany was roused to anger by his statements to a representative of the French *Matin* that "he was the first to acknowledge France's right to compensation for the renunciation of reparations", and that in his person "France has a guarantee that Germany will endorse any German-French agreement signed by him".

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD'S task was to bring M. Herriot and Herr von Papen together, and to suggest a reconciliation of their points of view. M. Herriot's position was that

- (1) The solution must be final.
- (2) It must contribute to a revival of world confidence.
- (3) Germany cannot be asked to pay now or during recovery.
- (4) If payments are resumed they must not upset international trade.

M. Herriot, who cannot personally be accused of violent nationalist opinions, has to consider the delicate position of his Government in the Chamber and as representing the French nation. The problem is not so simple for him as it may appear to some people, who perhaps agree with the *Manchester Guardian* that

What the Conference has to do is to find a formula to express the fact that Germany cannot pay her creditors and therefore her creditors cannot pay theirs.

French public opinion at last realises that Reparations, so far from bringing France more prosperity, are to some extent the cause of the trouble that threatens not only the life of Germany but her own. France, however, is not willing to wipe the slate

clean. She demands *something*, as a matter of principle, and for security.

THE conversations between M. Herriot and Herr von Papen were amicable. The other representatives of France and Germany met to consider the economic position of the latter country and to devise a solution that could be satisfactory to both sides.

But on June 29th, one day after the thirteenth anniversary of the Treaty of Versailles, Herr von Papen produced what a section of the London Press described as a "bombshell", in the form of a reply to Mr. MacDonald, who had asked him whether he could not do something on his part to bring about a final solution. Apparently as a result of his visit to Berlin, where his attitude reported in the French Press had been severely criticised, Herr Von Papen replied that Germany might participate in "a general effort towards the reconstruction of world trade" on condition that the inequalities imposed on her by the Treaty of Versailles—especially in the matter of armaments—should be abolished.

The dismay caused by this speech, which the Press of France and England treated as a sensation, was dispelled as soon as it became known that it was intended to be a general restatement of the German position rather than a definition of immediate policy. It did not involve in the German mind a claim to re-armament nor a demand for the immediate cutting down of the armaments of other countries to the German level.

The whole thing [wrote *The Times*] might, perhaps, be reduced to a claim for recognition of the principle of German equality, and some tangible guarantee of progress along promising lines towards the general reduction of armaments which Germany's limitations under the Peace Treaty were supposed to herald.

When this had been made clear, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald announced that "he did not see why a final decision should not be reached on Reparations."

IT has been suggested that America's attitude towards War Debts is not unrelated to her opinion of European armaments. The delegates at Lausanne and



(Worin Herald)

(Omaha, U.S.)

DOES ONE PANTS' POCKET KNOW WHAT THE OTHER IS DOING?

Geneva were aware of this: they knew that there was in progress one world-wide Conference, though the American disarmament representatives were supposed to have been forbidden entry to Lausanne.

The meeting between M. Herriot and Mr. Gibson in a small hotel at Morges, outside Lausanne, occasioned no surprise, even when it was reported that Mr. Gibson had put forward strongly the American view of Disarmament. The world in general, however, was astonished when it read on June 22nd of Mr. Hoover's memorandum, issued simultaneously at Washington and Geneva.

Mr. Hoover's programme suggests that the armaments of the world shall be reduced by one-third, as a result of which there would be a saving of £2—3,000 million at the end of the next decade. It draws a distinction between a "police component"—force employed for keeping order at home, as in Germany—and a "defence component"—forces to be used up for defence against foreign attack. In detail, it proposes:

(1) One-third reduction in armies over "police component."

(2) One-third reduction in battleships and submarines.

(3) One-quarter reduction in aeroplane carriers, cruisers and destroyers.

(4) A limit of 35,000 tons for submarines of each country.

(5) Abolition of tanks, large mobile guns, chemical warfare, bombing aeroplanes and aerial bombardments.

The programme was received at Geneva in what may be termed a descending scale of approval. Italy, in the person of Signor Grandi, accepted it without qualification. Russia was sarcastic. Germany wanted complete equality on her own terms. Great Britain, through Sir John Simon, expressed qualified agreement. He subsequently pointed out that Great Britain stood for complete abolition of submarines, and qualitative instead of quantitative reduction of battleships.

Japan supported France, and M. Paul Boncour said that his Government would be willing to discuss the programme in relation to his country's plans for an international force.

THE French Press, apart from the *Populaire* and *L'Humanité*, showed bitter disapproval of Mr. Hoover, suggesting that his "Points" had only been put forward for electoral reasons.

As for the attitude of the United States, [said a writer in *L'Européen*], we believe frankly that it is unbearable. The proconsul of this great Country . . . chooses our continent to sound his electoral trumpet. We think the ultimatum of President Hoover will be treated, as it deserves, with disdain.

But opinion in Great Britain was definitely favourable, and in accord with *The Times*, which wrote that

The first impact of the new Hoover plan upon public opinion in this country must be that it has many great merits. It is bold, simple in its main lines—though the computation of the datum line of legitimate "police" strength must clearly raise some extremely complicated questions—and a challenging test of the motives in every country that prompt the maintenance of armed forces.

After pointing out that the naval proposals would have to be examined "with careful attention", in the words of Sir John Simon, the same paper concluded by saying that

The Kellogg Pact, after all, has already bound every country not to make use of its armed forces for the furtherance of national aims. The new disarmament plan, if effectively carried out, should render the violation of the Pact a material impossibility. That alone is an immensely strong argument in its favour.

FOR six years the Preparatory Commission on Disarmament worked at plans to be presented to the Geneva Conference which opened in February. Since that date no good thing has come out of the Conference. Nations have argued about qualitative and quantitative methods; experts have tried to prove that the weapons most useful to their own country are only weapons of defence. Complete failure was threatened at Geneva when the Reparation Conference opened at Lausanne.

Reparations, War Debts and Disarmaments are linked together. Mr. Hoover's action should help to ease this triple burden that weighs down a suffering world.



"Five Minutes to Twelve" in Germany

THE SOUTHERN STATES AND THE REICH.

"I AM told that the Emergency Decrees contain a Bolshevik plan of land settlement. How do you explain that?" It was with these words, according to the *Dortmunder General-Anzeiger*, that President von Hindenburg interrupted Dr. Brüning, who had called to see him for what proved to be a final interview as Chancellor. Authoritative reports, at any rate, have established the fact that the President, influenced by the landowners and military leaders of the Nationalist Party—perhaps even more so by his own son, Colonel Hindenburg—lost confidence in Dr. Brüning, who was showing a tendency to move further to the left than the left wing of the Catholic Centre Party.

Dr. Brüning resigned office on May 30th, just at the time when his supporters at home, and the Governments of the Powers, hoped that he would be able to weather the crisis in Germany and represent her at the Lausanne Conference.

PRESIDENT VON HINDENBURG thereupon sent for Herr von Papen, who undertook to form a Government more in line with the supposed needs of the country. But the President seems to have been misinformed as to the real state of affairs. Dr. Brüning did not, as he had expected, consent to carry on as Minister of Foreign Affairs; Herr von Papen, a member of the right wing of the Catholic Centre Party, was unable to bring that Party with him, as intended; and the reception of the new Government, and particularly of Herr von

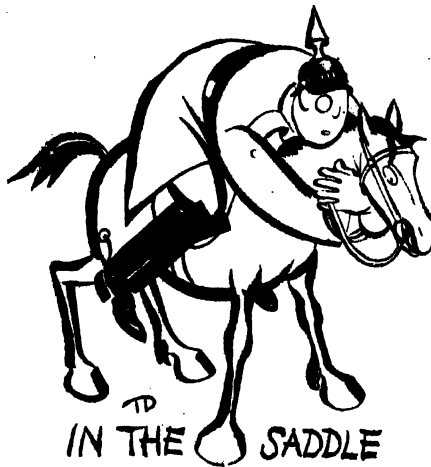
Papen himself, was not favourable, in foreign countries as well as throughout Germany. The Socialist *Vorwärts* spoke of a "Cabinet of Barons"; the Democratic *Berliner Tageblatt* wanted to know why it was called "a Government of National concentration" when it excludes the mass of voters who elected Field-Marshal von Hindenburg President in May. The extreme Nationalist *Deutsche Zeitung* attacked Herr von Papen for his alleged French associa-

tions. The Nazi (Hitlerite) *Angriff* said that the Government "obviously transitional," had to be formed to represent the Reich at Lausanne, and is dependent for a majority on the Nazi vote, which will only be given on conditions.

As for foreign opinion the Berlin correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* wrote that

The von Papen Cabinet represents those forces—and those forces only—that pushed Dr. Brüning out of office. It is admittedly a transition Cabinet, although von Papen is a member of the Centre Party (and chief shareholder in the Party's newspaper *Germania*), and although he was no doubt selected so that the new Cabinet should be acceptable to the Centre, the Centre has already proclaimed its disapproval.

The Times, admitting that the new Government "is the personal choice of President Hindenburg" and has "no pretence to be comprehensively representative of modern Germany," decided that there was no reason why it should not be "able to state the German case authoritatively at Lausanne."



Derrick in Everyman

[London]

From the European point of view [*The Times* concluded] the regrettable tendency in the present development is that the new Government seems to show Germany shrinking into herself rather than coming forward as a collaborating member of the community of nations; but perhaps experience of public business will convince the new Government, what the responsible leaders of Europe are slowly realizing, that there is no possibility of recovery for any one country except in general conformity with others, and that no settlement can be lasting which is not an accepted settlement.

WHATEVER may be said against the "monocled Ministry," it includes at least one statesman who has proved his abilities abroad, and can be trusted to watch over the foreign policy of the Reich. Baron von Neurath, now Foreign Minister, was called to his new post from the German Embassy in London.

Of the others, probably General von Schleicher is the most important. Permanent Assistant Minister of the Reichswehr, he has now become Minister of Defence. Ever since he drove General Groener from power, his influence behind the scenes had been acknowledged, and whether or no he be the ambitious intriguer that his enemies claim, he is clearly a man of ability, with a political acumen unusual in Generals, who may seize his opportunity to advance the extreme views of the Nationalist Party, with or without the support of Hitler.

But the man whose name created the greatest stir was that of von Papen himself, although, it is said, the stir came first from abroad and then surprised the German people with extraordinary tales of the man who had become their Chancellor. Many

of these may be discounted as pure, perhaps malicious, inventions. The following facts are probably near to the truth.

Aged 53, Herr von Papen served as a regular officer in a Uhlan Regiment, and when war broke out was German military attaché at Washington. He was withdrawn from this post in 1915, the American Government having complained (justifiably, it now appears) that he was organising destructive sabotage against American am-

munition factories and munition transports on their way to the Allies.

After the War, Herr von Papen left the Army and represented Northern Westphalia in the Prussian Diet until the last election, when he did not stand. He is a Catholic, a rich landowner, and has a controlling share in *Germania*, the Berlin organ of the Centre Party, which he has tried to influence towards the Right. A good linguist, he has been in touch with French religious, military, and industrial circles. He desires an alliance with France, predominantly against Soviet Russia.



L'Oeuvre

HERR von PAPEN

[Paris

Germany as a whole, however, did not respond favourably to Herr von Papen and his "Nationalist" Government. It was thought that as Chancellor he would not be able to present the German case at Lausanne in a way that would make clear to the Powers the condition of that country and its passion for equality of treatment.

THOUGH prospects at Lausanne may be the new German Government has encountered even more trouble at home than the last. After President Hindenburg had dissolved the Reichstag, and agreed

to July 31st being fixed as the day for the Elections, the Government, anxious to win Hitler's support for their programme, removed the ban on the Nazi Storm Troops, who were allowed to wear uniform, while submitting to a measure of State control.

The programme, labelled "Christian," denounced the "evil of Parliamentary Democracy" and "State Socialism," asserting that "the system" of the Social Democrats was bringing the country to the verge of collapse with its "charitable institutions." The Government's policy, according to its enemies, is dictated by "the generals," who want a Franco-German-Polish alliance against Russia, and a method of introducing conscription under the pretence of relieving unemployment.

By reversing Dr. Brüning's famous order against the Nazis, the Government is not only moved by a desire to make the Brown army a national force under its control. As the *Post* points out,

It is not the Nazis merely as a military force that the Government now aspires to enlist in the service of the Reich. What is clearly designed also is to enlist the movement for the support of Nationalism.

But this action threatens to split the Republic in half. Early last month, as soon as the Decree removing the ban had been published, the Premiers of the Southern States—Bavaria, Würtemberg, and Baden—visited Herr von Papen in Berlin and announced their opposition. They were told that the Government intended to compel obedience, if necessary by the appointment of a Reich commissioner. Following this, disorder broke out in various parts of the country, Communists and Nazis being killed in Cologne and at Frankfurt University. At Munich, 5,000 Nazis paraded in front of the house of Dr. Held, Bavarian Prime Minister, and were only dispersed after a struggle with the police.

ACCORDING to the *Berliner Tageblatt*, "a military dictatorship is the end of the road along which the Government is being forced." This seems not unlikely, after the meeting that took place on June 22nd

between Herr von Gayl, Minister of the Interior, and the Premiers of the Southern States. The Minister threatened to declare "a state of emergency"—martial law, in fact. From Bavaria came an answer that the Government's action in overriding the Bavarian State authority is unconstitutional and that an appeal would be made to the Supreme Court. If necessary, the civil guard would be revived.

Meanwhile, Hitler has declared that "Germany's clock points to five minutes to twelve." Hitler calls attention to the trouble caused by the Communists, and demands that the Government, at the price of Nazi votes, shall compel the "Marxist Separatist States" to obey the decree. The Hitler who was once going to march from Munich to Berlin is now, pressing the Government to march on Munich and appoint a Reich Commissioner, backed by the Reichswehr.

"Undoing Bismarck" is the title of an article in the *New York Herald*, commenting on this internal crisis.

It would be outside the truth to say that Bavaria, Baden, and Würtemberg are seditious, but it is well within the truth to say that they are profoundly indignant that President von Hindenburg should have obliged their champion, Dr. Brüning, to resign; that every accession of strength to Hitler leaves them cold, since they are the one section of the Fatherland which he solidly resisted his blandishments; and that the supposedly monarchistic tendency of the von Papen-Schleicher cabinet infuriates them since their dearest political theory is of state rights and a decentralized power, in contradiction to the hegemony of the Prussian throne.

The same article concludes by pointing out that while it was the life-work of Bismarck to cement northern and southern Germany, at this moment the grave preoccupation of the Ministry of the Reich is that the angered Southerners shall choose this critical occasion to demand a still wider margin of freedom.

EVENTS are moving fast in Germany—so fast that any considered opinion, or prophecy about the future, may be out of date and falsified before it comes before the

reader. But the following extracts from a letter written by "a German moderate," Herr Hans Schmidt-Hayn, and published in the *Manchester Guardian Weekly*, are worth attention.

The writer admits that the German people is turning more and more to the Right.

One may approve or not [he says] but one should not defame in advance the new men. The members of the new Government are all honourable men, in the best sense of the word, who will try to do their best for their country. There is, as yet, no reason to doubt the declarations they have given as to their intentions. They are no bankrupt barons, summoned to re-open a new golden age for their class, but for the most part qualified experts in their respective fields—Dr. Neurath, for instance—who will strain body and brain to work for the nation, not for themselves, and will do so in the way they hold to be the right one.

He attributes the distress of Germany, and the whole world, to the "so-called Peace

Treaties which have proved to be the greatest hindrance to political and economic understanding among nations."

That the military spirit is growing among the German people is [he contends] the fault of the everlasting military and financial pressure on Germany from without. The German people themselves are deeply disquieted at this development, which, indeed, was predicted by our nationalists. Of all the fine principles of liberalism and democracy, which President Wilson declared to be the final aim of the war, nothing has remained for Germany but the hardships arising out of the Treaty of Versailles. The success of the Nazis is caused very largely by these circumstances.

Without agreeing that Germany's troubles are all due to external causes, one may express the hope that the Conferences at Lausanne and Geneva will relieve the pressure of the internal revolution that threatens her people.

THE GLEANER

You have to take a chance on everything in life, marriage included. There are no sure things, so marry your man and try to make marriage so pleasant for him he won't go wandering off in forbide pathsdnshrduetaoiwshrdluetao.—*Nashville Banner*.

A youth who dived into a canal and rescued a rate-collector from drowning refused to disclose his identity. The harassed householder who pushed him in is equally reticent.—*Humorist*.

Some men think they have an inferiority complex, when as a matter of fact they're just inferior.—*Judge*.

"The *Daily Express* is to-day the world's finest example of journalism," said Mr. Bickle in an interview with a special correspondent. . . . "And its leading articles are taken by the majority of Americans as the thoughts of right-thinking Britons."—*Daily Express*.

Cows For Sale or To Rent—Or will trade for small children, coloured preferred.—*Chateaugay (N.Y.) Record*.

Fish never sleep, says a writer. Nothing so unnerves a burglar as when his flashlight reveals the glassy unwinking stare of a couple of goggle-eyed goldfish.—*London Opinion*.

In the play, "The Miracle," an actress has to remain absolutely immobile for forty-seven minutes. Our jobbing gardener could easily exceed this period.—*London Opinion*.

An island in the South Pacific sinks into the sea at regular intervals. A callous correspondent suggests that it would be an ideal site for the deliberations of the League of Nations.—*London Opinion*.

A Scottish chef declares that many superstitious people consider some dishes much luckier than others. Now we come to think of it, we have never seen a haggis deliberately pass under a ladder.—*Daily Herald*.

During a strike, Indian agitators lay about on the roads, holding up the traffic. A European tourist who noticed them thought at first that the hiking craze had caught on out there.—*Humorist*.

Will America Recover?

A YEAR ago the world was asking this question: can depression really exist in a country so rich in natural resources, so vast in extent, as the United States of America? That query was swiftly answered by the reports which reached this country of ten million unemployed, and of widespread hardship and starvation in a land which, in the past, has rewarded its citizens with a larger and more general measure of prosperity than has been known in any era before in the history of the world.

To-day another question is being asked: Can America recover from the depression? In Great Britain the cold grey wave of economic depression has drawn in slowly over the sands. But in America, like a great breaker, it has come crashing in on the shore; and in the first moments of shock, salvation from such an angry sea seems remote. Yet the tide will turn, competent observers believe. Sympathetic English papers, viewing the American scene, put trust in the powers of recovery of a nation so young and virile, with such untold wealth at its command. The London *News-Chronicle* lists America's giant resources;

She produces more than half the world's total cotton supply, nearly half the world's coal, nearly three-quarters of the world's oil. In the production of wheat and oats, tobacco and iron ore, and a long list of other commodities she is the first country in the world.

That a nation so rich should really be unable to recover is "quite incredible," believes this Liberal daily.

WE, in Great Britain, are far more hopeful of America's future than are the citizens of that country themselves. Something they have derived from the inflow of Latin blood makes the Americans a mercurial people, subject to over-optimism and exaggerated despair. At the moment, gloom is rampant, even among the leaders of the

country, whose panicky utterances sound surprising in comparison with the dispassionate rhetoric which marks the pronouncements of our own statesmen on matters connected with the depression.

Listen to Representative La Guardia speaking in the House: "We are on the eve of complete collapse unless something immediate is done". Gloomy bewilderment marks the utterances of President Hoover: "Fear and alarm prevail in the country." The chief of the American Federation of Labour tells the Senate that "There is serious danger of a revolt of the millions of unemployed in the United States unless the Federal Government takes action to relieve unemployment. Even more sinister are the threats of the Railway Unions to President Hoover. "Unless", announced these bodies, "immediate steps are taken to increase employment and relieve distress, they would be obliged to demand the dole". They added that unless something were done the railway workers "cannot be responsible for the orderly operation of the roads", and must refuse to accept "responsibility for the disorder which must arise if conditions continue".

THESE are the utterances of despair at a moment when depression is casting an ever deepening shadow over the people of the United States. Hunger and hardship and unemployment are increasing daily in a country whose intrinsic position, as the London *Times* points out, has not changed whose material resources, man power and wealth, are exactly what they were before the boom broke and the depression followed. Remember that in the United States, which Representative La Guardia believes is on the eve of collapse, the New York banks alone hold a third or more of the world's gold. Yet still these people have not realised that its accumulation has been,

the words of the London *Times*, which are echoed by all the British press, "the greatest single factor in bringing about the crisis." Here is the charge which can be levelled against America:

By producing a scarcity of money in other countries it drove down world prices, impoverishing the primary producer in the United States as elsewhere, and made it difficult for the rest of the world to buy American goods. Instead of oiling the wheels of internal and international trade it was used to finance an extravagant orgy of Stock Exchange speculation and made the basis of a gold inflation with the inevitably disastrous results. But now, if properly utilized, if it is not hoarded as an African chief might hoard his cowrie shells, it might still be a potent force in restoring prosperity to the United States and to the whole of the rest of the world.

It is a heavy charge against any country that its action is chiefly responsible for the hardship which the rest of the world is bearing, but in this case it is apparent to all European observers that the charge is well-founded.

It is a European, as well as an American vital interest, believes the *Week-End Review*, that "the erratic and mis-directed post-war United States economy shall be replaced by something more stable and balanced". The machinery is too easily thrown out of gear. The growing embarrassment of the United States Treasury, the virtual state of bankruptcy existing in many municipalities, and the hardship amongst the population have been accompanied by the collapse of this or that bank and railway, and of many a giant business house built on what was thought to be firm foundations.

There have been unemployment riots, too, and the symptoms of revolt in the great farming States where farms and lands have been seized for debts and taxes. But there has been nothing quite so ominous as the march on Washington of 30,000 war veterans to demand relief for their starving families. The American *Literary Digest* paints a dramatic picture of these veterans on the march:—

"They marched in the dark like ghosts out of the forgotten past."

Four abreast they marched—five thousand strong.

Few uniforms to-night, and those ragged and wear-worn.

The grease-stained overalls of jobless factory workers.

The frayed straw hats of unemployed farm hands.

The shoddy elbow-patched garments of idle clerks.

All were down at the heel! All were slim and gaunt, and their eyes had a light in them. There were empty sleeves and limping men with canes.

They were five thousand hungry ghosts of the heroes of 1917. Not so young now. They came back triumphant from the smoke of battle in distant wars, only to go down in the battle of life with their own kind. Their own people. Their own Government. The Government they fought for.

They did not march in the light of day. They marched in darkness. The moving-picture record of the march of the 5,000 ghosts will be dim and obscure, if any at all.

That's why they marched at night with their shoes worn thin and their boots run down at the heel. They marched without hats, many of them because they have no hats. Many were without coats.

But they were clean shaven, every man of them. And the shirts they wore, tho' patched

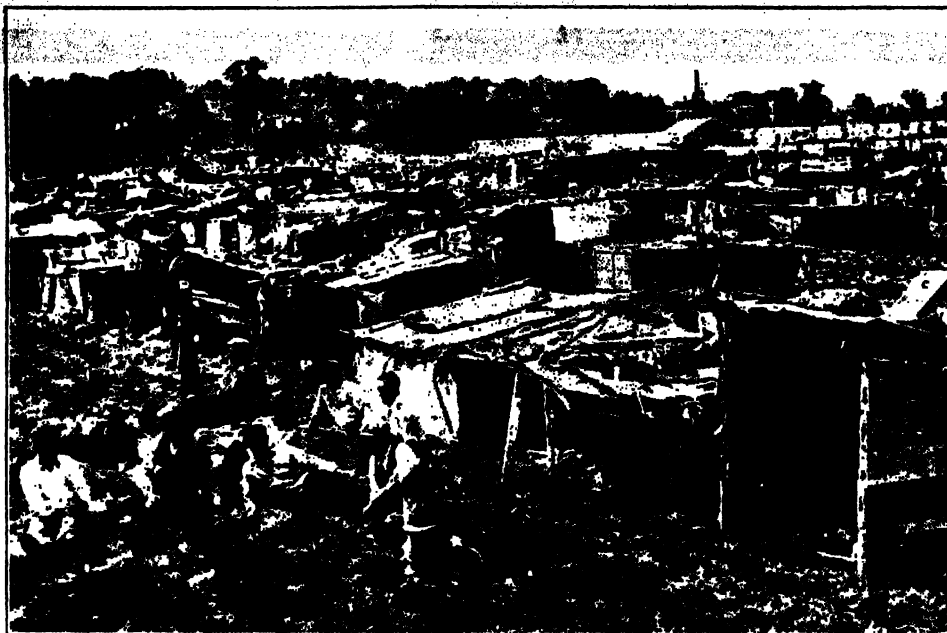


[The Hague]

[The Hague]

"THE BIG PARADE"

Hunger-marchers advancing on Washington



"You need", said Dr. Roosevelt, "a definite operation."

"No doubt about it", says the patient. "Shall I have my appendix or my tonsils removed?"

"Let us not confuse purpose with method", said Dr. Roosevelt. "I ask you to recognize the vital necessity of operating for definite objectives."

"I see", says the patient. "And now tell me, doctor, about this planned diet. What do I eat for dinner after I have been operated for definite objectives?"

"You eat just enough of just the right things", said Dr. Roosevelt. "Then you will be healthy, wealthy and wise."

"Thank you, doctor", says the patient. "I feel better already. If you had not come to see me, I don't think I'd ever have gotten well."

MISS MARY BORDEN, the well-known novelist, who has been writing a series of articles in the London *Daily Telegraph* on her return from America, gives us the latest account of what is going on there. Miss Borden believes that "America is being driven towards the dole". She believes that New York is "facing a disaster as impressive as the Black Death of London". The New Yorker, she states, "is faced with starvation, not as a remote possibility, but as a fact".

Hundreds of men, women and children are literally starving now (they give their children coffee and sugar to make them feel less hungry); thousands of families are destitute. Thousands more will be starving soon, in the open, unless something is done, and done quickly.

How many thousands? That was what I wanted to know. And what was being done? I would find out. I had read accounts in the London papers that I knew could not be accurate. I had seen one statement to the effect that 1,250,000 people were starving and receiving no relief in the city. Surely that couldn't be true? It isn't; the figures are not quite as bad as that.

I got on the telephone. "Go to the Emergency Bureau", I was told, "and to the Welfare Council. They have got a social service exchange there that unifies all the relief work in the city. They will give you all the exact information. Then you could go to the Salvation Army, the Bureau for Homeless Women, visit the relief centres. The Emergency Work Bureau has thirty-nine centres."

"That will be about all I can manage, I guess", I answered, dropping into the American vernacular.

So I hurried out into the hot summer streets,

under the towering cliffs of masonry, listening as I went to the hum of the city.

There was a strong silence behind and above the feeble surface jangle, as if the soaring metropolis were holding its breath. I had then, as I have now, that sense of catastrophe, of a curious, almost unearthly peril: but when I reached the Emergency Work Bureau I had a sense of something quite different. I knew, as I walked into those offices, that a drama was being enacted, and that I was at the centre of it. I will call it the struggle of the citizens against the ghosts.

The ghosts are the unemployed; the citizens are those who have come from the ruin and are using every effort to help those less fortunately placed.

In a relief office Miss Borden found a young man who told her something of the way in which relief is being given at present. Miss Borden asked him, "Will this do it?" meaning will this save us from the dole.

"No", he said gently, "it won't. And if you want to make out a case against the dole I can't help you. We've got to have it. The Block Aid will help, but it can't pay the bill. No individuals can pay it."

He smiled. "The big charity bill in the town doesn't show on the books of any relief agencies either. It's the neighbours' bill that's the big bill. It's the money given from hand to hand that no one knows about."

YET tragic though the present circumstances are, there is a widespread feeling that in this depression America is finding her own soul, and that she will emerge from her present troubles wiser and with her national life more securely organized. Nothing hurt this young and powerful country more than prosperity. Nothing is refining her as much as this present suffering. And even if the politicians are the last to fall into line, and even if the gangsters and the rotten police methods still feed parasitically upon the nation, in the end these too will be shaken off, and the nation will come forward to take its proper place with new purpose and strength. That is the general consensus of opinion in the English press.

Once there was a New York politician who stole the city's money and who, upon being charged, admitted the fact, adding cynically, "Well, whatjer going to do about it?"

At the time everybody thought that amusing. Nobody minded.

Recently Mayor Jimmie Walker has been charged with the same crime. Now there is a different feeling among the people, a feeling properly reflected in these words in the *New York Herald*:

The popular feeling against the stock market will be a good thing for this country if, instead of producing silly laws to protect fools, it engenders a general revulsion against gambling for easy money. The mischief is not curable by laws. The mischief is in the realm of the spirit, in the loss of restraints against the lust for profit, in the submergence of all other conceptions of what life means by the greedy desire to get rich quickly. It would be priggish to single out Mayor Walker for special odium because he forgot as if he had never known what is required in the way of private morality

from a public servant. While the boom was on almost everyone, who had the opportunity, forgo to be restrained and civilized. So as these revelations come along they call not so much for self righteous denunciation, particularly from those who are moved by envy or disappointment, but for self-examination and a sincere attempt to reappraise our own motives and our own ideals. In such an examination we shall need to inquire most searchingly what it is that we mean by the Success which we have worshipped, what it is that we mean by the Prosperity that we have craved.

For these are the two sirens that enchant and seduce us and make us forget the things that count and must be done.

On that evidence it is plain to those of us who watch the symptoms of America's illness that America will recover.

Gold from the Sea

A SHIP at sea, not moving forward towards a port, but stationary over a wreck that lay seventy fathoms deep, washed over by tricky tides. A huge grab that was swung over the ship's side to nose its way through the broken hull and to pierce into the bullion room of the submerged wreck. Divers, groping about in their shells, four hundred feet below the surface of the water, directing the operations of the grab, driving the unwieldy instrument down through boat deck, hurricane and upper decks, and the honeycomb of cabins to reach below to the strong room, where a king's ransom in gleaming, golden ingots lay hidden. This is the picture that *The Times* gives us of one of the most romantic quests the world has ever known.

THE Italian crew on the *Artiglio* which for two years laboured over the wreck of the *Egypt*, which went down ten years ago off the Breton coast, with over a million pounds of gold bullion in her hold, lived a life of their own. *The Times* in a series of copy-righted articles has described the

day-to-day life of these adventurous men. Time after time,

High winds and rough seas and sometimes forced them to suspend work and return to port but at the first sign of better weather the ship was back at her quarry and the divers were down four hundred feet deep groping about in the shells. Whenever the weather permitted—often when it was far rougher than the most daring diver could like—they worked swiftly at for long spells, always with the risk that a slight mishap might mean death. There were mishaps occasionally, but fortunately coolness and resource prevented any serious accident. Then another summer came to an end and still the treasure was out of reach.

But this year, we are told, they were ear at work, and success after four years' dangers and difficulties crowned their effort. On June 22nd *The Times* special correspondent cabled his paper:

The first of the bullion from the sunken P. and liner *Egypt* was safely landed on the deck of the salvage ship *Artiglio* to-day. It came up unobtrusively in the sharp-toothed grab that has been busy all the morning clearing away the

upper layer of blackened rubbish from the port end of the bullion room. Two golden ingots, gleaming yellow through their coating of slime, dropped from the steel jaws in a litter of broken wood and sodden rupee notes. They lay there for a moment, solid, undeniable witnesses of success, before the shout of "Gold!" rang out.

Then with what a shouting and a cheering the long-trying men of the *Artiglio* crowded round them! They cheered and cheered, handing the precious bricks of yellow metal one to another, swinging them aloft, testing their weight. Four years of effort, patience, tragedy—and reward at last.

In the two days following, the grab worked swiftly and without a hitch. Each time the grab was raised dripping above the water, it held in its jaws over £5,000 worth of gold; and the grab went up and down all day at five minute intervals.

SALVAGING the gold from the sunken Egypt was a feat unprecedented in the history of marine salvage. What was it the *Artiglio* had succeeded in doing?

They have found [answered *The Times*] a sunken ship in deep water, thirty miles from the nearest land. They have practically cut that ship in two, four hundred feet below the surface, without using artificial light and without ever having been able to touch either the ship herself or the explosive charges with their hands. They have successfully found their way about in the wreck, identified the spot they wanted to get at in its hull, cut their way into it through masses of metal, and have begun hauling a steady stream of gold coins and ingots to the surface, defying the swells and tides of a particularly treacherous piece of water.

• What wonder, then, that their hearts were filled with excitement as the *Artiglio*, with her storage rooms full of gold, sailed away towards Plymouth to deliver her precious burden to the British underwriters and the contractors who undertook the work of salvage. The British firm of Sandberg and Swinburne originally contracted for this work, but they in turn sub-contracted with the Italian Sorima Company who employed

the *Artiglio* commanded by Captain Quaglia, to carry out the work.

With nearly a million pounds of gold on board, the *Artiglio* sailed into Plymouth harbour. But there a cruel shock awaited them. They were confronted with a warrant for the arrest of the gold, pending a case which a certain French captain, Jean Davy, had instituted on the grounds that he, as master of the French tug, *Iroise*, which had first located the wreck, was entitled to a share of the salvage.

A WRIT of arrest was fixed to the strong-room awaiting further word from the Admiralty. This came after the gold had been held for a day, when an order for the release of the gold came from the Admiralty who had obtained from the owners of the cargo an undertaking to enter an appearance when the case came up for trial.

So, after a day's paralysis, activity broke out again on the *Artiglio*. *The Times* graphically describes the scene.

At 7.30 this evening the gold was at last landed from the *Artiglio*—an operation, as Count Buraggi remarked, almost as complicated as its recovery from the Egypt. The boxes were pulled out of their storeroom one by one, tied round with cord and sealed by Captain Carli, and relays of muscular Italians from among the crew ran barefooted up the gangway, each with about 150 lbs. balanced on his shoulder, and loaded the boxes on hand trucks on the quay. When this last job was done the volunteer porters climbed on to the trucks and insisted on being photographed with their bullion before it was finally trundled away. The twenty-one boxes were then loaded in a special van, which was sealed up and coupled to the midnight mail train to London.

Then the *Artiglio* sailed away again to the Bay of Biscay to complete its salvage work, and to endeavour to rip from the floor of the strongroom the vast quantity of silver which, in addition to the gold, formed part of the precious cargo which went down off the Breton coast when the *Egypt* sank ten years ago.

Who will be President?

WE might believe Herbert Hoover to be either archangel or arch-villain, to read the press comments on him, emanating at the moment from America. But that would be to forget that this is the year 1932, and the occasion of the quadrennial plunge to the polls in the land of liberty, with President Herbert Clark Hoover seeking re-election to the office which he has held through the stress and storm of the last four years.

BOUQUET-TOSSERS and hammer-throwers, all are busy over President Hoover. Out of the welter of abuse on the one hand and the plethora of praise on the other, emerges a picture of what we guess to be the true man, a plain "homespun" American, bewildered, like the people he governs, by the sudden disaster that has fallen upon the country: sensing that it is none of his fault, and eager, pathetically eager, for one more chance to prove it.

But his opponents, the Democrats, are tired of what their supporting papers call "the Hoover myth". Let the *New York Nation*, a virile weekly, be heard indicting the president:

He has failed for lack of vision, failed for lack of sympathy, failed for lack of understanding, failed by reason of his prejudices—political, economic, and social—but most of all he has failed in leadership. If it is true that where there is no vision the people perish, the same must hold true in the case of an individual. . . .

Mr. Hoover has failed us in this crisis because he has been so far removed from the American multitude and the poor that he has not been able since this crisis began to voice any genuinely moving expression of regret for the plight the country is in; for the terrible suffering which during his Presidency has come upon the land; for the fact that millions of Americans facing starvation have lost hope and faith and belief in their own institutions, as well as in the men in high places who have let us come to this pass. . . .

We needed a man of Lincoln-like understanding of the masses and their problems and their crying needs. Instead we have a President who

could not tell us the truth when the storm burst upon us, either because he did not know it, or because he was bent upon misleading us to the benefit of the broken-down system that he upholds.

Doubtless he was sincere in his adoption of the Dr. Coué chant that every day if you say things are going to be better they will become so; in his belief that the way to keep up the morale of virile Americans was to deceive them as to what was actually coming to pass.

My own theory is that he did not know. I think he is a dull, ignorant, and superficial man as well as one who does not let his own passionate nature interpret for him the deep feelings of other so far less favourably placed than himself.

HERBERT HOOVER became president of the United States in 1928, at the very height of the boom. The man who took the oath as president on a stormy day in March of that year, the *New York Times* informs us, was in none too good physical condition, largely because of his lack of exercise and irregular habits of life. When he came to the White House, that paper told us,

he weighed 210 pounds, and the strain of the campaign he had undergone four months before and the worry of the pre-inaugural months were still evident, notwithstanding the Florida vacation he took during the Winter. His eyes were dim and he looked thoroughly tired. He was then 54½ years old.

To-day, he weighs about forty pounds less than he did then. He is ruddy and markedly firmer, his step is stronger, his eyes are clear, and his complexion better than it has been in years.

He has learnt his lesson, the *New York Times* tells us, and learnt to take a different attitude toward the vexations of the Presidency. He goes into the fight strong physically and more purposeful mentally spurred on to greater efforts, believe his supporters, by the greater need the country has of him.

President Hoover is not a colourful man; "Homespun" is the warmest adjective that

can be used to enhance his personality. Nobody really knows what would have happened had another president been in the White House during the last few years. Another man might have moved more quickly to avert disaster.

BUT it is weapons of attack that the Republican party needs rather than armour for defence. The party has on its hands the stiffest opposition it has had to face for a long time. It has not only got to explain away bad times, it has to explain how it will bring about good ones, and President Hoover as begetter is not nearly as promising a figure as either Mr. Franklin Roosevelt, Governor of New York State, or Alfred E. Smith, former Governor, who was the Democratic nominee for the Presidency in 1928.

OF these two men, fortune, at the moment of writing, seems to favour the chances of Mr. Roosevelt. As this article goes to press, the Democratic Convention is meeting in Chicago to choose a candidate; either Mr. Roosevelt, who is favoured by the south and west, or Mr. Smith, who has the support generally of the industrial east. Mr. Roosevelt is a colourless candidate who seems intent always on doing the wrong thing. But he has a great name to go on, and is without any of those characteristics which make Alfred E. Smith, in spite of his energetic personality, such a dangerous candidate for the Democrats to nominate.

For "Al" is a Roman Catholic and, to quote a *Fortnightly Review* writer, "No Roman Catholic has ever succeeded George Washington in a land that pays the loudest of lip-service to toleration and liberty". He is a "boozecrat"; in other words, he is out and out in favour of the repeal of the eighteenth amendment. He is a product of New York's "East side", and "is found wanting in dignity, in his manner of speech ("How the hell are you?") is his usual greeting, and in his lack of social polish and poise".

BUT though much can be said against these candidates, much can be said for their platform. The Democratic party has such definite and clear-cut issues to put before the public while the Republican party has only vague platitudes. The Republicans have to explain away a Budget deficit of \$2,400,000,000. The Democrats have only to cry "Give us a chance, and we will show you what we can do".

And yet, judging the situation from press reports cabled here, the Republicans and President Hoover have the best chance. The Democrats are traditionally such bunglers; so apt, to quote *The Times* Washington Correspondent, "to snatch defeat from the jaws of victory". The dice are loaded in their favour, but between the cup and the thirsty democratic lips there are many slips.

IN 1928, President Hoover spoke, in his traditional acceptance speech, of the glory that had come to the nation of which he was about to assume the leadership. "We in America are nearer to the final triumph over Poverty than ever before in the history of any land. The poor-house is vanishing from among us."

There are those who remember what the writer in the *Fortnightly Review* calls "those preenings and purrings of 1928", and who are asking what has happened to the Utopia of Hoover's vision. But there are many, too, who think of the sorely-harrassed man as worthy of another chance. For four years he has steered his unwieldy ship of State through calm and storm. This is no hour, according to the same writer, for American amateurs or quack salvers, nor for any untried mediocrity.

America has been slow to learn the most elementary of economic lessons. But those of 1929-32 have been bitten in so corrosively, that she is to-day ready to trade her 400,000 politicians of the old-time "pork barrel" and "pie counter" for a single servant of State who, on taking the Oath, may deserve Queen Elizabeth's tribute to her own Minister: "This judgment I have of you—that you will not be corrupted with any manner of gifts, and that without respect of any private will, you will give me the counsel you think best."

CARICATURES OF THE MONTH



Low in the Evening Standard

STARS OF THE CENTRE COURT

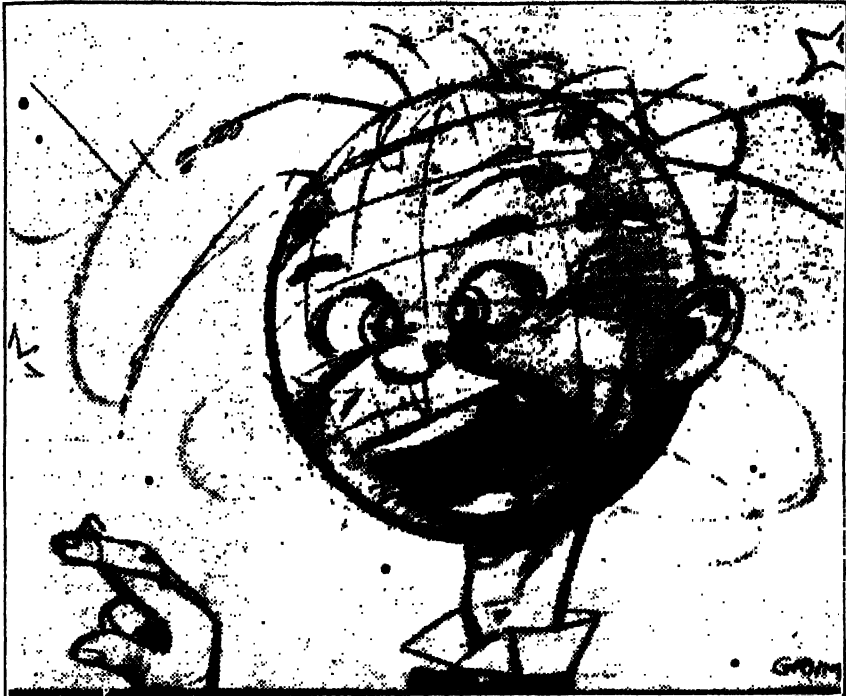
[London]



Struve in the Daily Express

"Lumme! Why if it ain't our biggest creditor come to join us!"

[London]



Grimes in the Star

[London]

WORLD SITUATION AT A GLANCE



in the Evening Standard

THE NATURAL CONCLUSION

[London]

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS

AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING



Robinson in the Cape Times]

[Cape Town

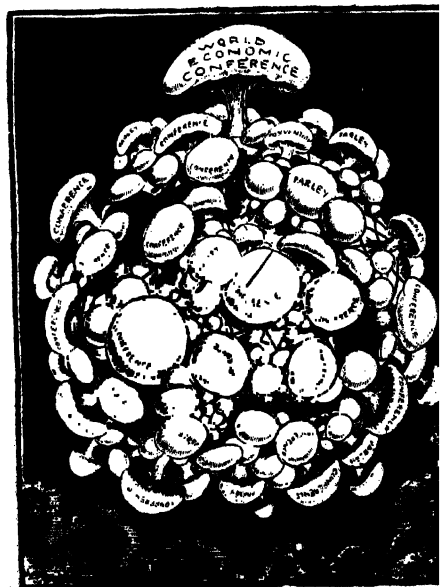
Unanimously decided—That in future the delegate from Gaul attend only One Power Conferences



Evening News]

[London

The proposal of the Round Table Franchise Committee to extend the franchise in India is regarded by those best informed as a highly dangerous experiment



Daily Star]

Ma

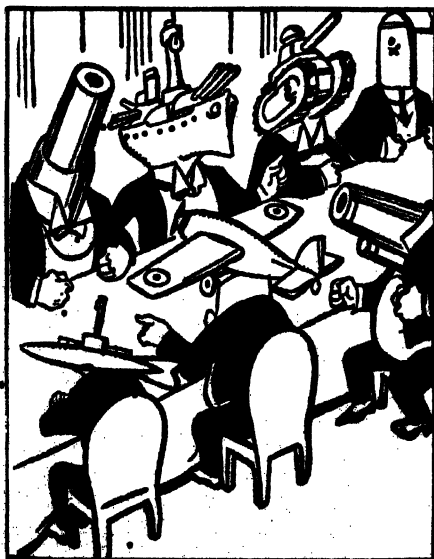
UP POPS ANOTHER!



Hermann-Paul in Je Suis Partout!

[Paris]

"There, Madam Germany, this will make you feel quite twenty years younger!"



Le Travail!

[Geneva]

A SWISS VIEW OF THE DISARMAMENT CONFERENCE



Fitzpatrick in the Post-Despatch!

[St. Louis]

THE CAMP FOLLOWER

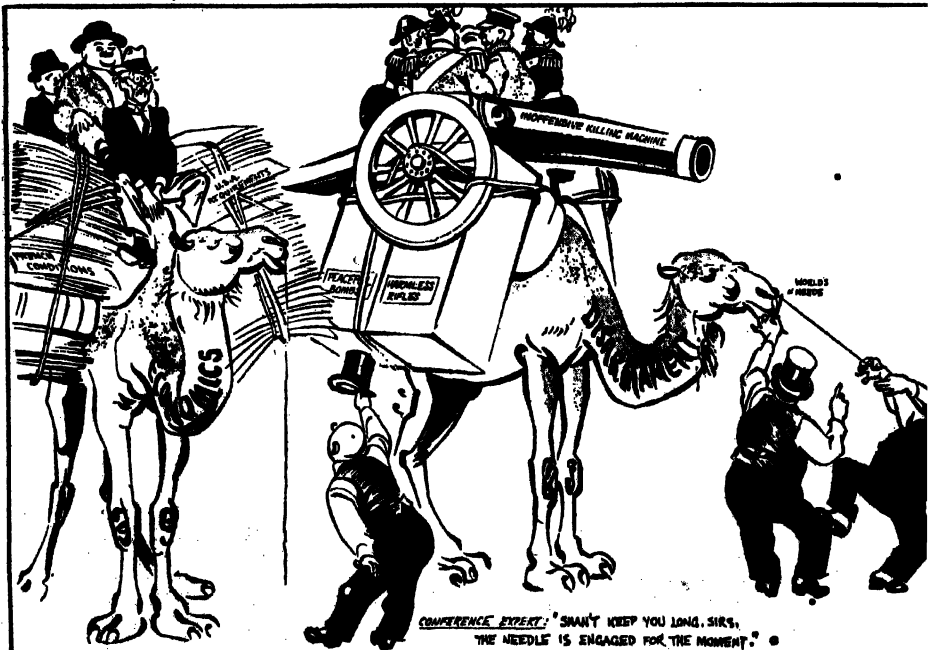
THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS



Strube in the Daily Express

[London

"Never mind, John, that ship can't see anything but itself, anyway—the Ottawa will soon be along!"



Low in the Evening Standard

[Lond

PASSING CAMELS THROUGH THE EYE OF A NEEDLE

CARICATURES OF THE MONTH

1



[U.K.]

[Berlin]

Michael: "I really don't know whether I am awake, or whether I am dreaming of the years before 1914!"



[Daily Star]

[Montreal]

THERE WILL NOT BE A KNOTHOLE IN THE FENCE LEFT UNUSED



[Kladderadatsch]

[Berlin]

TENSION IN THE EAST

WORLD TOPICS

The Film in National Life

EARLY last month considerable interest was aroused by the Report of an Inquiry conducted by the Commission on Educational and Cultural Films (*The Film in National Life*, George Allen & Unwin, Ltd., 1s.). The Commission, an unofficial body, was established in November, 1929, to advise on the production, selection, distribution and use of films. It included among its members such diverse personalities as Professor J. L. Myres, Lord David Cecil, Mr. C. T. Cramp, Mr. St. John Ervine, General Sir W. T. Furse, Dr. Winifred Cullis, and Sir Richard Gregory. The result of its work is of national importance. Briefly, it expresses a general feeling that films ought to reach a higher standard, and be put to better use, for entertainment as well as culture, and that some method of co-ordination is required in Great Britain if any improvement on these lines is to be achieved.

CHAPTER I of the Report considers the position to-day. "There is," it says, "a rising tide of interest in the constructive uses of cinematography." Yet Great Britain is the only country in which the film industry continues to develop without effective contact with national culture. In the words of the Report, the problem is stated to be this:

How can we use a modern medium to develop the intelligence of a generation which has become cinema-minded through familiarity over a number of years with a form of instructive entertainment unknown to earlier generations?

IT has been calculated that there are more than 60,000 cinemas in the world, about half of which are wired for sound reproduction. The film is an international force. But "the films which have achieved international renown have been consummate expressions of national genius."

Apart from Great Britain, all countries, producing and non-producing, employ some measure of positive control and co-ordina-

tion. In Germany the system is decentralised, but constructive. There are two censorship departments, and two Institutes in Berlin and Munich respectively. The Central (Lampe) Institute of Berlin does not produce films. It acts as a link between schools and producers; and if a film bearing its imprimatur is exhibited at a public cinema, a rebate of entertainment tax is allowed by the State.

In Italy control is more marked. The Luce Film Institute both produces and controls; and is almost free from competition by foreign films. By order of the Fascist Government, all Exhibitors (since 1926) must include in their programme films "dealing with civic education, propaganda, and national culture to the extent of ten minutes."

But, as one would imagine, it is in Russia that the film becomes completely an instrument of government, without the sacrifice of art, however, at the expense of propaganda. There is drastic control. Every film made is a film with a purpose.

The art of the film in Russia and Germany is unrivalled, except perhaps by the work of the Frenchman, M. René Clair. The Report does not suggest that advance in Great Britain depends upon such a dictatorial method of control as is practised in Russia. It merely calls attention to the advantage of national co-ordination.

ON the subject of Censorship the Report is reassuring. Many people do not know that "the British Board of Film Censors is an unofficial body established and maintained by the cinematograph trade but completely independent in its decision. The submission of films to the Board is voluntary, and its decisions have no legal sanction, unless and until they are adopted and enforced by the local licensing authority." The Board, we are told, "has tried to hold the scales evenly," and it

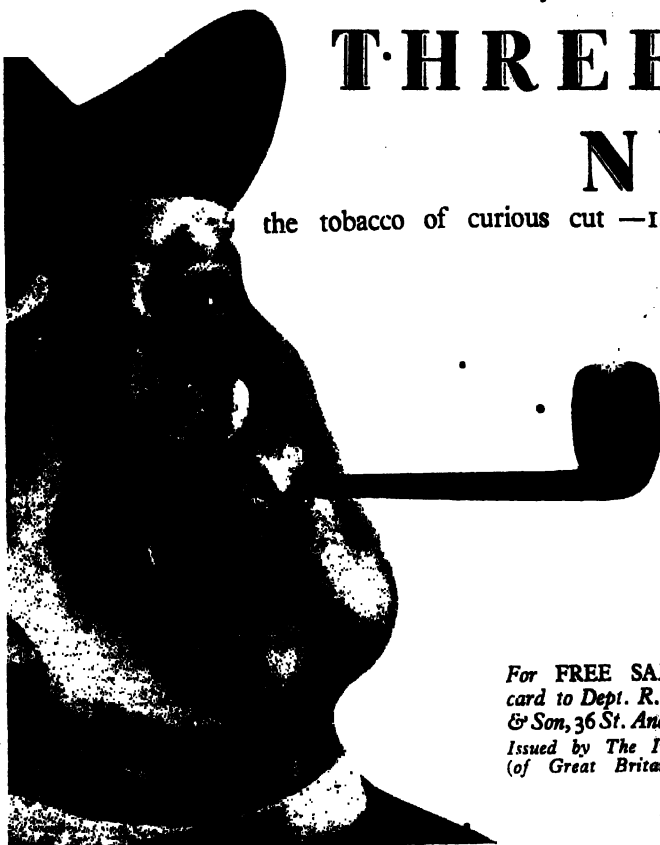
As Bacon might have said

"You remember," said the Vicar, "what Bacon wrote: '*Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man.*' I would add, '*And tobacco maketh a perceptive man.*' In reading, in discussion, and in writing I have always found a pipe of good tobacco helps enormously in expressing one's own thoughts and appreciating others'. One sees things, in effect, more clearly for the presence of a certain amount of cloud . . . Yes, it's always Three Nuns I smoke. It costs me no more to enjoy the best, because it burns so much more slowly than ordinary tobaccos."

THREE

NUNS

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89

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favourable opinion of the late Mr. T. P. O'Connor is emphasised—a contrast to Sir Charles Oman's recent criticism of that gentleman in the House of Commons.

Mr. O'Connor [the Report states] endeavoured to steer a middle course between prudery and licence. He always took strong and irreconcilable objection to the attitude sometimes adopted, that because a film is unpleasant or deals with unpleasant characters, it should not be passed for public exhibition. To him the question of treatment was all important.

Granted that the function of censorship should be to reflect public opinion, not to lead it, one may ask: Should control be stricter, or less strict, or should there be a State Censorship? The Report is of the opinion that the present system works well, and is suitably British. It considers that the censorship will follow a course somewhere between two extreme views which are implied if never explicitly stated:

First, that any sex subject should be allowed if it is *frivolously* treated; and secondly, that any sex subject should be allowed if it is *seriously* treated.

The power of licensing authorities sometimes hampers private film societies, which desire, and should be allowed to show, films that are in advance of public opinion. There is also the question of "A" films (for public exhibition to adult audiences) and "U" films (for universal exhibition). The Report quotes with approval the verdict of the National Council of Women and the Mothers' Union, both of which think that the best plan is to concentrate on improving the tone of the "U" films. The former body, counted among the "moralists", agrees that the cinema

exercises in its proper use a powerful and beneficent influence upon the community; its cultural and educational possibilities are unlimited, whilst as an instrument of propaganda it stands on a level with Broadcasting and the Press.

THIS question of culture and education was the first concern of the Commission. Recognising the vital importance of the cinema, it set itself to find out the needs of youth, and the best method of bringing the trade and the teacher together.

Chapter V of the Report deals with the "Education of the Child," and starts by reminding us that the taste of the new generation is largely formed at school. For many years teachers and administrators ignored films. If they thought about them it was in terms of disapproval and desire for censorship; their criticism was based on an instinctive reaction against a force which they assumed to be the off-spring of alien powers of darkness." But now, admitting that no mechanical aid can be a substitute for personality, most teachers recognize the vital importance of the film. By February 1930, films were used by three hundred schools (a high percentage being public schools), only one hundred of which had a modern projector for classroom teaching. Every educational authority that has investigated the matter—notably the Historical Association and the Middlesex Education Committee—agrees that films ought to be used for this purpose. So long ago as 1923 Mr. J. C. Stobart, H.M. Inspector of Schools, said:

This, then, is the first use of the film, to show life to beginners in the art of living. The ordinary picture theatre, aiming at amusement, excitement and entertainment for adults, shows life always under unusual conditions, and, therefore, teaches false views of life. The school ought to feed the minds of its scholars by showing them true views of life. These can be gained from books, especially the novels of great novelists, from poetry, from pictures, but best of all from the films.

Films, the Report says, stimulate thought and originality; their beneficial effect upon those whose memory is of the visual type is very noticeable. Films are essential to education. How can we get the trade at the schools to co-operate in making films for the service of education in the three distinct but related uses: teaching film for the classroom, interest films for the school hall, and entertainment films designed for the needs of children?

FROM the trade point of view, the outlook for British films is brighter. The Cinematograph Act, 1927, established a Quota and this year the number of British pictures shown is likely to reach a hundred

and forty. The Report points out, however, that the Act does not cover Educational, Industrial, Scientific, Advertising and Scenic films. It ought to have included a quality clause. The British industry has been hampered by a slow start, lack of capital, and by the policy, learnt from America, of rating the public intelligence too low. "The policy of playing to the 'hicks' has brought the American industry to the verge of bankruptcy. If public opinion does not express itself, the same thing will happen in England."

Cinematography is an art, and an extremely technical science. Production involves, at a minimum, such departments as director, scenario, art director, cinema, sound, laboratory, editing. A moderate cost may be £2,000 a week for a feature film; and for an educational film, showing a reel of 1,000 feet for eleven minutes, anything from £500-£1,500.

No wonder, then, that if there is not a close relation between the film trade and the educational public, this country will not get the pictures it needs for instruction and entertainment. Something is lacking. The help of some constructive, organized authority is required. The Commission hopes to see one provided by the foundation of a Film Institute.

THERE is one important reason, other than those above-mentioned, for such a step. It is set forth in Chapter IX, dealing with "The Cinema and the Empire". "Only the Bible and the Koran have an indisputably larger circulation than that of the latest film from Los Angeles", said M. Luchaire in 1924. Does anyone still fail to realize the effect of Western films upon the natives of an Empire and the peoples of the East?

The success of our government of subject races depends almost entirely on the degree of respect which we can inspire. Incalculable is the damage that has already been done to the prestige of Europeans in India and the Far East through the widespread exhibition of ultra-sensational and disreputable pictures, and it behoves us, therefore, while there is yet time, to see that the same harm shall not be repeated in our tropical African Empire.

Bermuda

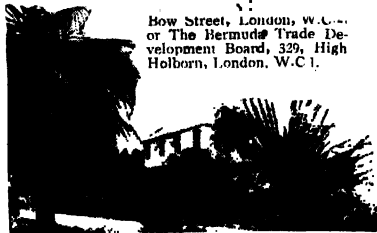
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The Dominions have "some organization for the constructive national use of the cinema". Something more than the excellent but limited work of the Empire Marketing Board, and the Imperial Institute, is required in the home country.

AND so we come to the conclusion of the Commission's Report, in which the need for a National Film Institute is persuasively argued. Of the many forms which it might take, one on the lines of the British Broadcasting Corporation is recommended. Though the Commission believes that "some income from Public funds is essential", it insists that such an Institute must be free from bureaucracy and excessive government control, which is a marked feature of some foreign countries. It recommends "That a National Film Institute be set up in Great Britain financed in part by public funds and incorporated under Royal Charter."

THE Report was received by the Press with a welcome that was almost unanimous. The city of Birmingham has been foremost in setting the pace for a higher standard of films, and co-operation between schools and the industry; and Sir Charles Grant Robertson, one of the leaders of the movement, gave an interview to the *Birmingham Daily Post* in which he recommended the findings of the Commission. It is the opinion of the *Manchester Guardian* that

nothing could be farther from pedantry and the academic than this report, which is informed throughout, not only with a highly skilled knowledge of the film industry, but with a lively appreciation of the best of its products of whatever kind.

The *Times* concluded a leading article with the following words:

At present in all parts of the world an immense amount of harm is being done by the exhibition of films that are not only vulgar and ignoble, but definitely untrue to life. The great argument in favour of the National Institute recommended by the Commission is that by encouraging the production of films of the right type it would tend by degrees to eliminate the false and undesirable elements that make too many of the films of to-day a degrading and dangerous moral influence.

The *Week-End Review* was even more decisive:

Because we have no national centre for developing the film, responsibility for this powerful force in contemporary life falls between the Elstree and Wardour Street box-office merchants on the one hand and Puritans and busybodies on the other. Whatever else is done, there can be no real and general improvement until some permanent centre is established which can turn a steady creative influence on British cinema.

Referring to Mr. John Buchan's amendment on behalf of the film industry to the Sunday Entertainments Bill, to have financial support for a national film centre earmarked out of the takings from Sunday performances, the same paper suggested

that "this effort deserves the strongest support, for a film centre is essential, as Sunday cinemas may appropriately be part of its cost, which cannot at present be otherwise met."

DURING last month the Sunday Entertainments Bill was passing through its Committee stage in the House of Commons. So far from Mr. Buchan's suggestion being accepted as the natural corollary of the Commission's Report, it encountered strong opposition. According to the *Morning Post* of that moment:

There is every indication that all private interests engaged will refrain from embarking on further enterprise and expenditure until the intentions of the Government are definitely known. Reduced employment is the unhappily unavoidable consequence, together with further expense to the public funds.

Small as the proposed percentage appears, the industry maintains that it will be unable to afford it. The margin of profits is stated to be so small that the suggested amount will be just sufficient to destroy it and to render Sunday performance uneconomic.

The *Evening Standard*, evidently sensing an odour of bureaucracy and Socialism in the proposal for a Film Institute, remarks that "the appetite of such bodies grows with eating, and there is reason to fear that the examples of Italy and Germany would before long prove very tempting to it." Sunday opening, we are told, "is either right or wrong. If it is wrong, it should be prohibited. If it is right, there is no excuse for levying a special tax on it. The principle remains the same, no matter to what purpose the proceeds of the tax may be devoted."

But should the Film industry, and the Cinema as a national influence, depend entirely upon private enterprise? Do they not require at least the influence of some public body, supported in part by public funds?

The case for a National Film Institute has not yet been disproved.



Statesmen of the Wider World

SENATOR BORAH

ELECTIONS to the Presidency of the United States are to be held in November. At its Convention in Chicago last month the Republican Party chose Mr. Hoover, the President whose term is now expiring, as its candidate. Though he was chosen by an overwhelming majority, it is unlikely that he will this year win such a sweeping victory as he won in 1928. For there are now many in his own party who are critical of him, and not least among them Senator William Edgar Borah, of Idaho.

During the Convention a rumour freely circulated that Mr. Borah had offered to come to a private agreement with Mr. Hoover; if Mr. Hoover would recognize Soviet Russia, Mr. Borah would forgive wobbling on the question of Prohibition. If such an offer was ever made, it was not accepted. Mr. Hoover did wobble over Prohibition. Soviet Russia was not mentioned in the Republican election programme (commonly known as the "platform"). And since the Convention Mr. Borah has publicly announced that he intends to withdraw his support from Mr. Hoover in the election campaign.

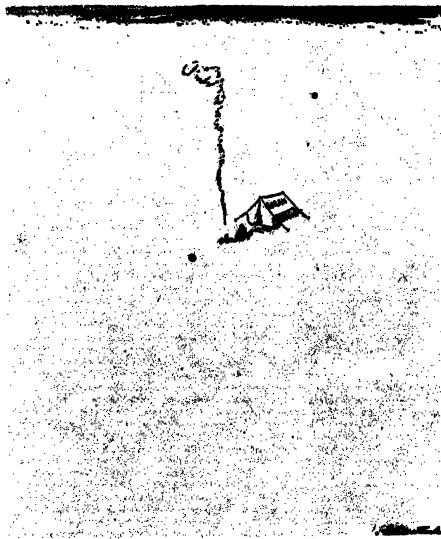
How much that may mean cannot yet be estimated. Mr. Hoover has three months still to go as President, and a critical three months in which he may do much to make or mar his chances. But if Senator Borah should carry out his threat and withdraw his support, it is safe to say that a large section of the Republican voters will with-

draw with him. Of such an individualist it is true, as a distinguished Frenchman has said, that he represents nobody but himself. But, paradoxically, it is also true that, like Lord Cecil, he has a larger private following than can be mustered by any of the party leaders in his country.

OF contemporary American politicians, Presidents excepted, he is probably the best known abroad. Stimson may come and Mellons may go, but Borah goes on for ever. At every turn of American policy his name crops up, and in every crisis of American foreign relations his opinions are quoted far and wide. Lord Derby paid him the greatest of all unconscious tributes when, in 1926, he invited him to come to Knowsley and see for himself that

the English were not such ogres as he then seemed to think them. For though the word was not used, the invitation stamped Senator Borah as the "representative American" he was to the nations abroad.

His reputation abroad is as nothing to his reputation at home. Thanks to him, the name and fame of Idaho are known throughout the United States (where people are generally less well informed about American than about European geography). In the American newspapers he has shared pride of place with Presidents—Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover—and as often as not his has been the lion's share. In Washington last year there was a meeting between President



Fitzpatrick in the Post-Despatch

SENATOR BORAH

[St. Louis]

Hoover and M. Laval, the French Prime Minister. After it a statement on its results was issued from the White House. Although discouraging, the statement was important as an official expression of American policy. But Senator Borah chose the moment of its issue to give *his* opinion of reparations and war debts. And, at any rate so far as Press and public were concerned, it was his statement that was heeded.

WHY this should have been cannot be judged from the bare facts of Mr. Borah's life. Like many American politicians, he is a lawyer by training. He was born, sixty-seven years ago last month, at Fairfield, Illinois, and educated at the University of Kansas. At the age of twenty-four he was admitted to the Bar, and practised for a while in Kansas. Then he decided to try his luck in the Far West, at that time still a land of promise, and set out for Seattle, on the Pacific Coast.

Half-way there, so the story goes, he stopped at the little frontier town of Boise, Idaho, and went into the courthouse to hear a case being tried. The case was important, but the counsel were drunk. Borah decided to stay. If drunken lawyers could get good cases, there was every hope in this town for a man who was young, vigorous, and sober. Settling at Boise, he married the daughter of the Governor of Idaho, and in a few years had a flourishing legal practice. He took little interest in local politics, but in 1902 was an unsuccessful candidate for election to the Federal Senate. In 1906 he was elected to the Senate, and since then he has been re-elected by his constituents at the regular six-year intervals.

IN the Senate, most venerable of American political institutions, he has become himself something of an institution. There for a quarter of a century he has freely expressed his opinion on everything that interests him—and almost everything does. There he has outlived five Presidents, and may easily outlive a sixth.

On the death of Senator Lodge in 1924 he became Chairman of the Senate's Committee on Foreign Relations. Because of the

Senate's power to ratify or reject treaties made by the Administration, that post in a sense almost official, and many friends hoped that in it Senator Borah might be, if not less outspoken, then more tactful so than he had been as a private Senator. They were to be disappointed. No official could muzzle him.

Nor, it might likewise seem, could anything explain him. During a long political life he has shown himself in a dozen different guises. He was one of the sponsors of the Washington Disarmament Conference, to ensure the maintenance of peace; and since then has been one of the foremost opponents of attempts to draw the United States into such peace institutions as the World Court. For ten years he unceasingly demanded that Europe should pay her war debts; and at the time of the Hoover-Laval meeting demanded cancellation of all war debt. He has favoured high income-tax on high incomes; and opposed the granting of relief to ex-Servicemen.

In the international relations which are now his particular sphere he objects to the United States Government becoming more entangled in European affairs; and wants it to recognize Soviet Russia. At one time he pleased radicals by criticizing the suppression of free speech. At another he pleased reactionary factory owners by criticizing legislation against child labour. At one time or another he has supported, and at one time or another he has opposed the opinions of almost every section of the American community.

YET his influence shows no sign of waning.

No one charges him with inconsistency, though his inconsistencies are many and obvious to all. No one charges him with dishonesty; though his attitudes towards social legislation and Soviet Russia have been what liberal and conservatives respectively are accustomed to seize upon. Political enemies and political friends both like him. Partly that is because he is himself a likeable man. Still more is because he is, what Lord Derby senses him to be, a representative Western American.

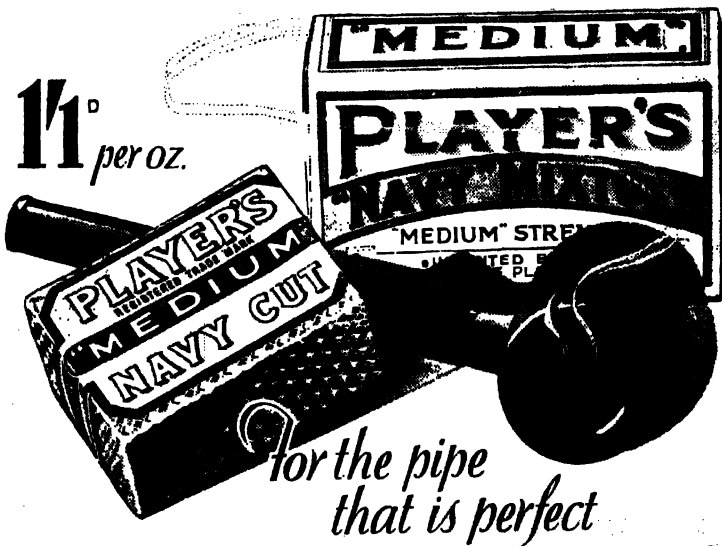
IN the light of the West his inconsistencies are resolved. Boise was a frontier town when he went there in the late nineteenth century. Though it has grown since, in spirit it is the frontier still. Its people are pioneers. Individualists of hardy stock, they cannot understand the dependence of the town-bred worker, and therefore resent the spending of money on his relief. In great part farmers who have been cheated by successive Administrations, they are not strong party men, and appreciate a man who is a rebel against party ties. Knowing how little modern finance has done for them, they distrust the financiers who want to relieve Europe of her debts. Nationalistic and Puritan, they are suspicious, like Mr. Borah himself, of European diplomacy, and would have the United States move forward by herself alone.

Their qualities are more negative than positive, and in that, too, Mr. Borah is their

man. Few constructive policies are attached to his name, and if Lenin deserves to go down to history as the Great Repudiator, he will deserve to be known as the Great Opposer. In the United States, where laws are too many and too readily made, that is a title deserving of note. It sums up the spirit of the people of the West, who are Protestants not yet past the stage of protest. And it makes Senator Borah's words often more worthy of attention than those of Presidents past, present, and to come. For what he says is what a great part of America thinks. What he advises a great many Americans will do.

His opposition may not lose Mr. Hoover the Presidency in 1932, as his support is popularly supposed to have ensured him the Presidency in 1928. It will certainly make the issue of the coming Presidential election doubtful, and the contest more keen.

W. H. H.



PLAYER'S
NAVY MIXTURE *or* NAVY CUT TOBACCO

Modern Caricaturists

XIV.—KAPP

SOMETHING was said in the last article of this series of the distinction between the cartoon and the caricature. The essential difference is apparent at once to anybody who contemplates the work of Edmond Xavier Kapp. Ever since he published his first real caricature, an impression of Pachmann playing Chopin, in the pages of *Granta* at Cambridge before the war, he has been engaged in doing portraits and caricatures of all manner of people, but never once, he will tell you, has he drawn a cartoon.

IT may be worth while to elaborate this distinction by stating what is Kapp's own conception of the difference between the cartoonist and the caricaturist, and the reason why he himself falls into the latter category. The cartoonist, according to him, is an illustrator; and an illustrator is a man who, having learned to draw, uses his craft to give graphic expression to his own or other people's *ideas*. But the idea comes first and the picture comes afterwards; the result is as much literary as artistic.

The caricaturist, on the other hand, does not, as a rule, work in that way. He, like any other artist, works essentially through the *eye*—after all, that is exactly why he is an artist; his emotion, and his picture, arise from a *visual* stimulus. In other words he wants to set down something he has seen, not something he has thought: the picture comes first and the idea (when there is one—but generally there is not) comes afterwards. His pictures should be judged primarily as graphic art, and should need no titles or captions.

BUT this is not the only difference in the two craftsmen's approach to their task. There is also the difference in their interests and sympathies. Kapp's caricatures are almost invariably portrait studies of single persons. These are sometimes, but not

often, politicians, but when they are, impressions are those of a detached and amused and, perhaps, a mischievous server. For Kapp is not a party man, and politics do not enter into his work at all.

The cartoonist's outlook, however, is different. Even if he is not a partisan even if he does not have his daily idea dictated, by an editor for illustration; even like Low or Strube, he has an Olympian disregard for all editors whatsoever, he yet a man with a thesis to work out in black and white connected with passing political and social events. In that sense—so Mr Kapp holds, without in the slightest derogating from the significance of the cartoonist—the latter is not often an *artist* in the true sense of the word. For genuine emotion, love, indignation, hate, passionate conviction, must be at the core of the cartoonist's work if he is also to be an artist and if his work enter into the realms of beauty. Then he may become even a great artist, like Hogarth or the giant Daumier, with the masterly exposure of current vices.

FROM the discussion of these technical distinctions and Kapp's standpoint there to we may now well turn to some details of the artist's career. Though at Cambridge drawing began only as a diversion, the success of the Pachmann caricature must have been encouraging, for the undergraduate was soon trying his hand with the London Press. Quite a number of thin appeared, notably in the *Daily News* and defunct paper called the *Onlooker*, which printed a caricature of Sir Henry Wood.

Later Kapp was to make innumerable versions of Sir Henry, which the music world found very suggestive and amusing for they were often reproduced, and one other of them must be well remembered: a keen habitué of the Queen's Hall. A full-length portrait, with the mellifluous gesture

and the rapt expression, appears in Kapp's published work "Reflections"; and another mood, in which the baton is held upright in tapering fingers, as the conductor leans tensely forward during a *pianissimo* passage, is captured in a drawing in his book called "Pastiche".

THE flattering attention which all these efforts received settled the question of a career. But no sooner had Kapp set up his studio in a house on Hampstead Heath than the war broke out and switched his mind completely off anything connected with art. For, unlike some of the subjects of this series of articles, who practised their hand on their regimental companions amid the dust and mud of Flanders, Kapp says that the only things he drew during this period were rations.

BACK in London, he gave his first exhibition of caricatures at Mr. Furst's Gallery in the Adelphi. Here he had a great stroke of luck in being introduced under the benevolent aegis of Max Beerbohm, who wrote a friendly letter, printed at the beginning of the catalogue, couched in terms of such unmistakable admiration that all the critics flocked to the gallery. Henceforth he was definitely on the map, and the quality of his success was the same as that of after years; that is to say, while his name did not become a household word with the readers of the popular Press, every lover of fantastic and imaginative art looked forward to his productions.

The critics generally had been kind. I particularly like the phrase of Mr. Manson, now Curator of the Tate Gallery, who, in the *Studio*, fancifully described the artist as a sort of *distillateur* of the perfume of personality. For the chief note of his work was the subtlety of his characterisation.

Occasionally also his wit could be devastating. Look, for example, at his drawing of "The Anti-Suffragist," which is reproduced here (No. 1) from his collection of collotypes published in a luxurious volume under the title of "Personalities". Of this pleasing libel upon Mr. Reginald McKenna, Laurence



(No. 1).—The Anti-Suffragist (Mr. Reginald McKenna)

Binyon wrote in the introduction to one of Kapp's books: "It has a curious cold intensity; the deformation or transformation of actual features being wrought in the mind rather than on paper, and with more appeal to the imagination than to sense of humour." That is a just and penetrating criticism, and yet I fancy that in those hectic and well-remembered days of brawls in Parliament and forcible feeding in Holloway, this extravagant but speaking likeness must have sent many suffragettes into raptures.

Kapp then went to Vienna to capture "the illuminated gaze of Einstein, intoxicated by the conception of incredible velocities" (again I borrow Mr. Binyon's admirable words). There was little enough of caricature in this picture, and, strange to say, Einstein did not like it, though so good a judge as the late Mr. Bohun Lynch, writing in 1926, regarded it as the most interesting of all Kapp's drawings. Probably that would not have been his opinion now, particularly had he seen the beautiful "Delius" which is referred to and reproduced later.

THERE were one or two more exhibitions, and the book called *Reflections*, in which the Einstein appears. Then Kapp received a commission to do a series of portraits of

great lawyers for the *Law Journal*, drawn in pen, chalk, and water-colour, and reproduced as special supplements. Some of these tended to caricature, others were normal portraiture. In the first category was Lord Haldane, a vivid and rather fantastic impression. This has been highly praised and reproduced in representative collections of caricatures, but, to one who saw a good deal of the former Lord Chancellor, its exaggerated expression and posture hardly seem characteristic. Among the pure portraits is an absolutely literal and, to me, beautiful likeness of the late Lord Finlay, and a Mr. Justice Avory which has formed the basis of one of Kapp's recent original lithographs here reproduced (No. 2). This is a wonderful piece of characterisation, breathing the very spirit of legal learning and cold and high-minded justice. Its success is the more striking because it was done entirely from memory.

MANY of the Judges and advocates in this series—both the caricatures and the portraits—sat for the artist. They were, I imagine, more satisfactory sitters than politicians, who express—or betray—their true personality better in the excited atmosphere of public debate. Low found that he learned most about these gentlemen by observing them “on the wing” when they were otherwise occupied. This was the method which Kapp had to follow with some of his subjects, if we can conceive a learned judge as being “on the wing.” For, in the case of several of them, he was warned that not only would they probably not sit, but that they might object to his making observations, and certainly drawings, in court.

Hence Kapp had simply to watch and study his Judges and famous pleaders, and he was thus present at most of the sensational trials of the day. It is related that while doing so—and the story, like some of the evidence given in court, must be accepted for what it is worth—he was the first member of the British public to discover the true

name of “Mr. A.”, and to see the act of a £50,000 cheque! Of these legal portraits Kapp himself is inclined to speak slightly

“Spy”, and are exhibited in the windows of the *Law Journal* to this day.

It almost seems in recent years as if Mr. Kapp were now more attracted to more normal portraiture than by caricature. I should be sorry if, as Mr. Bohun Lyn anticipated some years ago, caricature should prove to be but a phase through which like other artists, must pass in the course of their long apprenticeship. And yet, if I were to have many drawings like the delicate portrait of Schönberg (No. 3) and his poetic conception of Delius there would be sufficient consolation.

Of course, in things like these and in the Mr. Justice Avory there is not the faintest scintilla of caricature, except in the sense of the dictum, referred to in a previous article, that all art is caricature. As this may have proved a hard saying to the layman we may be interested in hearing Kapp's elucidation of what to the non-expert might savour almost of paradox.

IN portraiture, whether painting or drawing, he points out, the artist has to decide on what is essential, and to leave out what is unessential. He cannot put down all that he sees: for instance, if he were close enough, he would have to reproduce every pore of the skin! Rembrandt's wrinkled old women might seem a denial of the theory of elimination, but in reality every artist and every portrait painter must select and must reject what is not characteristic. Then immediately there is introduced a subtle element of distortion, and distortion is the essence of caricature.

It is a commonplace that no two artists see alike. In illustration of this point Kapp reminded me that not long ago Picasso and a score of other distinguished artists in Paris each did a painting or drawing of a well-known lady, and in these pictures it is almost impossible to recognise the same person. Some of these drawings afterwards appeared in an English weekly, and may be remembered by some readers.



(No. 2).—AN ENGLISH JUDGE (Mr. Justice Avory)

Reproduced from the original lithography



(No. 5).—CHALIAPIN : a study by Kapp

the atmosphere and general impression which it conveys.

The circumstances in which it was done are worth mentioning, and will interest those who so ardently admired Delius's music during the recent festival celebration, as I confess I did not overmuch, except for the lovely "On hearing the first Cuckoo in Spring." The artist had met Delius before the war at the flat in the Albany of Sir Thomas Beecham, who has warmly sponsored the composer, and been responsible for much of his popularity in England. When Kapp was in Paris early this year, he met an eminent painter friend, Matthew Smith, who also knew Delius, and together they went down to Fontainebleau. There the sittings took place in a sort of careless English garden round the composer's house, where nature flourishes in wild abandon, and the air was

full of the song of birds and the musical murmur of a stream.

In these scenes, so strongly reminiscent of the atmosphere of dreamy rapture which pervades his compositions, Delius reclines in an invalid's chair, propped up with pillows. He sits listening to the sounds around him, or following a reading from Galsworthy, a favourite author. Here Kapp for two days fills his sketch-book with studies, and goes away to complete his final drawing, as usual, in his studio at home.

THE frequent occurrence of the names of musicians in this article may have been noticed. The first caricature of Sir Henry Wood was one of the artist's earliest popular successes, and this recent portrait of Delius will, I feel, probably come to be regarded as perhaps the most beautiful of all his



drawings. In between, Kapp has been incessantly doing caricatures of the musically famous, and particularly of conductors, who have always presented themselves as an attractive subject for the caricaturist.

The reason which Kapp gives for this preference, apart from an interest in music, is that when the musician, and especially the conductor of an orchestra, is completely absorbed in his work, something happens which causes him vividly to express his personality. He makes a pattern, which appeals to the artist because it is essentially right and revealing.

Whatever the cause, it has led Kapp to draw more portraits of musicians, I should think, than anybody else. His first published volume contained several delightful examples—Sir Landon Ronald in a posture ridiculously exaggerated, Sir Thomas Beecham wielding his baton with a mincing delicacy, and a drooping figure of Mr. Vaughan Williams listening to his own music. These are all characteristic attitudes, however extravagantly distorted, and that is their special interest to all musical people. Other conductors whom he has similarly captured are Ansermet, Adrian Boult, Albert Coates, Malcolm Sargent, Stanford, and Mackenzie; and among famous performers of the concert platform are Paderewski, Kreisler, Cortot, d'Alvarez, Chaliapin, and Schnabel.

An exquisite little drawing with but little caricature, of Schnabel, appeared in *Time and Tide*, and some time afterwards in the *Radio Times*, when the great German pianist was playing here a few months ago. A high proportion of Kapp's best work has been reproduced in Lady Rhondda's weekly Review, *Time and Tide*, where in recent years the artist has had a regular page entirely to himself. Most of the drawings accompany-



(No. 7).—The Late LORD BRENTFORD

ing this article first appeared in that very lively and independent periodical.

The last interesting picture that I can mention is the Chaliapin (No. 5) which is here reproduced. Chaliapin has been drawn and painted innumerable times. In his journeyings about the world he is accompanied by these reproductions of his expressive features; and if his collection did not include Kapp's admirable study it would certainly be incomplete.

H. R. WESTWOOD.

*With the above article the series on Modern Caricaturists is now concluded.
The series will be published in book form in the ensuing autumn.*

WORLD VIEWS AND REVIEWS

GREAT BRITAIN

THE GREAT REFORM BILL

THE Reform Bill received the Royal Assent one hundred years ago. Writing in the *Daily Telegraph*, which reproduced the cartoon shown on this page, E. D. O'Brien vividly describes the issues that were involved at the time. One should remember that the Bill added a mere half-million to the electorate, and owing to the high property qualification for voting,

been growing ever stronger. And well it might. The system of representation that had served Elizabeth well enough was not best fitted to satisfy the demands of a new England, in which the tide of the Industrial Revolution was in full flood. Anomalies and anachronisms abounded.

It was estimated that 276 of the seats in the Commons were controlled by patrons. Manchester with its new, swarming popu-



Robert Seymour's cartoon of Grey, Brougham, Russell, O'Connell, and their fellow Reformers bringing up their battering-ram against the fortress of Corruption. The head of the ram is that of the King, William IV.

the vote was confined to a few comparatively prosperous electors.

The Duke of Wellington gloomily prophesied that after its passing no gentleman would be able to sit in Parliament. He was proved to be entirely wrong, for he himself admitted later that the only change he noticed in the new House of Commons elected after 1832 was that he had never seen "so many damned bad hats" (in the sartorial sense). None the less, the old Britain was dead.

For the ten years preceding 1832, as the memory of the great war of that time faded, the demand for parliamentary reform had

lation of 160,000 had no representative in Parliament, while the sheep that grazed unoffendingly on the Wiltshire downs at Old Sarum had two.

When, then, the Duke of Wellington declared that the British Constitution as in existence in the year 1830 was the most perfect conceivable, the storm broke. The Duke fell from power, the Whigs under Lord Grey came in, but after their bill had been rejected in committee, appealed to the country and obtained a handsome majority.

But their troubles were not yet over. The Lords in the autumn of 1831 rejected the bill, and rioting broke out all over the

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS

country. Apsley House was attacked, so were other town houses of prominent noblemen: Clumber, the Duke of Newcastle's country house, stood a regular siege, and there were appalling riots in Bristol. In the face of a situation which bordered on revolution, and the threat that the king would create enough peers to get the bill through the Lords, the Duke bowed to the behests of the crown and abstained from voting on the bill.

"The bill, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill" had got through. It was a curious victory. Within half a dozen years its authors were discredited and out of office, and the Tories were in again. Yet in the fact that Great Britain is the one country in Europe which has not suffered violent political and social upheaval since, lies the real significance of the Great Reform Bill.

THE SOBER-SUITED SONGSTRESS

THE "third leaders" in *The Times* have become famous through the blend of humour and literature that they give to a national institution. The following is an abridged example, which refers to the nightingale and modern life.

Thomson's term for the nightingale is obviously appropriate to the didactic bird, which, as a Streatham clergyman told us in a letter the other day, has recently been preaching from the roof of St. Anselm's Church. Decently, soberly suited, as befits a lay reader, it was so intent on its mission to provide Pleasant Week-day Evenings for mixed congregations, that it 'forgot, or decided to disregard, Milton's praise of its kind as one that shunned the noise of folly. It sat at the junction of two roads in a suburb of London and sang nightly—full-throated, though doubtless not wholly with ease—through the noise of all the traffic for

or to make up to a girl-friend. In the person of our correspondent, the Rev. F. Barrie Flint, the Church of England has recognized that the Streatham songster was actuated by the highest motives.

Till recently there has been something not quite nice, something wild, passionate, even a little dissipated about the bird, with its odd habits of singing at night, impaling its bosom on a thorn, and otherwise behaving in a rather ill-regulated and extravagant manner. But now that it can give recitals to scores at a time direct, and to millions through the wireless, it shows every readiness to put its talents at the disposal of the public and to cultivate a proper civic sense. Instead of sulking when it hears in its native wood a rival note (that of a violoncello, for example), it promptly joins in, because it knows that that is what is expected of it; and it is scrupulous about not being late for its scheduled time in the programmes of the B.B.C. Indeed, its consideration for others is greater than that of most human singers. One evening this summer a bridge party left the table just too late for the turn of the B.B.C. performer; but their disappointment was instantly removed by the notes of two other nightingales in full song in the garden just outside the window. There must be other instances of this thoughtfulness, this sense of duty, this desire to make others happy, on the part of a "bird which hitherto has been regarded as a pure individualist, if not definitely anti-social. The nightingale, in fact, is fast being reformed by the spread of our collective virtue and by the refinements of our civilization; and lovers, and other such fantastics and vagrants, who have been wont to make a fetish of the nightingale, had better begin looking out for some less public-spirited and sober-

singing on Harrow Hill within a few yards of the Metropolitan Railway station. Middlesex may be said to have gone in first; but Surrey proved to have an exceptionally strong and sticking tail. And there is no evidence that the northern bird had any evangelistic or philanthropic purpose. It may have been singing just to please itself,

FROM EUSTON TO SCAPA FLOW

MANY people had curious experiences during the War, and in the *National Review* Mr. B. Conyngham Greene describes a few of the things he saw while travelling week by week between London and the Grand Fleet. His article has been abridged to read as follows:—

I remember one day when coming south

we were held up at Kildonan, and I asked the stationmaster how long we were likely to have to wait. It is a single line, and it appeared that we were detained by a north-bound train which had only just left Helmsdale. It was a lovely day with blazing sun, and bees in the heather, and after the noise and racket of the train, marvellously still. I got out and walked down to the stone bridge over the river a distance of a couple of hundred yards. From the bridge I looked down into a splendid amber-coloured pool, with a great tongue of rough water foaming and sparkling into it. While I watched, a sea-trout of about 2 lb. rose repeatedly in the still water at the edge of the tongue, and there have been few occasions in my life when I have more ardently desired to be possessed of a rod. I walked back to the station when I heard the other train panting slowly up the hill, for I had learned at Scapa Flow that a very distinguished visitor would arrive that evening to join the fleet, and I guessed that it was his train for which we were waiting. As the train passed slowly through the station, I saw the King sitting at the window of his saloon, reading. The Royal train wound away among the heather, I crossed over the line and re-entered my own train, and we were off again.

Apart from fishing, an observer of wild birds and beasts may see a lot from a railway carriage window, especially if he be passing through wild and uninhabited country. I found three different birds' nests between Perth and Thurso without leaving the train. One was a mallard's nest in a bog near the top of the Drumochter Pass, another was a black-headed gull's on a little island in a small sheltered pool between Tain and Bonar Bridge, and the third was a swallow's nest under a bridge that crossed the line just outside Georgemas Junction. I got to know these nests well, and I always looked forward to a glimpse at one or other of the parent birds as the train rumbled slowly by. Those who have only sped through the Midlands of England in a 60-mile-an-hour express may think that birdnesting by train is an impossibility, but those who have toiled up the passes, and rattled round the lochs of the Highlands in a Highland train will know

that there is ample opportunity for nature study. In the winter there were certain places where one could always see deer. The stretch between Drumochter and Kingussie was one, and another the moors round Forsinard, where one enters the bleak tablelands of Caithness. In winter, too, when snow was on the ground vast packs of grouse used sometimes to fly for miles beside the train, and if there is any truth in the theory of grouse migration, this would seem to be an indication of it.

In those days the passage to Scapa Flow was made from the little village of Scrabster, some two or three miles from Thurso. It was a horrible crossing as the tide races through the narrow Pentland Firth at a great pace, and if, as often, happened, it met a big north-westerly swell off Dunnet Head, a terribly confused sea resulted. The ship in which we usually crossed did only about 10 knots, and if the wind and tide were against her, there were often periods when, steaming at full speed, she made hardly any headway at all. I seldom remember a smooth crossing, but the best conditions were with a south-east wind, known to the local fishermen as the "Key to the Firth".

I remember one winter morning when we left Scrabster while it was still dark, calculating to be at the Hoxa boom entrance to the Flow soon after dawn. It was blowing fairly hard and there was a nasty sea at the mouth of the Firth. I was endeavouring with some difficulty to shave in the tiny and badly-lit cabin allotted to me when suddenly I heard the engine-room telegraph ring and the engines stop. "Trouble at last", I thought, and wiping the soap from my half-shaved face, I pulled on a coat and went on deck. The sight that met my eye was a remarkable one. It was just daylight, and in every direction, as far as I could see, we were surrounded by the ships of the Grand Fleet. Columns of battleships in line ahead, cruisers, light cruisers, and flotillas of destroyers, all steaming at full speed on zigzag courses, from west to east. It was the Grand Fleet returning from a "P.Z." out in the Atlantic, and in that wild weather and the grey light of dawn it was a truly

inspiring sight. When I reached the flagship some three-quarters of an hour later breakfast was proceeding as usual, and they had been at anchor for some time, but an idea of the size of the fleet was conveyed by the fact that many of the ships were still passing in from the Firth, as thick columns of smoke rising behind the islands clearly showed.

IRELAND

MR. DE VALERA'S OATH BILL

THE Oath Bill, promoted by Mr. de Valera's Government, and framed to remove the obligation to take the oath of allegiance to the King, has been in public debate for several months. But few people understand its true significance, and for this reason a cogent article in the *Empire Review* by Sir Hugh O'Neill, Member of Parliament for Co. Antrim, deserves close attention.

Sir Hugh begins with a short reference to past history. On December 6th, 1921, the Irish Peace Agreement ("The Treaty") was signed by representatives of the British Government and of Sinn Féin. The Treaty gave Southern Ireland full Dominion Status as it was then understood, but Mr. de Valera, President of Sinn Féin, refused to accept it, and resigned from Dail Eireann (at that time sitting as an unconstitutional Republican Assembly).

On January 15th, 1922, the Irish Free State came officially into being, and thanks to Mr. Cosgrave, by the end of 1923 "sporadic outbursts of Republican violence had ceased." The Irish Free State Constitution, based on the Treaty of December, 1921, and the Irish Free State Agreement Act (1922) had been passed respectively in the Dail and at Westminster. "Mr. Cosgrave continued to govern with firmness and courage." Order was restored. The country benefited by economic development. Then last year, for a variety of reasons, some of which were "as much

beyond the control of the Free State Government as of any other Government in the world", he was defeated at the elections.

Sir Hugh O'Neill points out that Mr. Cosgrave and his followers are Irishmen first of all. Nevertheless, "whether entirely from motives of expediency or not," they are quite definitely imperialists. He quotes Mr. Blythe, Vice-President of the Executive Council, as saying: "With regard to whether we aim at establishing an Irish Republic: we do not. We believe that this country within the British Commonwealth can enjoy greater freedom and security than outside it."

Mr. de Valera is, and always has been, uncompromisingly Republican. Lately, there had seemed some hope that he and his party would accept the Treaty position and become a useful constitutional Opposition. But it cannot be urged against him that he ever gave any pledge to this effect: there is no kink in his consistency. The meaning of "Fianna Fail", the name of Mr. de Valera's party, throws a revealing light on the nature of a political tradition that has always existed in Ireland, and from which little good has come or seems likely to come. It means "Soldiers of Destiny". Not till

1926 did Mr. de Valera resign the title of President of the Irish Republic; not till 1927 did he and his party take their seats in the Dail, having convinced their consciences—though not, apparently, for long—that the Oath they had to take was "merely an empty political formula".

Yet the assumption of office has brought one change to Mr. de Valera. For the first time, he finds himself not at the tip of the Left Wing of Irish extremism. Mr. Twomey and his comrades of the Irish Republican



MR. DE VALERA.

Army are more immediately Republican than even he. One fears Mr. de Valera—and Ireland—may be made to realize it. The first act of his Ministry was to remove the ban which its predecessor had placed on the Irish Republican Army. Many of its leading members had been imprisoned by the special courts which Mr. Cosgrave's Government had set up; they were at once released. To-day the I.R.A. carries on its recruiting, drilling, and general organization quite openly. The fact that it is still under the official ban of the Roman Catholic Church, imposed last Autumn at the same time as Mr. Cosgrave's civil penalties, seems to hinder it very little. It must be admitted that those prophecies have been falsified which looked for immediate violence and disorder on the release of the "gunmen". Ireland has enjoyed perfect internal order since Mr. de Valera took office; but, to those with a knowledge of recent Irish history, there is something ominous about the calm.

After the elections, Mr. de Valera claimed that he had a "mandate" to abolish the Oath of Allegiance, and informed Mr. Thomas, Secretary of State for the Dominions, that "the Oath is not mandatory in the Treaty." Sir Hugh explains that the Free State has a right to alter its Constitution provided there is no interference with any clause in the Treaty. Mr. de Valera bases his claim on "a casuistic interpretation" of certain words in Article 4. But is this claim sound either in law, or in honour? "No," answers Sir Hugh O'Neill. Furthermore, he suggests that repudiation of allegiance to the Crown involves repudiation of the Imperial connexion in its entirety.

If Mr. de Valera's policy leads to the secession of the Free State from the Empire, what will the results be for her? I think they will be disastrous. Ireland is a valuable market for England, but not indispensable. England is the Free State's only market. On her exports to England—chiefly store cattle, bacon, eggs, and dairy produce—the Free State's prosperity is, to a very large extent, dependent. She has no monopoly of the supply of these products. Denmark competes with her in some of them; Canada, Australia, and New Zealand in others. Since the Import Duties Act was passed her exports have had a preference in British

markets. Should the Free State secede she will lose her preference; she will have to compete on equal terms with Denmark and at a disadvantage with the Dominions. She could not choose a worse time for prosecuting a policy which may result in secession than now, when the United Kingdom has definitely adopted a system of tariffs, and when the Imperial Conference at Ottawa holds out the prospect of advantageous commercial settlements with the Dominions.

Apart from this, Mr. de Valera's present policy of imposing prohibitive tariffs on manufactured goods seems quite suicidal. He is adopting a policy of protection for industry without having any industry to protect. Mr. McGilligan put the economic position concisely when, in the Dail on April 29th, reproaching the Labour Party for its support of Mr. de Valera's policy, he warned it that its attitude would "result in the taking of boots off many who were now well shod". Furthermore, should the Free State secede, Southern Irish citizens would become aliens. This would involve very serious disabilities on those resident in the United Kingdom. For example, there would be restrictions on their landing; they would have to register with the police and notify any change of address; they would lose the right to vote; they could not serve in the Navy, Army, Air Force, or Civil Service; they could not practice as solicitors, accountants, or architects; those in receipt of poor-law relief within twelve months arrival would be liable to deportation; and, except in the case of a woman who was herself otherwise qualified, they would lose their right to the old-age pension.

Sir Hugh O'Neill proceeds to consider the question of the Land Annuities, and the position of Northern Ireland. As regards the first, he shows conclusively that Mr. de Valera's arguments for the retention of the Annuities are even more unreasonable than those that the President has used to defend the Oath Bill. While as for Northern Ireland, he remarks that it "is as much a part of the United Kingdom as Cornwall or Kent." "Should the Free State ever attempt to coerce Ulster, her defence would be as much the concern of the British Army as would the defence from invasion of London."

What of the future? What will Mr. de Valera do if he goes to the country on the Oath Bill and is defeated? Sir Hugh O'Neill thinks he may resort to force if constitutional measures fail. Such a possibility is "increased by the fact that the Irish Republican Army has been allowed to taste its strength and re-affirms its aims—aims from the prosecution of which not even Mr. de Valera could, even if he would, restrain it."

AMERICA

CAMPAIGN TRICKS

AMERICA is already becoming excited at the prospect of a Presidential Election before the end of the year. Some of the methods used to obtain votes are described in an article in the *Christian Science Monitor*, from which the following is a short extract.

The time is at hand when one of the worst features of American politics, the campaign lie, is beginning to show its head, and the voters need urgently to be on guard against it. Unfortunate as it is, it must be recognized that campaign lies are part of the regular stock of the unscrupulous politician and that he often counts on slander as much as ballot fraud to win. This year, it already appears, the campaign lie may be called on for heavy duty against prohibition. Evidence already has appeared of its use to discredit dry candidates.

A favourite trick is to spread doubt among the dry voters and break down their morale by whispering among them that their candidate is not really dry. In one of the most important state primary elections yet decided this spring, it was spread around that the major dry candidate was personally a drinker. If true, hardly anything could be more discouraging to the dries, who want good and honest men, and are promoting better government by putting that kind of men in office.

But was it true? The Anti-Saloon League, and to a lesser extent the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, make it their business to know such things. They had investigated this candidate and gave him their enthusiastic support for election. Moreover, he refused to go along with the wet press, though he knew it would cost him tens of thousands of votes in a big city he needed

sorely to win. The man's whole record made him a dry. Yet the whispering continued, the friends of prohibition for some reason did not bestir themselves, and he was beaten.

Dry voters need to have more faith in their friends and less faith in rumour. They will need to watch during coming months in local, state and national elections to be guided by fact, and not to be manipulated unawares by some unseen monger of falsehoods. When the Anti-Saloon League puts its stamp of approval on a man, it is a very good sign he is a dry and can be trusted. Even though once in a while a candidate may, after election, prove unworthy of its confidence, the league is not superficial in its investigations.

Between the League's endorsement and anonymous rumour, there is but one choice. In sections where there is a strong wet vote, it may take courage for a man to run as a dry. Such a man deserves the benefit of the doubt; and honour instead of suspicion.

CHINA

THE ORIENT, LOVE AND MARRIAGE

MISS ANNA MAY WONG is better known as a film star than as a writer in the Reviews. But she has contributed to *La Revue Mondiale* an attractive study of the colour problem.

"The East is East and the West is West, and never the twain shall meet." That is an old, old maxim; yes, it was already old when Kipling wrote it down for good and all in those striking, rhythmic words of which he is such a master. But it has no sense, in my opinion. For I was born and I grew up in the East, and I always encounter the West at each turning in my life.

When I fall in love perhaps I shall find that my road leads across this magic bridge, which in spite of our maxim often allows the East to meet the West and unite with it for life, in perfect understanding and happiness.

I admire men of the West neither more nor less than those of my own ancient country. . . . Men and women of different race and colour can marry and live happily, but they must be exceptional persons, and their lives

cannot resemble those who live and die without adventure, who always remain the slaves of "appearances" by not being different in any degree from their neighbours.

Do you know Somerset Maugham's story, "The Moon and Sixpence"? For many long years the painter, Gauguin, dragged out a loveless existence with his wife. Suddenly he revolted. What? Was he to die soon without ever having lived? His whim led him to the South Seas, where he gave himself up to painting for the rest of his days. And his new lover was a charming native girl, loyal and innocent. They adored each other.

I know an Englishman who lives happily in the Malay States with a Manchu princess as his wife. Formerly in China, he had saved the princess from the revolution that brought about the dethronement of the Manchu dynasty. The exquisite tact and sensibility of the Eastern princess prevented any embarrassment. She did not want the honour due to her rank. She was perfectly happy to love the man who had saved her at his own peril. When he dies, she will die too. For she could not live without him.

Love—that is what conquers everything. And it will be so when I marry. My love will only be given to a man who has a heart, and courage; to a man who can protect and love me. But if I marry a white man I shall still remain Chinese. I have little sympathy with those who change their nationality.

I take Charlie Chaplain as an outstanding example of a man who has lived the greater part of his life in a foreign land, without losing his nationality. Perhaps my profession of nationalist faith will sound strange. But it seems to me that loyalty to one's country rather helps than hinders love and understanding between a man and a woman of different race. Some people I know, particularly the English, want their wives to be the exact copy of themselves; to see the world through their eyes; to have their thoughts, their feelings; to be, in a word, like rubber stamps. . . .

Unfortunately prejudice against mixed marriages still exists. When I was at the

"CHEAP OIL" IS FALSE ECONOMY

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than to pay
for repairs!**

Chinese school at Los Angeles, I had many Chinese friends who, like me, were far from home. One of them is to-day the happy wife of an American. Naturally his parents expressed strong disapproval when he announced his intention of marrying a lovely Oriental. So he left the country with his young wife to live as he chose. He acted wisely.

But another young man, who fell in love with a Chinese girl under the same circumstances, decided to give her up owing to the disfavour of his set. Such men should not pay court to the Orient. Like all the noble and sweet adventures of life, such a marriage demands a dauntless heart, a brave spirit and a proved intelligence.

A mixed marriage is always disastrous if the two are not prepared to say of their betrothal: "We are, and shall always be, together"—and to ignore what the world says of their union. They must weave their life round their marriage. . . .

As for me, when I really love, I shall not

ask what the world is saying or thinking. Do not believe, however, that I am in love at the present time. So busy with my life as an actress, in the studios, on the stage, I am happy and content.

SWEDEN

THE CRISIS A WORLD REVOLUTION

IN the Gothenburg Commercial Newspaper, G.O. Wallenberg, former Swedish Minister to Turkey, recently referred to the world-crisis and Swedish commercial politics in the following terms.

More and more does one become convinced that the unfortunate economic situation in the world is not a crisis in the ordinary sense. It is a world-revolution of an overwhelming nature, similar to the one which mankind last experienced in the third century, when the so-called ancient civilisation went under. The symptoms now are the same as then: the downfall of the central exercise of power, and widespread unemployment. The reason is not what one generally has imagined, but that 800 million of the world's population boycott occidental industrial production. If one adds to this reason of unemployment the effects of feminism, accelerated by the world war, when woman's labour became definitely established, then one cannot deny that the prospects of industry are dark. The twenty million unemployed men have partly been forced aside by the women. The effect of woman's power, which has penetrated the labour-market, is large. If one calculates that only ten per cent. of the women of Europe and America are self-supporting, then these 30 million, who no doubt are increasing, ought sufficiently to explain the difficulty of overcoming unemployment. This unpleasant symptom cannot disappear, because no one nowadays would dare to think of prohibiting feminine labour. But then the possibility, so often expressed, that the crisis, like previous crises, will soon pass away, becomes more remote. One had better take into account that it will not pass away, but that we stand before the coming of a new

world-order. We have most likely to expect a storm-centre, and we Swedes must navigate our ship of State out of the range of its effects. This is, however, no insoluble problem.

When the same situation frequently arose in history, it appeared that it was the big political combinations which went under but also that the smaller states were often able to save themselves. Why not, then, take this into consideration, that the crisis has degenerated into a revolution of the world, and tread the path that leads away from the catastrophe? If it does not go so far, so much the better, but it is surely wiser to weigh this point of view.

Minister Wallenberg pointed out the necessity for Sweden to export as much as possible to such parts of the world where unemployment is not above the normal.

THE GLEANER

A glowing account in the *Daily Worker* of the visit to Soviet Russia of a party of "British worker athletes" ends, apparently quite seriously: "They are sorry to leave Samara, where they have been treated like lords. . . ."

And, while we like to see the Government balancing its budget, we hate to see it doing it by unbalancing ours.—*Judge*.

President Hoover reports that there is still a lot of optimism in the country. But most of it is being felt by pessimists who believe their predictions are coming true.—*San Diego Union*.

When a man asks for criticism, he is usually seeking praise.—*Alfred Pemberton Magazine*.

The Chinese have a novel way of taking care of war veterans. They keep them fighting.—*Judge*.

A representative of my party can only be a representative who represents me. I am the party.—*Herr Hitler*.

Of the new German Cabinet it may be said, as of so many new books, that we don't know what it is all about, but it looks very interesting.—*New York Times*.

THE FINANCIAL WORLD

Running on Oil

OVER a long period of years investments in Oil shares were synonymous with substantial capital appreciation and large dividends. To-day the position has changed. Capital values have decreased enormously while in every direction dividends have been reduced. For the time being oil has certainly lost its savour and the future of the whole industry now of such vital importance to the world has become a matter for keen speculative anxiety.

To-day much of the world's industry is running on oil. The coming of the internal combustion engine created a revolution in motive power as vast almost as the invention of the steam engine. Oil has set the world on wheels just as rubber has given comfort and speed to those wheels. And yet both industries are suffering severely because the world is not using their output to the full. Scientific research, engineering skill and lavish finance have combined to bring about so large an output of the two commodities that the world is surfeited. The problem of stemming production in order that it may not outrun consumption has so far proved insuperable in both oil and rubber and the result is that both industries have lost that golden glamour with which for so long they were surrounded.

SO far as the oil industry is concerned, there is nothing fundamentally wrong with it. Scientifically, industrially and financially it is well based. Its position was well summarised by Sir John Cadman at the annual meeting of the Anglo-Persian Company when he said:

Unfortunately for the industry the collective efforts which were stimulated by the high prices and threatened famine of ten years ago attained a maximum effect on the very eve of the world crisis. The world's visible reserves of natural oil had been immensely increased by discoveries of large and easily accessible deposits in many countries. Simultaneously chemists and engineers evolved new technical methods whereby every

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ton of crude oil became capable of making a far more effective contribution to market demand than had once been the case. Capacity and means of production had thus acquired a vigorous momentum at the very time that demand first began to feel the lag imposed by a whole series of adverse conditions, many of which it had been quite impossible to foresee. Having regard, however, to all the circumstances of the economic landslide which has submerged the world's industry, the consumption of petroleum products has shown a remarkable degree of resistance. Nor should it be assumed that there has been a total failure in the efforts to co-ordinate supply with demand. The dislocation has been, and continues to be severe, but nevertheless the efforts which have been made to meet it in the past are being continued with increasing vigour and your board is doing its utmost to support these efforts both in council and by example.

IT may be said that there are distinct hopes that the world's oil producing companies will eventually come to some agreement which will have the effect of bringing production into line with consumption. The recent conference in New York was not altogether a failure, despite the fact that it broke up without any definite agreement. Viscount Bearsted at the "Shell" meeting pointed out that the aim of the Conference was to "create more order in the exports markets of the world." He added:

All phases of the matter were considered in a constructive atmosphere but there was a considerable divergence of opinion in which the Russians (representing the Soviet Government) were in a minority of one, as they placed an entirely exaggerated value on their oil export position. I am glad however to tell you that as between the oil companies there was a complete co-operation and although there was no result from the Russian discussions the cordial relations established between the other oil interests of the world will undoubtedly have beneficial effects on the future of the industry.

As a matter of fact a further conference is to be held in Paris almost immediately, at which it is anticipated agreement will be arrived at between the British and American producers to deal with the situation created by the Russian refusal to fall into line. The weakness of the Russian position lies in the fact that only about 8 per cent of the Soviet oil exports are distributed through their own facilities, or something less than 250,000 tons. It should be possible, it is thought, to secure the Soviet's retirement from foreign competitive markets in exchange for a contract to purchase the Russian surplus production, estimated at about 5,000,000 tons annually, at reasonable prices.

Meanwhile it is worth noting that the position of the leading British distributors has been immensely strengthened by the agreement between Shell-Mex Ltd., the distributing agency of the "Shell" combination, and the Anglo-Persian Company. The amalgamation of the distributing organisations involved in the agreement was designed, as Lord Bearsted said, to preserve as securely as possible for each of the two parties that outlet for their products which

they had individually established over a period of years. It was in his view a piece of really constructive rationalisation.

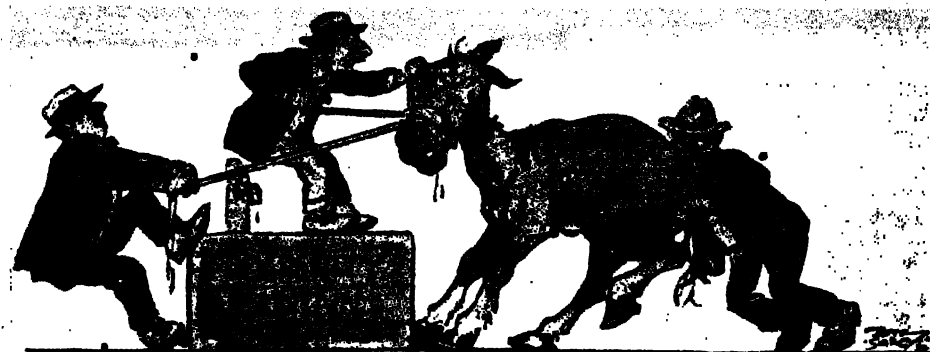
THE whole question of course boils down to the question of price, and Russian competition on a non-economic basis must necessarily tend to keep the price lower than the cost of production justifies. Russian production has been growing steadily in the past few years, largely, of course, from wells sunk by foreign capital, which have been summarily confiscated by the Soviet. At the same time it is also true that an ever-growing amount available for export is largely based on the economic necessities of the State rather than on the complete satisfaction of the home demand. It may well be that as the home demand increases the Russian surplus available will grow less. Viewed in the light of the statistics available, however, it is evident that the Russian supply of oil and oil products is likely to be a considerable factor in the oil industry for some time to come. Thus in 1921 with a total world production of 101,355,474 metric tons, the Russian output was only 3,774,834 metric tons, while last year according to figures given in the "Shell" report the total Russian output was 22,334,700 metric tons against a world production of 189,857,389 metric tons. The main increase in world production came from Russia, the total comparing with 18,727,987 metric tons in 1930, but in spite of this increase, owing to self-imposed restrictions in most other producing countries, the world production as a whole was reduced by nearly 10,000,000 metric tons. These restrictive measures are being increased to some extent to-day with the result that there has been a hardening up in the price of the commodity. The position at the moment however, is very artificial and it would be a mistake to place too great a reliance on its permanence. The essential for a renewal of the prosperity of the oil industry is a recovery from the depression in trade from which the world is suffering. Such a recovery would quickly be reflected in an increased consumption of every kind of oil product with substantial benefit to the producing companies.

BRITISH investors' interests in the industry are spread over a wide area and many companies. For the purpose of this article we are taking the three leading British concerns, the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, in which the British Government has a £7,500,000 interest, the "Shell" Transport and Trading Company which works in combination with the famous Royal Dutch Company, and the Burmah Oil Co., Ltd., which is the great supplier of oil and oil products to the Indian market. The three companies have together issued capital amounting to £73,219,090. They work in friendly co-operation in many ways and endeavour as far as it is possible to avoid fruitless competition. In several directions their interests are united by such links as

capital value of the shares of each company in the last four years:—

			Anglo-Persian	Burmah	Shell
1928 ..	H	98/9	105/-	122/6	
	L	88/5½	85/8	89/-	
1929 ..	H	98/9	96/10½	118/1½	
	L	73/5½	74/4	88/9	
1930 ..	H	95/-	95/7½	98/4½	
	L	51/10½	65/-	70/-	
1931 ..	H	56/10½	72/6	77/6	
	L	26/6	29/0½	28/5½	
1932 (to June 8)	H	42/6	47/-	50/7½	
	L	23/9	33/9	29/4½	
Price June 22		28/-	42/6	31/10½	

PROFITS earned by the three companies have suffered a serious diminution in the past year, the total of the three falling



Rotarian]

"You can lead a horse to the fountain, but you cannot make him drink"

[U.S.A.]

the amalgamation of the distributing agencies referred to above, and substantial shareholdings such as the Burmah company's holdings of 2,861,990 Ordinary Anglo-Persian shares and 1,000,000 Ordinary Shell shares.

In each case dividends in the past have been very substantial indeed, and holders of the shares have been fortunate in the high values placed on them by the market. In each case also the unfortunate effects of the world depression have been felt both on the market valuation of the shares and the income receivable from them. The following table shows at a glance the substantial depreciation which has taken place in the

to £7,041,815 as compared with £12,699,657 in the previous year. In each case this fall was necessarily reflected in reduced dividends. At the same time the financial position of all three is exceptionally strong, a fact which, as Lord Bearsted pointed out, is not altogether a blessing:

The Shell company [he said] acts as banker to its affiliations and advances such cash as they require for their current operations from time to time. Its present holdings in cash and Government securities is about £17,000,000 in sterling. This must be regarded as working capital and it will be all to the good when it is employed in the business. The fact that it is not at present liquid is a symptom of the present stagnation in the

world's affairs. For a company such as ours an overliquid position is a sign of bad trade. The whole world to-day is suffering from an overliquidity due to low prices of commodities and lack of confidence. Until such a time as your directors see a proper use for their cash it will be kept as their main protective weapon. But I would emphasise that, proud as we are of our financial strength, we would much rather employ it in our trade than in buying Government stocks.

Taking the companies individually, the "Shell" earned in 1931 £2,853,603 against £5,315,065 in the previous year and its dividend was $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent tax free as compared with $17\frac{1}{2}$ per cent tax free for 1930, and 25 per cent tax free for the four previous years. Despite the high dividend paid in the past the conservative nature of its management may be seen in the fact that its reserves stand at £8,131,610.

The Anglo-Persian company earned £2,318,717 in 1931 against £4,648,579 in the previous year. Its dividend was only 5 per cent against 15 and 20 per cent in the two previous years, but this was paid after various appropriations to reserves, totalling in all £801,944, had been made. It has reserves amounting in all to £8,758,129 and its assets include £5,319,546 in Government securities and cash.

The Burmah company suffered the least of the three, its profits for 1931 totalling £1,869,495 against £2,736,013. After placing £670,000 to reserves it paid $17\frac{1}{2}$ per cent on its Ordinary capital as compared with $22\frac{1}{2}$ per cent and 25 per cent in the two previous years. It has accumulated reserves amounting to £4,580,000 and against these its assets include £3,993,376 in Government

securities and £1,784,877 in cash. It has also miscellaneous investments amounting to £8,400,241 which include the holdings of Anglo-Persian shares and Shell shares enumerated above. The Anglo-Persian shares are taken into the balance sheet at 11s. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. each, or considerably less than half their market value.

It is therefore clear that, serious though the effect of the world depression has been upon the earning power of these three great companies, they have fully maintained their strength in readiness for the recovery. Shareholders of some years standing will no doubt regard present market valuations of their investments somewhat ruefully. Their consolation must be that few investors, whatever the industry of their choice may have been, have escaped similar experiences and that at least the basis of renewed prosperity has been maintained. For new investors there can be no doubt that present market prices of the shares present a unique opportunity to obtain an interest in an industry, the future of which is bound up with the future of industry in every part of the world and the rewards of which must some day rise above the low level of the past two years.

THE GLEANER

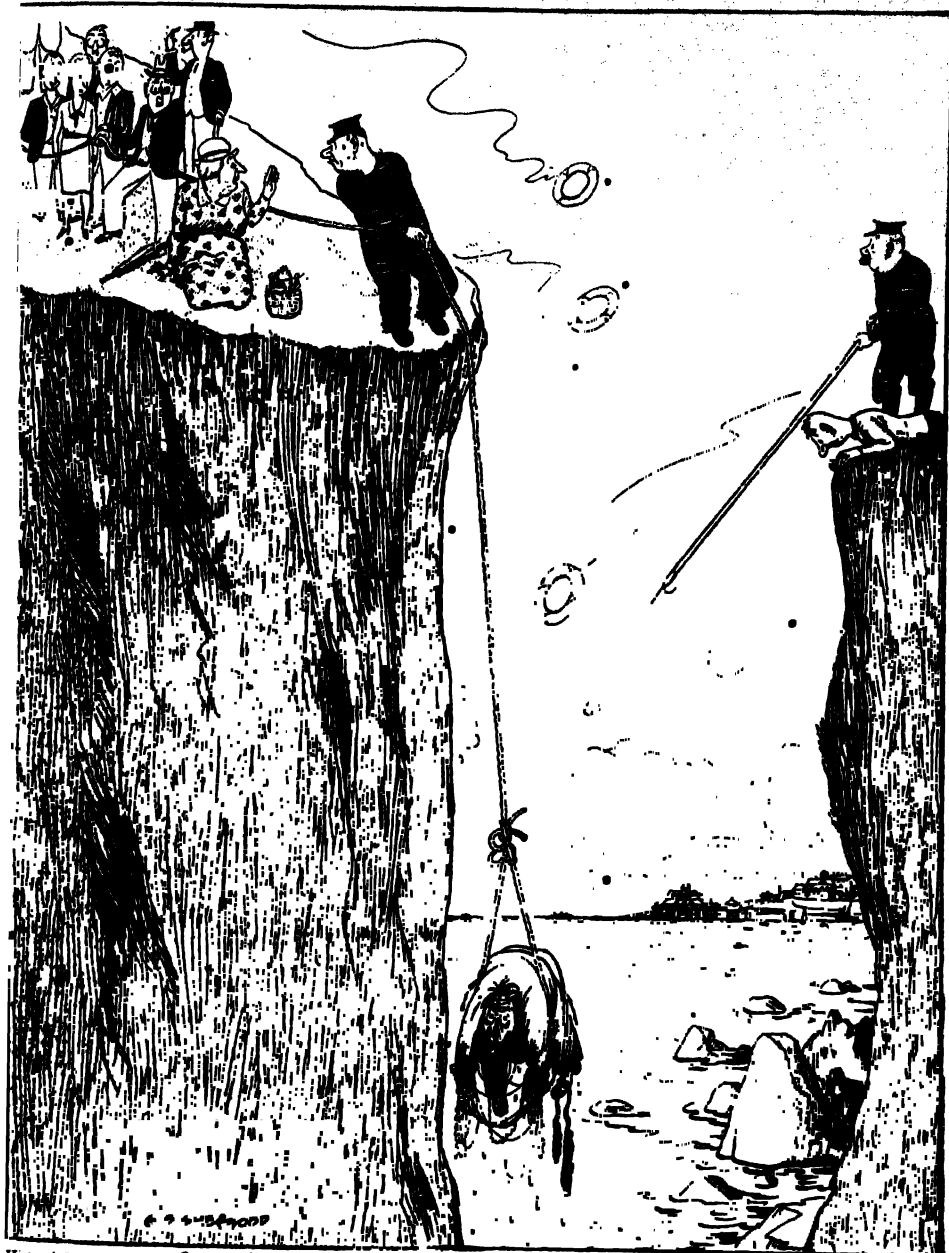
Private tutor required for backward child (7 ears).—*Advt. in a Provincial Paper.*

A lot of boys who made good in the big city, came back and paid off the mortgage on the old homestead, are back again. They are trying to persuade the old folks to get another mortgage.—*Judge.*

AN OVERSEAS GIFT

No more acceptable gift than THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS can be offered to men and women living overseas. A half-yearly or yearly postal subscription will ensure regular delivery.

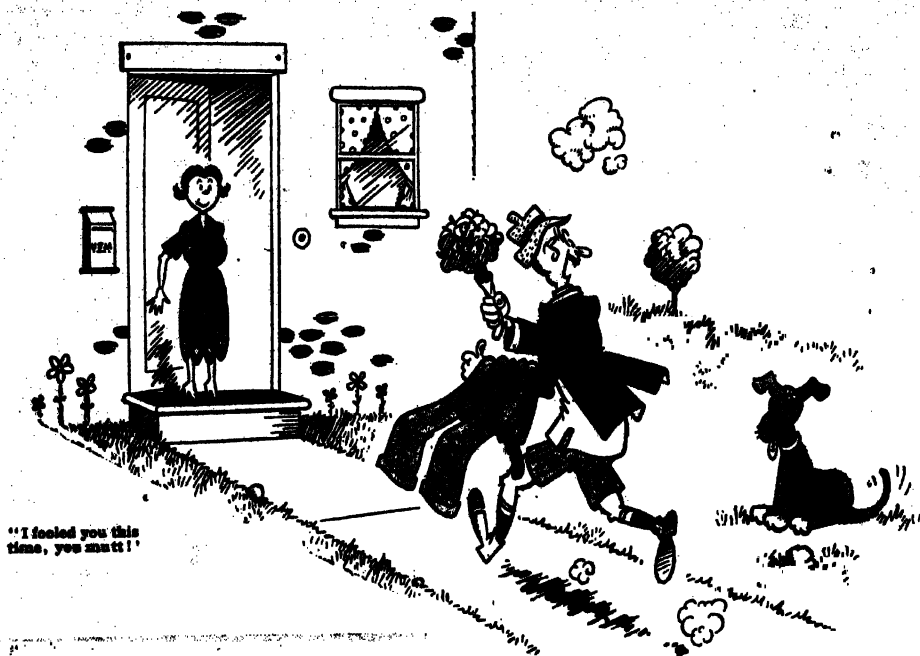
THE WORLD'S HUMOUR



Humorist

Lady: "Please don't bother any more? It isn't my husband after all. My husband's clean-ahaven"

[London]



"I fooled you this time, you mutt!"

[Judge]

[New York]



[Life]

[New York]

Big Moment in the Life of a Newspaper Office Boy
The first time he is asked to do a book review



[De Nieuwbraker]

[Amsterdam]

THE MAN WHO WORE A "BOATER"



Judge

"Do you mind if I fish, dear?"

[New York]



Bulletin

[Sydney]

"How did Mary's photo turn out?"
 "No good, Boss; too much like her"



Le Matin

[Paris]

THE TIGHT-ROPE WALKER'S SHIRT



Bystander

[London]

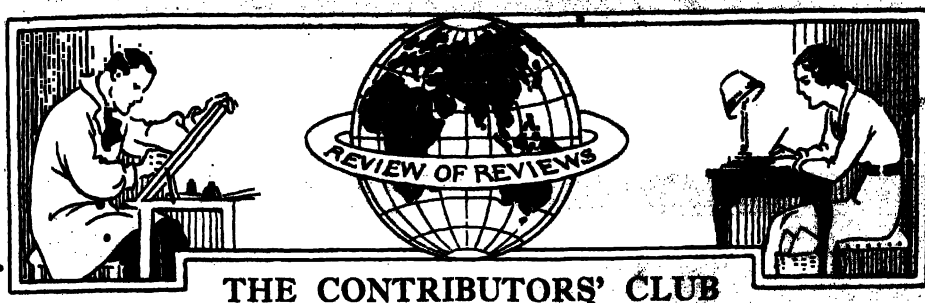
"I'm sorry to tell you, my man, you will never work
 again"
 "Why 'sorry' sir?"



Judge

[New York]

"Oh, Henry, here's a surprise for you!"



THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

FEW American papers have their own staff cartoonists, yet cartoons and caricature are much more widely published in that country than in England. The majority of American papers purchase their material from syndicates who employ a staff of cartoonists to turn out satiric comment on the news of the day. For some reason, syndicates of this nature have never flourished in England, with the result that admirable provincial dailies like the *Yorkshire Post* and the *Liverpool Post* are without the savour that caricature gives to the daily news.

The great dailies in America like the *Herald-Tribune* and the *World* of New York, and the *Post-Despatch* of St. Louis, are sufficiently prominent to employ their own cartoonists. The work of men like Kirby and Fitzpatrick, to take only two examples, reaches a standard that is not surpassed anywhere in the world. Like Low, Strube and Dyson here, these men belong to the front rank of cartoonists. Behind them, in America, there are the lesser lights, the younger artists, working still under the shadow of the syndicate, but producing work that appears in hundreds of papers every day throughout the United States.

THERE is, of course, a bigger market for cartoons in America. One has only to look at an American Sunday paper, a vast mountainous thing whose bulk has to be seen to be believed, to realize this. On a Sabbath morning, throughout the land of the free, there is dumped on the doorstep of each citizen this monster of print, with usually sixteen pages or so of a coloured overcoat made up of the comic strips.

What legends flourish in these lurid pages! With what absorbing interest the adventures

of the comic strip figures are followed from week to week! During my time in America there were two in particular which were familiar to everybody: "Mutt and Jeff," a humorous and incongruous pair whose weekly adventures were of the slapstick kind; and an Irish character called Jiggs, of humble origin, who had been precipitated into wealth, and whose *gaffes* were humorously portrayed from week to week under the caption "Bringing up Father."

It was said that each of the artists responsible for these two features were earning over fifty thousand dollars a year. The figures they had created had become national figures. Rumour had it that even these two "strips" had become the work of a sort of "United Artists" syndicate. Certainly the drawings went on with never a break. Jiggs never succeeded in learning the rudiments of polite behaviour. Life for Mutt and Jeff continued a steady rain of custard pies, and increasing endeavour on the part of Mutt—or Jeff—to get away from his wife in order to have a fling with Jeff—or Mutt.

WE could do with some of these cartoon syndicates in England. In America they provide an opportunity for young artists to get started in the profession. As they become more prominent they can afford to dispense with the syndicate, but it makes a useful field for first endeavours. We hope that the *Contributors' Club* will do something to help in this way. The drawings we present this month show there is a great deal of talent awaiting notice and an opportunity to practise.

As usual, we give some details of our contributors. "Phipps" [JAS. E. PHIPPS, 33, Marksbury Avenue, Rich-



Drawn by Swartown

[For the Contributors' Club

Ex-Captain George : " There's nobody in the field, look you ! Call yourselves Free Traders ! Why aren't you out there ? "

Captain Samuel : " Well, we've thought things over, and we've decided to bat for the Inn, and—some of us—to cheer the Outs if they take a wicket ! "



Phipps]

LAUSANNE



Phipps]

John : " About time too, I think "



Phipps]

" Won't you buy a flag, sir ? "

newspaper. He writes that he "would



Kennedy]

GANDHI

[For the Contributors' Club

mond, Surrey] has been attending the Richmond School of Art for the last seven or eight months. He has already had some of his drawings accepted by various publications, but somehow, to use his own words he has never come under the notice of "Mr. Right." His work deserves attention and wider notice.

ALBERT JENNINGS, who is responsible for the clever sporting caricature of Carnera, is 21 years of age, and at present employed as a solicitor's clerk. He took art lessons at the Night Classes of the Lincoln School of Art. He has specialised in pen and ink work, and has a very marked preference for sporting cartoons.

For some time past this young artist has been endeavouring to obtain a position as sporting cartoonist on some weekly or daily

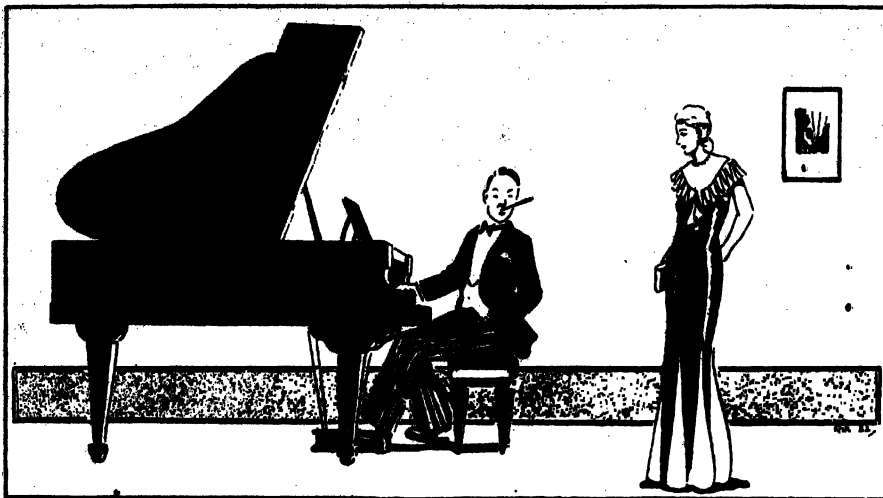
each week". His address is 2, Addison Road, St. Giles, Lincoln.

We published one of CHARLES KENNEDY'S sketches last month. With this issue we publish three more which illustrate the wide scope of this young artist's work. KENNEDY is 23. The surprising thing here is that he has never had an opportunity to attend an art school. What he has learnt, he has learnt entirely by studying the work of others. "I would like to mention," he writes, "that I find the REVIEW OF REVIEWS a great help as it enables me to study first-class work without purchasing a large number of publications". "If I got any encouragement, I would not hesitate to try my luck elsewhere", concludes this young aspirant, who writes from 21, Gower Street, Ibrox, Glasgow, S.W.1.

JOHN G. STRONG, whose cartoon on "Disarmament" is reproduced, is 21 years of age, and at present unemployed. He too is entirely self-taught, but he writes that he intends to join a life-class at a local school [he lives at 45, Coleridge Street, Bootle] as soon as he "strikes oil". His ambition is to "help to give the Public a picture of the passing topics of the day". He admits that his ambitions are a little high, but that the life of the great Phil May is his example. He hopes that the REVIEW OF REVIEWS will help him, and writes, "Thank goodness there is such a paper".

R. E. SWARTWOUT, of 8, Jesus Lane, Cambridge, is the author of the first cartoon we publish. Unfortunately, at the moment of going to press, we have no details of this artist, but we will rectify this omission in the August number. May we remind members of the Contributors' Club that we are greatly helped in this work if, when submitting their drawings or articles, they include details which will be of interest to other members of the Club?

We publish this month three more of RIX's excellent drawings. Biographical details of this artist were given in the June number.



Drawn by Ris]

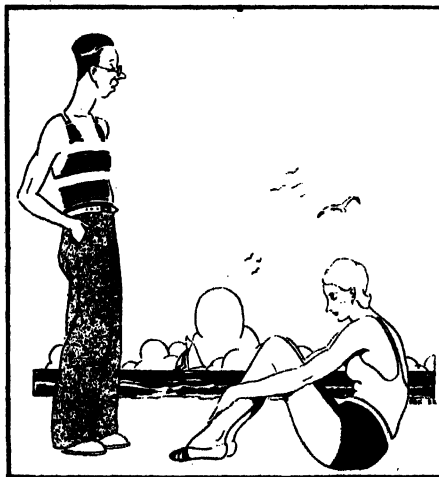
[For the Contributors' Club

"I learned to play in no time" "Yes, I've heard you play that way before"

The cartoons we show this month represent only a selection of the number submitted. It would take a special issue of the magazine to reproduce them all. All that we do reproduce are eligible for the competition which closes in September. The others we are returning to their owners with our regrets that lack of space prevents us from reproducing them. We ask contributors, therefore, to go on sending them in, and not to be disheartened if their first efforts do not succeed in meriting reproduction. There is the fable of Robert Bruce and the spider for inspiration, and comfort may be derived from this philosophical ruminative essay, sent in by Mr. W. E. Painter of St. George's, London, E.1.

WRITTEN ON THE OCCASION OF THE LOSS OF A FAVOURITE FOUNTAIN PEN THE PHILOSOPHY OF LOSING ONE'S POSSESSIONS

Everyone loses something at some time or other. The loss may be only a collar stud or may be a fortune. Yet, whatever it is, a philosophic view of the loss should be taken, for then it eases the pain and stabilises the spirits. A man's whole fortune may vanish on the Stock Exchange. He will gain nothing by crying over the spilt milk, but he will gain considerably in strength of character if he were to tell himself that the money might



Ris]

[For the Contributors' Club

"There's something preying on my mind . . ."
"It must be frightfully hungry!"

have demoralized him or anything of that sort.

We all attach undue importance to some particular personal article. Consequently, when that article is missing or lost, our anguish of soul is immense. Yet if only we could take a detached view towards our possessions we would feel little irritation at their loss. To decide that their worth or utility was small is the best way. After all, possessions are only a means to an end. They are the means to give us pleasure, or profit, or

struction or enjoyment. Let us allow them to lumph over us and flit gaping wounds in their temperaments. This attitude is childish and silly, although there are very few people immune from this.

A baby losing a rattle naturally cries. This is because a baby does not reason. If the baby could reason it would cry: This rattle is to give me pleasure, not pain. Therefore I will extract only pleasure from this rattle. Yet if the truth is told, rattles are so frequently lost, that they are the cause of more crying on the part of infants than chortling laughter.

The more love we have for our possessions, the more will be the pain when we have to give them up or when we lose them. Take the extreme case of a miser and his money. Undoubtedly the money gives him more rounds for fears and worries than gloatings of joy.

So be it; we bring nothing into this world and we surely can take



Drawn by Ritz

[For the Contributors' Club

THE PUPPET-MASTER

nothing out. I advise the best consolation to be a kind of auto-suggestion. Say to oneself: "After all, I didn't really need it."

WHO is the oldest living subscriber to the REVIEW OF REVIEWS? Colonel E. S. Cooper, of Good Hope, Upper Deal, Kent, thinks it possible that he is. In giving us kindly and helpful criticism of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS he mentions his early connection with the paper.

I note your invitation to readers to write to you about your REVIEW. I do not profess that my opinions are worth much, but I write as one having a great affection for the REVIEW.

It happened that, as a young fellow of about 28 when I could not afford to buy reviews, I happened to be attracted to the REVIEW OF REVIEWS and bought the first number. I was so

much struck with it that I have had it ever since, even when stationed in out-of-the-way places abroad, except perhaps for a few months when there was an Editor running it that I could not stick.

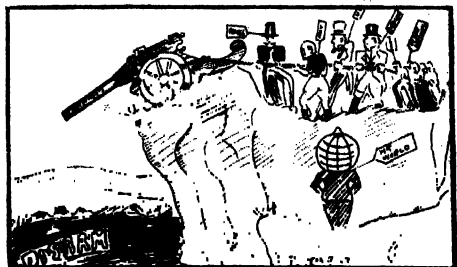


Drawn by Kennedy

[For the Contributors' Club

DISARMAMENT

horses: "Come on, gentlemen, just to show there's no ill-feeling."



Strong

Mr. World: "Now then, boys, what is it to be, to pull harder or let go? BUT I HOPE the rope breaks!"

I conceived the greatest admiration, almost affection, for Mr. Stead for his naturalness, humility and simplicity, although I never met him. And the Review has not been quite the same since he left it.

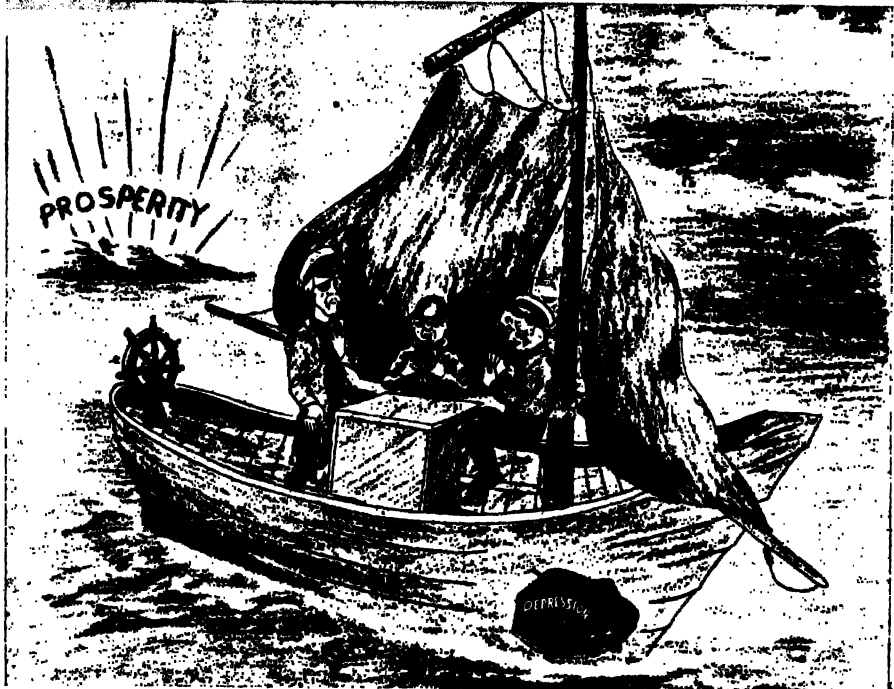
I do not say that his method of reviewing each article in every review is the best in these days. But we, I mean I, do want information which will bring and keep me up to date in current world and home affairs.

Your "Topics of the Month" is good, though I am not prepared to admit quite as thorough

busy man can easily miss the points until too late to find them mentioned.

Then the monthly calendar of events used to be really helpful. If pressed for space it could be clipped.

I am sorry I have not kept an early number or two so that I might refresh my memory as to their contents, but wandering about the world one can keep very little. And the only back number I have is that for September, 1914, a very lean number; I was in South Africa at the time.



Drawn by Kennedy

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND

[For the Contributors' Club]

as it used to be. Articles on India, South Africa, the financial position and so on are all good. And the caricaturist articles are interesting, but not really necessary and should be largely curtailed. You could have taught us all we need to know about all these caricaturists in one or at the most two articles. Also we see enough of them in "The World's Humour". And, by the way, such present day pictures are not nearly so clever as they used to be!

Another need of mine is to know the gist of all acts passed by Parliament during the month. They appear in the dailies so gradually that a

Excuse this long letter, but possibly I am your very oldest subscriber.

Wishing you the best of success,

Yours faithfully,

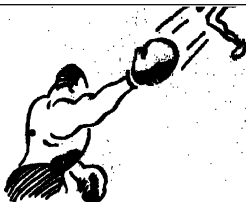
E. S. COOPER.

Would that all criticism were as genial and kindly as this. We long for the success which Colonel Cooper wishes for us, but more than that we hope that we shall always have readers as generous in praise and kindly interest as he.

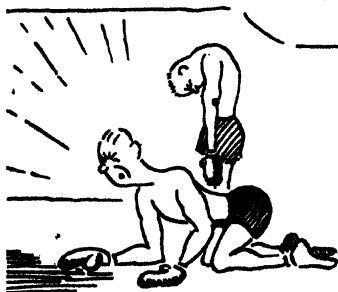
ON SATURDAY
NIGHT
LINCOLN WILL BE
PERMITTED TO GAZE
UPON THE STUFF
THAT ENGLAND IS
NOT MADE OF



PRIMO CARNERA

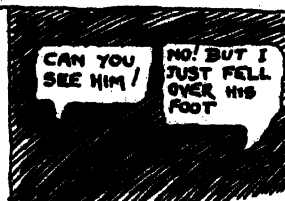


THE ITALIAN MONARCH OF
MUSCLE AND MIGHT
WILL SPAR, TEASE OR
OTHERWISE PLAY WITH
FOUR PICKED MEN FOR
EIGHT WHOLE MINUTES



AND FOR THESE FOUR MEN
IT IS EXACTLY EIGHT MINUTES
TOO LONG.

THEY WOULD ALL
LIKE TO GO INTO
THE RING TOGETHER
AND THEN THEY
WOULD BE ABLE TO
SURROUND THE MAN-
MOUNTAIN



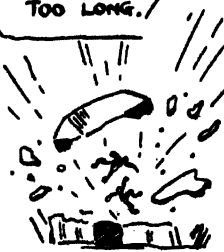
CAN YOU
SEE HIM!

NO! BUT I
JUST FELL
OVER HIS
FOOT

AND ATTACK HIM IN THE
COMPARATIVE SAFETY
OF DARKNESS.

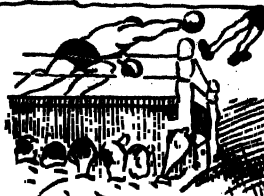
HOWEVER-
PRIMO CARNERA
WILL NOT BE
BOXING THE
WHOLE OF THE
TIME, HE IS IN
THE RING.

SUFFICIENT MEN
COULD NOT BE
FOUND TO LAST
SUCH A PERIOD.
AND MOREOVER-
AFTER SUCH A BATTLE



THE
CORPORATION.
BUS GARAGE
WOULD NEED
A NEW
ROOF.

ALL
RINGSIDE
SEATS ARE
GUARANTEED
FREE FROM
DANGER AS
ALL UNWANTED
HEAVYWEIGHTS
WILL BE HIT CLEAR
OF THE RING



AND AT ANY
PRICE, SEEING
CARNERA WORKS
OUT AT ONE
FARTHING PER
SQUARE INCH.



Mr. Lionel W. Allison, of 256, Westbourne Grove, Westcliff-on-Sea, has just come across a very curiously worded epitaph, written by a Jacobite on the grave of Prince Frederick, son of George II. Mr. Allison made his discovery in a book which was published more than fifty years ago. The two paragraphs preceding the epitaph are of his own composition. They fill in the background of these troublous times.

A JACOBITE EPITAPH

In order properly to appreciate the irony of an epitaph, written by a Jacobite, which appears on the grave of Prince Frederick, son of King George II, it should be recalled that after the king's flight from England in 1688, the adherents of the exiled Stuarts were called Jacobites. The sympathies of Catholics were Jacobite, as also were those members of the Church of England who upheld the doctrines of Divine Right and passive obedience.

In England, the Jacobites realized that after the death of Viscount Dundee at Killiecrankie in 1689, and William's victory of the Boyne in 1690, there was no prospect of the restoration of a Stuart to the throne, and Jacobitism became nothing more than a pious sentiment, romantically cherished, but without real hope of fulfilment. The epitaph reads as follows :—

Here lies Prince Fred,
Who is down among the dead ;
If it had been his father,
We had much rather ;
If it had been his mother,
Better than any other ;
If it had been all his generation,
Ten times better for the nation ;
But since 'tis only Fred,
There's nothing more to be said.

ONCE upon a time gold was the stuff in which king's ransoms were paid ; and the floor of heaven, we were told, was inlaid with the bright substance. Poets sang of it, soldiers fought for it, adventurous men sailed all the horizon in search of it, daring dangers which in an earlier age must have loomed dreadfully large.

Modern experience, which has skimmed a good deal of the romantic covering from life, has dimmed the glow that once beat about this precious metal. Now we know it for a tangible, scientific and rather annoying thing, like the millimetre and the centigram,

a sordid sort of material by which the value of trade is measured. It has been decided that this once mysterious substance is the shocking business at the bottom of our present troubles.

Men died gloriously for it once. Now they grow hot in debate over it and the columns of papers are crowded with the letters of correspondents airing their views on the subject. In a spirit of fairness, we reproduce Lt.-Col. L. E. Hopkins' letter on this subject, although personally we are not in agreement with his views. The gold returns published in *The Times* show that the Bank of England cannot be accused of hoarding gold. It is also an unarguable fact that the price of gold is fixed and cannot be adjusted by different countries. If it is subject to national fluctuation, it ceases to have a world value. Other members of the *Contributors' Club* will doubtless want to reply to Colonel Hopkins. We shall be glad to reproduce their letters, provided they are not too long, and are directly concerned with this subject.

DEAR SIR.—Politicians continue their groundless complaints about the shortage of gold and the iniquity of tariffs.

The truth is there is no shortage of gold. On the contrary there is more gold in the world available for monetary purposes than ever dreamt of in the past, and it is only necessary to put the gold into circulation to open a period of prosperity such as we have never yet experienced. This prosperity is held up solely by the Bank of England, which refuses to pay the world price for gold, and sits in its parlour sneering at those countries, the people of which are willing to work hard for riches.

The policy of the Bank of England is guided by the motto "easy money" for moneylenders.

Foreign countries and traders have taken our gold and declined our goods with thanks, not because (here fill in abuse to taste) but because our goods and services are too expensive and our gold was sold too cheaply. This is not political opinion, but simple deduction from facts.

The remedy is to make our gold dearer and our goods and services cheaper, by converting the £ notes into gold coins at a rate which will need no control of exchange at the expense of the taxpayer for its maintenance in a state of equilibrium.

The present policy of economy for all except the rich will bring back the Socialists to power within two years. At present they are lulled into inactivity by high wages and cheap food, but as soon as they realise that the policy now being allowed means a heavy fall in wages ultimately, and still more easy money for the rich, they will go to the left as one man. The fall in wages which must follow the maintenance of the £ at so high a value will be far worse than if the assets are equally distributed between rich and poor by an adequate devaluation of the £ note. If this had been done seven years ago the present crisis would have been entirely avoided and the vaults of the Bank of England might have been put to better use than for hoarding gold. The gold would have been in our pockets, propagating that confidence which in pre-war days was built up throughout the world on the sovereign. Unless the simple fact is acknowledged by the financial masters of London that gold is worth a great deal more than they have been willing to pay for it in the past ten years, British trade will continue to decline and world confidence will not recover.

Yours truly,

L. E. HOPKINS, Lieut.-Colonel.

P.S.—I have been advocating protection, and redemption of £ notes at about 3 dollars for the first five years. Protection we have got, and redemption of the notes will come within a year.

IRELAND is another subject over which debate rages. From India comes this comment on "Ireland in the Grip of an Idealist." (REVIEW OF REVIEWS, April).

The Editor of THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS:—

DEAR SIR,—I have read with great interest an article, entitled "Ireland in the Grip of an Idealist" in the April issue of your esteemed journal. In it the writer discusses, with ability and emphasis, the various gains, advantages and privileges that Ireland can enjoy by continuing to be a member of the "British Commonwealth Nations" and the penalties and disadvantages that will be her lot if she chooses to go out of it. The article is well calculated to quicken one's sense and to crowd one's mind with thoughts and remembrances.

One of such thoughts that arises in my mind to be found in Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables*: "Be just, my friends! To be the empire of an emperor, what a splendid destiny for a people when that people is France and when it is its genius to the genius of such a man!—to acquiesce, to rule, to thunderstrike, to be in Europe

a kind of gilded people through much glory; to sound through history a Titan trumpet-call; to conquer the world twice, by conquest and by resplendence—this is sublime; and what can be more grand?"

"To be free", said Comberre.

I do not know, but it seems that the Irish Idealists think that, in the presence of the Oath, the word "Free" in the name "Irish Free State" has a ring of bitter irony in it, and possibly a thought akin to what I have quoted above is the motive power in the agitation for the abolition of the Oath.

And can anyone, in his heart of hearts, say "nay" to such a thought?

Yours sincerely,

BIMALACHARAN DEB.

Mr. Deb has guessed rightly the attitude of the Abolitionists. Would that there was some way of removing the sense of discipline which the Abolitionists find irksome, and yet keeping within the Commonwealth such a young and vigorous member as the Free State, who can play a great part in the destiny of the Empire.

Mr. Carl Anckarsvärd sends from Stockholm a picture of Sweden at the moment, just before the country goes to the polls. We are glad to publish this contribution which will help our readers to understand what is going on in Sweden. We hope to receive and to publish from time to time, contributions of this sort from other parts of the world.

BEFORE THE ELECTIONS IN SWEDEN

On September 18th the Swedish people go to vote for their representatives in the second chamber of the Riksdag.

The last elections took place in 1928, and meant victory for the Conservative Party. The workmen of Sweden, the Social Democrats, make claims on the government, which are considered exaggerated and harmful to the welfare of the nation, which to-day in spite of the big Kreuger-crash maintains for its people a comparatively very high standard of living. Nowhere in the world does a labourer earn higher wages than in Sweden. A mason earns the enormous sum of from 10 to 12 thousand Swedish crowns a year or equal to over £500. The labourers form their unions and exclude prospective workers who do not conform to their political views.

Communism does not find a fertile ground here. It is true that last year in Norrland there was a severe clash between demonstrating workers and military guards. Even lately there has been trouble there, but of no great consequence. Tradition in Sweden is so deeply rooted, that any influence from Soviet-Russia is bound to stop at the very young Socialists, who may think that they can gain better conditions than they already have. The older ones are now much more hesitating and generally put the blame on the very youngest generation.

The middle classes are now fighting for the victory of the Conservative Party this autumn, which will enable them to carry on their private commerce, and not oblige them to succumb to the big trusts which tend to do away with all private enterprise. The Conservative Party strives to give employment to everyone, since it is the first duty of every citizen to work. The middle classes are now realising the absolute necessity of quenching any Bolshevistic tendency which arises in order to jeopardise the present Government.

The Communists have seats in the Riksdag, and there, as elsewhere, they have become a nuisance to the country.

The prospects are very much in favour of the

Conservative Party gaining a victory in September against the Social Democrats, even if some mandates will go to the Peasant Union.

Much propaganda for the collection of funds is now being made and instruction courses are being given all over the country.

A typical example of the defeat of Communism is that when the speaker of the Conservative Party tries to persuade Socialistic working-men to adopt his views calling the Communists bandits and traitors, no one objects, and when he proposes to the assembly to stand up and cheer for Sweden the assembly rises and cheers for the nation.

The Contributors' Club started with a modest page two months ago. Last month it had grown to four pages. This month we have to expand to ten pages. We are glad that the feature has proved so popular with our readers. To us it has brought great satisfaction. It has succeeded in bringing us into direct contact with many of our readers, and it has given us an opportunity which we are glad to have of assisting them by bringing their work before the eyes of a still larger public.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

PRIZE COMPETITION

This prize competition is held in order to encourage amateur artists, and in order to provide a medium for the publication of their work. The competition is open to all readers of the *Review of Reviews*. Any work published in the Contributors' Club during the months of June, July and August will be eligible for the competition, and the final awards will be announced in the October issue. The decision of the Editors must be accepted as final.

THE PRIZES

- | | | |
|-------------------------|-----|---|
| A.—A Prize of 5 guineas | - - | awarded for the best political caricature |
| B.—A Prize of 3 guineas | - - | awarded for the best humorous sketch. |
| C.—A Prize of 2 guineas | - - | awarded for the best short essay on any subject, not more than 500 words in length. |
| D.—A Prize of 2 guineas | - - | awarded for the best biographical or political poem, not more than 30 and not less than 20 lines in length. |

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

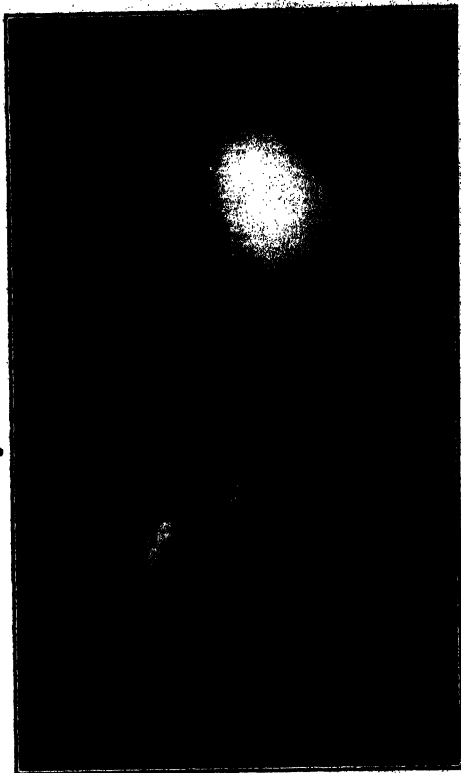
THE MAKER OF MODERN RUSSIA

WHATEVER one may think of the Russian Revolution, whether or no one considers that the Soviet system and the five-Year Plan are proof of the prophetic wisdom of Karl Marx, it is at least certain that Lenin, the creator of the Revolution, will be as prominent a figure in the history of the world as Napoleon and Socrates.

It was natural, then, that Messrs. Peter Davies should have chosen Lenin as a subject for one of the earliest of their well-produced five-shilling biographies.* As for the choice of biographer, Mr. Maxton, a Marxist leader of the Independent Labour Party and a Member of Parliament whose personality commands the respect of his opponents, could be counted on for an unpathetic, yet not excessively biased, piece of work. There is another politician who might have given us a more dramatic study, perhaps in a better literary style, though from a different point of view. That man is Mr. Winston Churchill, who emptied, for good or ill, to interfere with the progress of Bolshevism after the war.

MR. MAXTON begins by pointing out that to day, "while the rest of the world sends out cries of despair and disses the possibility of bankruptcy, from Russia there come confident reports of great industrial and agricultural developments—the creation of factories, electrical plants, the organisation of huge farms with all the best mechanical aids, the rapid spread of literacy among a previously illiterate population, and the development of technical skill among an unskilled people". It was Lenin who was responsible for the initial impulse that worked this miracle. He stands, "not only as the Russian liberator and the founder of a New Russia, but as the pioneer of a new world order". Until October 17, he was an unknown man. From that date "his personality penetrated the most remote corners of the globe".

* *Lenin*, by James Maxton. (Peter Davies 5s.)



Here was no great soldier who had won fame by deeds of gallantry or military genius on the battle field. He had never buckled on a sword or shouldered a gun, except a sporting gun, when he sallied forth to shoot wild-duck. He was no world statesman who had won fame in parliament or council by forensic skill or political subtlety. He was no literary genius whose writings, reaching the hearts of a whole nation, had made his name a household word. He had not even established a reputation as a great lawyer, successfully championing the courts oppressed and suffering individuals. He was a plain man who had appeared out of obscurity to meet a need felt keenly by one hundred and fifty millions of people, in the armies of Russia, in the factories and streets of Moscow and Petrograd, and in the thousands of villages scattered over the vast plains of Russia.

VVLADIMIR ILYICH UL'YANOV was born on April 10th, 1870, at Simbirsk on the Volga. His name Lenin was a *nom de guerre* adopted in early manhood. His father was a civil servant, his mother came of the landowning class; the other children all turned to revolutionary thought in youth, and a brother, Alexandre, was hung for participating in an attempt on the life of the Czar in 1887.

Lenin went to the High School of Simbirsk, where the headmaster was the father of Kerensky. But it was only with the greatest difficulty that he obtained a more advanced type of education. After being sent down from the University of Kazan for political reasons in 1890, he managed to become an external student at the University of St. Petersburg, where he took a law degree. His real interests, however, were in the problems of political economy and the condition of the wage-earning classes, once his mind had been fired by the writings of Karl Marx, and in St. Petersburg he soon gave up his appointment as assistant to a barrister and devoted himself wholly to the cause of Socialism. It was at this time that he met his future wife, Nadezhda Konstantinova Krupskaya.

Lenin joined the Social Democrats in 1894, the year when Nicolas II ascended the throne. Twenty-three years were to pass before he usurped the power of the last of the Romanovs. The interval was one of self-sacrificing, fanatical, but intelligent devotion to a single idea. In 1896 he was imprisoned after starting a paper, "The Workmen's Cause" (*Rabocheye Delo*), and then banished to Siberia, where Krupskaya, suffering a like fate, joined him. They studied, and wrote—translating *The History of Trade-Unionism*, by Sidney & Beatrice Webb—and kept in touch with fellow revolutionaries.

ON his return from exile Lenin began a long period of residence abroad, whence by conference with expatriate Russian Socialists (notably Plekhanov in Geneva) and by publishing a number of papers which were smuggled into Russia, he kept his faith and the revolutionary campaign alive.

Living in Munich, at the age of thirty he had obtained a prominent position in the Movement. It was shortly afterwards that he and his wife moved to London, where they lived at 3, Holford Square, a house which, a Mr. Maxton in all seriousness remarks, "did not have any special advantages, except that it was situated between the British Museum and Highgate Cemetery where Karl Marx was buried". Here they were visited by Trotsky, just escaped from exile in Siberia.

April 1903 found the Lenins at Geneva and there began the struggle within the Movement that was vital in the making of the Revolution. Lenin would allow no compromise between Revolution and the "Revisionism or Reformism" advocated by men like Edward Bernstein.

Lenin had very early in his Socialist thinking made up his mind on the subject. He had seen the difficulties that had arisen in other countries by the evasion of hard decisions on the question and had made up his mind that so far as he was concerned there would be no evasions nor postponements of a difficulty. He could see that a different character was necessary for a Party which took the revolutionary road, a different form of organization, a different type of member and a different type of service from the member, than was required along the peaceful road of evolutionary Socialism. For the first was required a man or woman who was prepared to "shut out delights and live laborious days", to make every working thought and act subserve his revolutionary purpose.

AT the second Congress of the Party, when this question of no-compromise was debated, the Russian words Bolshevik (majority) and Menshevik (minority), the first of which came to mean something quite different to foreigners, took on a new significance. "Red Sunday", when a crowd led by Father Gapon marched to the Winter Palace, and was fired on by the Czar's troops, stimulated the revolutionary movement in Russia, and forced the Government to adopt a more liberal attitude. Lenin returned to his native country the same year, and began to contribute to a legal daily paper called "New Life" (*Novaya Zhizn*), published by Maxim Gorky. Mr

laxton here makes the interesting suggestion that the "Soviet system" was brought into being by the setting up of councils to help a commission under Shildovsky, which was supposed to examine the condition of the industrial workers. Lenin, at any rate, saw the value of these councils for propaganda purposes. But the time was not ripe for him. A general strike in Moscow failed. He again came under suspicion, and had to move to Finland, then back to Geneva.

THE outbreak of the war found Lenin in Galicia. He was imprisoned, but soon released and allowed to seek refuge in Switzerland. What was he to do? The former Socialists had joined the patriotic forces in each country. Lenin scoffed at their action. From regarding the war as a capitalist crime, he came to see that it might be used for a Socialist victory. And as far as Russia was concerned, his faith and his work for the Third International at Zurich were justified. His hour was at hand.

Russia was getting tired of the war. Efforts were made by the Government to demoralize the "will to victory".

The workers, however, did not play up. Instead, on the 5th of March, 1917, a strike broke out in the Putilov Metal Works in St. Petersburg, which a week later developed into a general strike throughout the city. The Soviet of Workers' deputies sprang into life again, and within a few days the soldiers began to come over to the side of the workers; then Moscow joined in.

LENIN, after preparing the country for his return by articles in his paper, *Pravda*, arrived in St. Petersburg in May, having arranged with German Socialists to negotiate passage for him through Germany. He was joined by Plekhanov and Trotsky, and when the former wished to temporise, by supporting the Narodniks (or Social Revolutionaries) and the Mensheviks, Trotsky agreed with his leader that there could be no compromise with Liberal capitalism. By the middle of the summer the Bolsheviks had established their headquarters at the place of Khesinskaya, a former mistress of the Czar, and from a balcony overlooking the



Nebelspalter

[Rorschach]

THE EXPERTS AT GENEVA

"What are you doing here?"
 "Excuse me—I thought—I might be useful—I went through the whole war in the front line."
 "Get Out! This is a meeting of experts. An unheard of intrusion."



Fitzpatrick in the Post-Despatch

[St. Louis]

IDLE HANDS

street Lenin used to address sympathetic crowds. At this time he wrote *The State and Revolution*, defining the necessary conditions for revolution as follows :

When a revolutionary party has not the support of a majority either among the vanguard of the revolutionary class or among the rural population, there can be no question of a rising. A rising must not only have this majority, but must have : (i) the incoming revolutionary tide over the whole country ; (ii) the complete moral and political bankruptcy of the old régime—for instance, the Coalition Government ; and (iii) a deep-seated sense of insecurity among all the irresolute elements.

Lenin, having trained himself for twenty years, caught the tide. The Provincial Government under Kerensky was weakening. The Soviets had taken over the Smolny Institute and from these headquarters they openly planned a rising, which was timed to break out on November 7th, the day when the Allied Russian Congress of Soviets was due to open. It did break out, as the world knows ; and in "twenty-four hours", as Mr. Maxton says, "the Soviet felt that it had assumed authority. Resistance was of the feeblest. More words than bullets were fired. The planning, the timing, the agitation of the master mind had all worked to the demoralisation of the opposing forces". Mr. Maxton quotes John Reed, author of *Ten Days that Shook the World* :

It was just 8.40 when a thundering roar of cheers announced the entrance of the Presidium, with Lenin, the great Lenin, among them. A short, stocky figure with a big head set down on his shoulders, bold and bulging. Little eyes, a snubish nose, wide, generous mouth and heavy chin ; clean-shaven now, but already beginning to bristle with the well-known beard of his past and future. Dressed in shabby clothes, his trousers much too long for him. Unimpressive to be the idol of a mob. A strong, popular leader—a leader purely by virtue of intellect ; colourless, humourless, uncompromising and detached, without picturesque idiosyncrasies—but with the power of explaining profound ideas in simple terms, of analysing a concrete situation. And combining with shrewdness, the greatest intellectual audacity.

Anyone who has read Tolstoy's *War and*

Peace will remember the Epilogue, in which the author advances the view that the great leader of men (in this case, Napoleon) is but the tool of destiny, of millions striving to express their will through some chosen instrument. This Russian fatalism was doubly strong in Lenin, because of his faith in the Marxian philosophy. For all that, he was, as Mr. Maxton points out, a man of quick, ruthless decision, who stood no nonsense with democratic ideas once the crisis required a firm hand.

Lenin broke every precedent in government. He failed to act in keeping with the ethical maxims of utopian Socialism. He flung to the four winds the recognised methods of democracy. He silenced his critics by force. He shut down newspapers. He suppressed rebellion with an iron hand. He even went so far as to call the members of his government "Commissars" instead of Ministers. The right-thinking bourgeois world was horrified.

PEACE with the Central Powers was essential for the complete success of the Revolution. It was signed in Brest Litovsk, at a cost to Russia that Lenin had counted. The idealist could be a pragmatist, an opportunist. Therein lay his genius. It is said that Trotsky on one occasion at the Conference found he might have to wear evening dress. "Greatly perturbed at the thought of donning the conventional dress of the hated bourgeois, he wired Lenin for instructions. Back came the answer : 'If it will help to bring peace, go in a petticoat'".

AND so we reach the last phase. But Mr. Maxton's narrative, hitherto clear, balanced and properly selective, becomes somewhat vague and unsatisfactory. Is it because Mr. Maxton, himself more theorist than executive, is unable fully to reveal the character of Lenin when he becomes predominantly the ruthless man of action ? Or is it because the material for a full length portrait cannot easily be secured ?

Lenin had to suppress counter-revolution and create a new world. As regards the first, Bolshevik methods are now seen in better perspective than they were ten years ago. Granted the horrors of the Revolution, it is necessary to take into account

ial character, the acts of Whites as well Reds, and the fact that Russia was then, I still is, at war. Lenin was less of a nster than Robespierre; he had to use lent means to what, in his view, and that his followers, was an inevitable destiny. As soon as the struggle with Koltchak, nikin and Wrangel was at an end, Lenin s able to give his full attention to the

We should have liked a word picture of the man at work, something that could have given an impression of the ruthless, Napoleonic leader of men that Lenin must have proved himself to be in those last years. We should have liked, too, an exposition of Marxian Socialism, as interpreted by Lenin, and an estimate as to how far the success, or failure, of the Soviet

nt. Almost at once his realism was ved, in contrast to Bolsheviks of lesser ed who wanted to hold rigidly to the er of Marxian dogma. The task threaten- to prove too much for absolute Socialism, in introduced the New Economic Policy, ich allowed a measure of capitalist ding. But he died, in 1922, before the thod of applied Marxian Socialism—an lutionary, changing method, as distinct m a static one—could be put to a more longed test by Stalin and the Five-Year in.

HERE is lacking in Mr. Maxton's book a satisfactory account of how it was that in achieved what he did from 1917-1922.

system today can be traced to his teaching and leadership. But perhaps the time has not come for such a judgment.

Something of the greatness of Lenin is reflected in Mr. Maxton himself.

There were periods in his life when he could draw no inspiration save from his own inner resources. At critical periods he had to stand alone, his friends aloof. Few of the men who started on the road with him finished the course by his side. He set too hot a pace. He demanded more sacrifice than most men were ready to give.

Lenin combined in his nature the contemplative and active principles. British Socialism has never produced such a phenomenon. For this we may be glad, or discouraged, according to our political taste.

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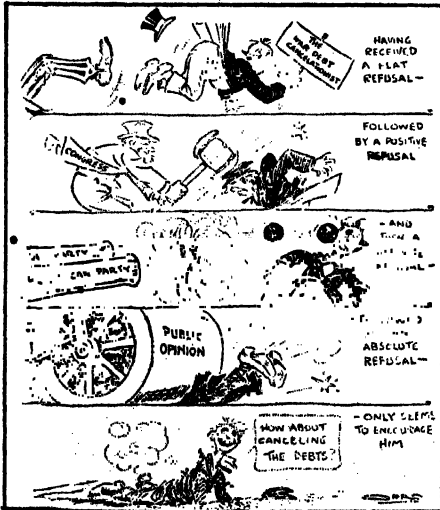
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[Reparations have been ended]

[The Hague

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS

London, August 10th, 1932

THE NARRATIVE OF THE WORLD

ALL QUIET AT GENEVA

On July 20th the General Committee of the Disarmament Conference met for a reading of the Draft Resolution which had been framed by Sir John Simon to record agreements so far obtained during the first phase of the Conference.

The resolution [said *The Times*] after "welcoming heartily" the Hoover proposals, declares that a substantial reduction of world armaments shall be effected, to be applied by a general convention alike to land, naval and air armaments; and that a primary objective shall be to reduce the means of attack.

What the resolution amounts to is that there is considerable agreement "in principle", but the practical details are still, as they have been since last February, a matter of acute controversy. These details are to be considered by the Bureau of the Conference which will summon the General Committee to reassemble not later than the end of January, 1933.

On July 23rd the General Committee adopted the resolution by 41 votes to 2—eight countries, including Italy, abstaining. Germany and Russia opposed—Germany because her demand for "equality of rights" had not been embodied, and Russia because the principle of an all-round disarmament of thirty-three and a third per cent had not been accepted. Forty-nine countries agreed to recommend the Governments of the world to prolong the armaments truce at present in force for four months from November, 1932. This, according to "Pertinax" in

the *Echo de Paris*, was the only resolution upon which complete agreement could be obtained. Pointing out that Italy, after having helped to negotiate the resolution, has now to all intents and purposes disowned it, he concluded that "virtually nothing has been done".

TURKEY JOINS THE LEAGUE

After this douche of cold water it is encouraging to note that on July 13th the Turkish Republic was admitted to membership of the League of Nations. Though at first, under the leadership of Ghazi Mustapha Kemal Pasha, Turkey seemed to favour an alliance with Russia rather than with Europe, the national movement in that country has recently been far from anti-European. Turkey accepted the invitation of the League to join the Preparatory Disarmament Commission, and has made several formal proposals to the Conference.

It is certainly gratifying [wrote *The Times*] that the entry of Turkey into the League when it was proposed a fortnight ago, should have been greeted with particular warmth by M. Michalakopoulos, the Foreign Minister of a country which in former times was regarded as a traditional enemy. The Aga Khan on the same occasion reminded the Assembly that the history of India had been linked for centuries with that of Turkey, sometimes in the clash of rivalry, but more often with ties of culture and friendship; and Lord Londonderry gave eloquent expression to the pleasure with which Turkish membership is regarded by this country, which in a few days will be welcoming a distinguished Turkish diplo-

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS

matist as the new Ambassador to the Court of St. James's.

MUSSOLINI AND HIS MINISTERS

Europe is growing accustomed to the methods of dictatorship. On the same day as the one chosen by the German Government for its coup in Prussia, Rome was surprised to hear of the "resignation" of no less than five Cabinet Ministers and ten under-secretaries. According to the *Daily Telegraph* correspondent in that city,

the official announcement broke the sleepy atmosphere of the sirocco-swept capital with its immensity rather than its unexpectedness. It had been felt that the time was ripe for one of these sudden movements whereby the Duce calls in new blood and gives other men a chance of showing their mettle. But the secret was so well kept that until a late hour the less prominent people involved did not realise that they were included in the "resignations" until a curt telephone message from headquarters broke the news to them.

Probably the most important posts involved were those held by Signor Grandi, Foreign Minister, and Signor Bottai, Minister of Corporations. The Duce has now taken over their posts himself, as well as continuing to be Chief of the Government and Minister of the Interior. Until three years ago he held nine.

The Ministry of Corporations created by Signor Mussolini to organise the Fascist Corporative State, by controlling and adjusting the relations between employers and labour, is vital to Fascism. In Foreign affairs he will be assisted by Signor Suvich as Under-Secretary.

The Duce has made a practice of changing his leading ministers. Farinacci, Luigi Federzoni, Alberto de Stefani, and now Dino Grandi, have each in turn lost their posts. Of the "old" guard Signor Balbo, Air Minister, is the only outstanding one who remains. Whether or no the Duce considers it unwise to have Ministers round him who become dangerously experienced and powerful, it is at least certain that he likes giving new men a chance to make good in his Government.

But in the case of Signor Grandi there are

said to have been other reasons. Italy wanted a "clean slate" for reparations and war debts and she did not get it. For this failure to achieve what was a virtual impossibility, Signor Grandi, whom the Fascists think has been too accommodating towards the other Powers, has to bear part of the blame.

Dino Grandi, who is still a comparatively young man, was a Fascist leader in the fighting period before the march on Rome. He is one of the ablest diplomats in Europe. His appointment as Ambassador in London will probably be as welcome to himself as it is to Great Britain.

ROOSEVELT CHOSEN AT CHICAGO

The first week in July saw Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt and Mr. John N. Garner nominated as Democratic candidates for the Presidency and the Vice-Presidency of the United States of America. Mr. Roosevelt's nomination became certain as soon as Mr. Garner swung over the California vote in his favour. Texas and the other States then hurried to "get on the band wagon", and the supporters of Mr. Al. Smith had to admit defeat. "No Roman Catholic has ever succeeded George Washington in a land that pays the loudest of lip-service to toleration and liberty", said a writer in the *Fortnightly Review* recently. But that compelling personality Al. Smith probably owed his defeat in large measure to confused organization among the groups opposed to Governor Roosevelt. This, at least, is the opinion of the *New York Times*, which wrote:

Political coalition of that kind is always hazardous. It never can be stronger than its weakest link, as was seen when the switch of the California vote instantly ruptured the whole chain. Political battles have, after all, more than a rhetorical similarity to fights between armies. Prince Buelow quoted the saying of an old German soldier, to the effect that lions commanded by a stag will always be beaten by stags led by a lion. This was, in a way, verified at Chicago.

Franklin Delano Roosevelt, a relative of the famous President, was born January

30th, 1882, at Hyde Park, New York. After graduating from Harvard, he attended Columbia University law school for three years and then was admitted to the Bar. He was nominated in 1910 for the New York State Senate, and elected in a district known for its Republican sympathies.

In 1913 Mr. Roosevelt resigned to become assistant secretary of the navy under President Wilson, and during the war he did important work directing naval operations. In 1928 he became governor of New York.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about Mr. Roosevelt is the courage with which he has fought an infirmity that would have condemned a less-determined man to life retirement. Not many years ago, as a result of bathing in ice-cold water, he was attacked by infantile paralysis. Yet, though still a cripple, he has managed to recover sufficiently to engage in an arduous public life.

After he had been nominated, Mr. Roosevelt flew to Chicago, and his dramatic appearance on the Convention platform was described by the *Manchester Guardian* correspondent in the following terms :

The whole audience stood and bowed to Mrs. Woodrow Wilson in her box. A handrail was erected at the rostrum for Mr. Roosevelt, who still walks with difficulty. He came slowly, on the arm of his tall son, with his stately wife and others of the family bearing flowers. In every way he differs strikingly from Mr. Smith, the last Democratic candidate. Tall, massive, and very handsome, with a fine forehead, the chief of an old family famous in American history—his house, Hyde Park, was so called before there was any Hyde Park in London—with a long Dutch pedigree, Under Secretary of the Navy in the war, a fighter against municipal corruption, and a man who, when stricken by infantile paralysis, magnificently fought the disability, continued his work, and apart from locomotion is perfectly equipped even for an arduous Presidential campaign. In some ways his courage recalls Lord Snowden's.

Mr. Roosevelt's personality commands respect, but opinions differ as to whether he is a strong candidate or not. His speeches

have often been marked by indecision. On the occasion referred to, at any rate, it is significant that his firm declaration against cancellation of war debts was loudly cheered.

Will prosperity come again? That, no doubt, is the question that most Americans are asking themselves to-day. Who will give us prosperity? That will certainly be the dominant thought in their minds when they come to choose a President. But Hoover and Roosevelt have a harder task before them than "Prosperity Coolidge."

THE PROGRESS OF MEDICINE

The Centenary Meeting of the British Medical Association was held in London last month, and in his Presidential address Lord Dawson of Penn dealt with the great advance in medicine and surgery during the Association's existence, and paid tribute to the memory of pioneers and leaders of medical science.

The Association was founded in 1832, the year of the Great Reform Bill, and at that time, as Lord Dawson pointed out, the conditions of the common people in Great Britain as regards sanitation and housing was deplorable. Misery, ill-health, and discontent followed the influx of thousands into factory towns unprepared to receive them. Houses already over-crowded were deprived of light by the window tax; and smaller dwellings were only supplied with water by means of standpipes (one to fifteen or more houses), out of which water ran for an hour or less a few times a week. According to *The Times* report, Lord Dawson went on to say that

Till those days houses were either undrained or connected with cesspools, and sewers were built only to carry off water from the land and empty it into rivers. As the population rapidly increased the honeycombs of cesspools became inadequate and overflowed into and saturated the soil. House drainage was then for the first time connected to the sewers, with the result that the rivers became large open cesspools, and if these rivers ran through towns the effects were disastrous. In London, for instance, the Serpentine became an open sewer which drained Kilburn, Paddington, and Bayswater. Infective diseases ravaged the land.

In 1832 England suffered from a cholera epidemic, which caused the death of 50,000 persons. Six years later the mortality from this disease was 48 per cent., and it was commonly held that such a visitation must be beyond all human control. But thirteen years after the introduction of optional vaccination in 1840 the mortality had been reduced by 50 per cent.; in 1853 vaccination of infants was made compulsory, and within ten years the mortality was reduced a further 30 per cent. What, one may ask, would be the answer of Mr. Bernard Shaw and his fellow anti-vaccinationists to these facts?

Lord Dawson proceeded to outline the work of Pasteur, Lister, and other great medical figures of the last century. Referring to Sir Ronald Ross, whose present illness he mentioned with sympathy, he gave an account of the great scientist's discovery of the transmission of malaria by the mosquito, and the application of this knowledge to assist the building of the Panama Canal.

At the end of his address Lord Dawson turned to the problem of preventative medicine.

Health, like healing [he said] comes in the last resort from within; stimulation and assistance from without. But such must not replace or outpace the integrating process within. If they do, there follows a negative phase of inertia and a paralysis of that individual endeavour on which depends the onward march of the organism. Has not latter-day statesmanship fallen into this error?

Prevention is better than cure. Many of the social services in this country, however necessary they may be at the present time, have been established, at enormous cost, to deal with diseases of body and mind which are due, in a great measure, to ignorance.

The good of the people [said Lord Dawson] demands education in matters of health. Would it not be possible for the medical faculty of a university to include among its functions the provision of approved health lectures when such are demanded by the districts within the area of its influence? In this way sound educational

standards would be maintained—fads and fancies avoided. The objective of such teaching should be a knowledge of health with only incidental or illustrative reference to disease. The result would be great saving of illness and therefore in a few years of expense. Medical insurance costs employers, employed, and the State £36,000,000 a year.

COLLARS FOR RUSSIAN COMMUNISTS

Communists, even Socialists, have always been suspicious of bourgeois dress. Perhaps it is right to think that a worker who wears the dress—especially the evening dress—of capitalist Society has ceased to be genuinely class-conscious. The British Labour Party, on the two occasions when it formed a Government, was rent with acrimony over the problem of tail coats and knee breeches.

Carlyle is not the only man to appreciate the mysterious significance of clothes. The desire to impress one's personality and ideas upon other people by distinction of dress is natural and laudable. But the effort to apply principles, whether they be ethical or political, to minute points of detail can develop into fanaticism. Perhaps this, too, is laudable. It has certainly been characteristic of Soviet Russia.

Yet even Russia can compromise. It was reported last month that the All-Union Conference of Young Communists of the U.S.S.R., which opened in Moscow at the beginning of July, has officially authorised Young Communists to wear white collars, having admitted that under present conditions they need have no fear of being taken for "intellectuals" if they do not wear either a buttoned Russian shirt or a sailor's blouse. According to *The Times*,

The new freedom was announced by Comrade Kosyreff, general secretary of the Central Committee of Young Communists. The Soviet Press explains that Kosyreff appeared on the platform "in a white starched collar and a fashionable tie which only a year or two ago would have produced offensive laughter among his fellows." He also "talked long and earnestly about love of music and flowers," assuring the conference that henceforth they might regard these things as "within the Communist programme."

TOPICS OF THE MONTH

The Spirit of Lausanne

A GENTLEMEN'S AGREEMENT

EVERY Conference has its crisis, and Lausanne was no exception. The fever had reached a climax, and the world was just beginning to mourn, when M. Herriot appeared beaming like a successful physician and kissed a French and a German typist. Referring to this happy event, the *New Statesman and Nation* wrote:

M. Herriot has kissed a German typist, and though M. Herriot is not the French General Staff, nor the typist Adolf Hitler, we may put some value on the symbol.

Early comments in the daily press of the world were favourable with few exceptions, their tone being in harmony with the *Sunday Times*, which claimed that "the cynics are confounded, and just when a world drowning in depression had almost begun to despair, statesmanship has brought off a dramatic rescue." The *New York Herald* expressed its praise in these terms:

To Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, whose dogged British pertinacity, despite physical fatigue, refused to let the conference fail, belongs the chief glory of this most important diplomatic achievement since the war. To M. Edouard Herriot

master of firmness with courtesy, able to discern the wide horizon of a world's necessity, belongs a tribute of profound admiration. Nor is there lacking a sentiment that the solid good-sense of President von Hindenburg, with whom the representative of the Reich was in constant telephonic communication during the final tense hours, had a share in moderating the demands with which Germany entered the conference. All three have contributed, we believe, to an agreement that will be epochal in the history of modern civilization.

Unfortunately, owing to the manner in which the Treaty and the conditions attached

to it were made public, American opinion soon became less favourable.

THE essential points of the Treaty may be summarised as follows:

(1) Reparations are cancelled. Germany is to

deposit with the Bank for International Settlements bonds to the face value of 3,000,000,000 marks (£150,000,000 at par.) After three years the bonds can be marketed by the Bank, but only if economic stability and Germany's credit are not disturbed in so doing. The issue price of the bonds must not be less than 90, and from the date of their issue they will bear interest at 5 per cent., with a sinking fund of 1 per cent., which will extinguish the obligation in thirty-seven years.

(2) The moratorium declared for the period of the Conference is extended as far as German payments are concerned until the ratification of the agreement.

(3) The Belgian, British, French, German and Italian Governments agree to proceed with a scheme for assistance to Austria as a first step towards the reconstruction of Europe.

(4) The League of Nations is invited to convoke a World Economic Conference whose problems shall be examined in the meantime by a Committee to consist of two representatives from each of the six inviting powers, three financial and three economic members nominated by the League Council, and representatives of the United States if that country so approves.

Great Britain had been in favour of complete cancellation and the compromise drew severe criticism from certain sections of opinion. It means, the *Daily Despatch* pointed out, that

Britain will lose £19,000,000 a year on account of reparations and another £19,000,000 under the moratorium, and that the total loss of £38,000,000 is equal to the sum we must pay the United States on the war debts account next December.

These facts moved the *Daily Express* (which had consistently decried the Conference) to assert that "we have done a foolish thing again. We have made the agreement with the Europeans at Lausanne without coming to an arrangement with the Americans. The result is that either America is required to forgive us or we are required to pay America."

Complaints such as this, however, entirely overlooked the point that the world economic

situation, if only from a psychological point of view, would have grown quickly worse but for agreement at Lausanne; and that, as the *Temps* declared, the U.S.A. had made such an agreement between the European Powers a preliminary condition of their being prepared to "cooperate in the work of restoring economically the entire world."

OPINIONS in France and Germany provided an interesting contrast. "Pertinax" in the *Echo de Paris* said that France should have insisted on a high sum in order to be in a better position when the time comes to treat with America on debt revision. He accused M. Herriot of putting excessive confidence in Mr. MacDonald in order to give birth to an *entente cordiale*. Both the *Temps* and the Socialist *Populaire* agreed that the value of Lausanne would depend on the attitude of the U.S.A.

In Germany the Socialist *Vorwärts*, which previously had been suppressed for a time by the Government, hailed a victory for understanding. But right-wing papers were more doubtful. They even spoke of a "confidence trick." Herr Hugenberg, the Nationalist Party leader, said at Bremen that the agreement "did not correspond with Nationalist demands." Language such as this was mild compared with the storm aroused by subsequent news of an Anglo-French alliance.

ALL this happened before the true implications of the so-called "Gentlemen's Agreement" became public and fully understood. When M. Herriot returned from Lausanne he said at once that

the treaty is composed of three parts, of which the first gains its full significance only in the light of the Gentlemen's Agreement to which the creditor nations have pledged their honour. Should a satisfactory settlement with America not be reached, we shall then remain at our old positions. We are all agreed on this.

But in England nothing was known openly of such an agreement, until the Prime Minister and Mr. Chamberlain made their statements in the House of Commons. Even Mr. Chamberlain's speech on the second day of the debate did not entirely convince the country that Lausanne had not been, in the words of the *Sunday Express*, "a huge blunder for us, like all international Conferences." Hence arose most of the trouble about what has turned out to be a practical common-sense arrangement.



Hague Post]

M. HERRIOT

[The Hague

WHAT, after all, is this Gentlemen's Agreement? Nothing more nor less than this: First, the Lausanne Treaty will not definitely enter into force unless it is ratified by all the Powers who have signed it; secondly, it will not be ratified unless and until Germany's creditors have obtained a satisfactory settlement of their own debts; and thirdly, in the event of a decision that

agreement cannot be ratified, a new nation will be created, and the Governments concerned will have to consult together to what should be done, a return to the original Plan being clearly out of the question. As the *Birmingham Post* expressed it, the reement "merely recognises explicitly at most people in this country have own all along." Unfortunately, a few people—notably those who, regardless of geography, think Britain can shake the dust of Europe from her feet—made a mountain out of an unavoidable molehill. Unfortunately, too, the text of the Agreement was not published by the Cabinet until nearly a week after the Prime Minister's turn.

The need of advancing by progressive stages (as *The Times*) each dependent for finality upon the last stage of all, is really so obvious that it is pity the British Government should ever have consented to make any secret of this Gentlemen's reement. It managed to surround with an air of furtiveness a perfectly natural and honest caution. The public to-day understands the need of secrecy in negotiation, but it expects to be informed of the conclusions reached.

The "air of furtiveness" produced damaging effects in America, strengthening the hands of the "Isolationists", who combined that the Treaty would "transfer many's burden to the U.S.A." The *Washington Chronicle* reports that, in spite of a denial from Mr. Stimson, American Secretary of State, that the U.S.A. had taken no part in the Lausanne Conference,

headlines in newspapers and speeches in Congress are still creating the impression that there was some secret bargain at Lausanne which has not yet been disclosed and that if America does not cancel the larger part of the debts she will find herself saddled with the responsibility of continued world unrest and economic distress.

The American *World-Telegram*, principal organ of the Scripps-Howard group of papers, said:

"An unfortunate has been the impression created by the contradictory statements of Herriot, Chamberlain, MacDonald and others, that hereafter suspicion will attach practically to their every gesture. Certainly Congress will examine with a spy-glass Europe's every move to obtain its reductions.

THIS misunderstanding was soon to be followed by another. Sir John Simon, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, announced in the House of Commons an invitation from Britain and France to all Europe "to adopt the method of open and candid discussion" and to agree upon

an exchange in future of views upon any matter which may arise between the nations similar to that discussed at Lausanne,

Co-operation for disarmament and

Co-operation for the world economic conference.

Sir John added that, pending negotiations of a new commercial treaty between Britain and France, there would be no discrimination on the part of one against the other. The House was astonished. The Press quickly seized upon the news. "Was it coincidence or intent that this momentous announcement was made on the very day that the Conference ship sailed for Canada?" asked the *Daily Express*. "Were the Dominions consulted?"

In Paris, M. Herriot gave the impression of a renewal of the *Entente Cordiale* between Great Britain and France as distinct from the *Entente Européenne* which had been, and is, the British intention. Furthermore, as the *Daily Telegraph* explained,

M. Herriot, apparently, interpreted the Declaration as meaning that "in future no problem affecting the interests of France and Great Britain could be treated separately, and that Great Britain could not, as in 1923, undertake to make payments to the United States for the settlement of debt without previously consulting the French Government." And he added, "The certainty of a concerted attitude is henceforward an accomplished fact which will facilitate success in the negotiations with Washington."

The British Government lost no time in making it clear that each debtor country is at liberty, and under obligation, to arrange its own settlement with America (as a prelude to European agreement on these settlements for the purpose of ratifying Lausanne) and further that America should have no cause for suspicion of a "secret part" or a "united front" against her.

But the fatal impression had spread, and uneasiness was only partially removed by the visit of Sir Ronald Lindsay, British

Ambassador, to the State Department at Washington.

Later the London *Observer* gave the encouraging news (communicated by Reuter) that Senator Borah, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, had called for an immediate World Conference to consider the revision and cancellation of war debts in connection with the problem of settling other post-war questions.

Senator Borah [we were informed] proposes this conference as a sequel to that of Lausanne, which, he states, was the most important step taken since the war for the restoration of confidence in political and business affairs.

THE effect on Italy and Germany of M. Herriot's declaration can be imagined. Italy has been disappointed at Lausanne and Geneva, and failure to get what she wanted in respect of debts and disarmament has no doubt been largely responsible for the fact that Signor Mussolini included Signor Grandi among the ministers he decided to replace in his Government. Furthermore, Italy has hitherto counted upon the support of Great Britain in her foreign policy, and news of an Anglo-French Entente was bound to cause excitement.

Many Germans, conscious that the Agreement is favourable to them, would have been willing to admit this had it not been for their disappointment at failing to obtain political concessions. Germany demands "equality," at least in reduction of armaments as promised by the Treaty of Versailles. Then there is another problem which has been left unsettled. People in this country have no conception of the passionate resentment that Germany feels against the Polish corridor. Poland, having been given an outlet to the Baltic sea, drives a wedge through German territory, and is a constant source of annoyance to a nation that is racially and politically hostile.

And so Germany's opinion hardened against the Agreement, which cannot be ratified until after the elections—and who knows what that may mean? It was disquieting to read that Herr Nadofny, German delegate at the Geneva Conference, exclaimed at a meeting before its adjournment: "Tear up the Versailles Treaty, or we will not return to the Disarmament Conference."

Nevertheless, at the end of July the British and French Governments were formally notified of the adherence of Germany to the pact for a European Entente initiated by Great Britain and France after the Lausanne Conference.

GENEVA is not far from Lausanne. The problem of disarmament is closely related to the problem of debts. In both cases the will for peace and confidence is a condition precedent of practical results.

This will, in spite of all adverse criticism, has been strengthened by the spirit of the Lausanne Agreement, which means, according to the *Manchester Guardian*, an end of war psychology and war emotions. Credible or no, many will agree with that paper when it says, in referring to the forthcoming World Economic Conference:

We shall know then whether the civilization to which we belong is capable of adapting itself to new circumstances, of distributing the plenty that human ingenuity has made available. It will be a remarkable moment in the world's history—statesmen, like directors of a huge business, meeting to consider its organisation. Such a thing has never happened before. Much may depend on it.

Another Conference, now in session at Ottawa, is at least of equal importance for Great Britain. There are those who would have us put a ring fence round the Empire and turn our back on the "foreigners". Have they attempted to count the cost—economic, political and psychological—of such a crusading policy?



The Empire at Ottawa

MY thoughts and prayers are with the delegates of my Governments who are gathered in conference to-day to explore the means by which they may promote the prosperity of the peoples of this great Empire.

At this Conference you are opening a new page of history on which within a few weeks will be written the record of a determined effort to solve the difficulties weighing so heavily not only upon us, but upon the whole world.

It is my earnest hope that when this Conference rises there will be a record of results worthily reflecting the frankness, the sincerity, and the spirit of helpfulness with which, I feel confident, your deliberations will be conducted.

The British Empire is based on the principle of co-operation, and it is now your common purpose to give the fullest possible effect to that principle in the economic sphere. By so doing you will set in motion beneficial forces within the British Commonwealth which may well extend their impulse also to the world at large. I pray that you may be given clear insight and strength of purpose for these ends."

WITH this message from the King, Lord Bessborough, the Governor General of Canada, opened the Imperial Conference; and with a celerity that distinguished it from other Conferences in the past, the delegates plunged at once into the work of what Mr. Baldwin described as one of the most momentous events in the history of the British Empire.

In some quarters it was freely proclaimed that the fate of the Empire depended upon the result of this Conference. Other editorial opinion was more restrained in its eloquence, but none the less hopeful. The *Observer* believed that "the British Empire will survive and progress whatever happens in Canada during the coming weeks." What was at stake, to continue the vivid language of Mr. Garvin, is "one of the greatest matters of business that was ever discussed in this world."

What may be concluded is that the Ottawa Conference is an essentially practical gathering of the leading member states of the greatest and freest political association history has known, to find a way out of the stagnation and depression that is paralysing the economic life of the world.

FOREIGN opinion was critical of the Conference before it opened. "We shall see at the end of the Conference", remarked

the Paris *Le Journal*, a little drily, "how much cohesion remains behind the brilliant façade of the British Empire." Foreigners were inclined to see in the Empire gathering a meeting whose design it was merely to dig deeper the channels of Empire trade and to raise higher the tariff walls against foreign goods.

But the opposite of this was stressed at the opening of the Conference by Mr. Baldwin, who emphasized that "we cannot isolate ourselves from the world", and his words were echoed by Dominion after Dominion. Isolation in depression has proved to be the worst of all conditions, and the delegates at Ottawa have done well to recognise, in the words of the *Manchester Guardian*, that to drive a clear channel through the stagnant pools of trade must not involve the building of a breakwater between Imperial and international waters.

The purpose of the Conference, in brief, is to create new trade within the Empire and thus to increase the total volume of trade within the world. Its primary and essential aim is not to build higher tariff walls round the Empire, but to lower tariff walls inside it. If foreign opinion had recognised that true purpose they would have realised the force of Mr. Baldwin's argument that "the extension of Empire trade is the most hopeful means of stimulating demand in the world's markets." Ottawa will have failed in its



Grimes in the Star

[London

Mr. Thomas declared that the conference was a first-eleven side, in which all were going to bowl and all were going to bat

purpose if it does not help the world as much as it helps the Empire.

WITH this aim clearly in view the Conference got quickly down to business. Mr. Bennett, the Prime Minister of Canada, frankly stated the Canadian programme: to extend the Canadian free list and her existing preference to Great Britain and the Dominions, and to give an increased preference on a selected list of articles. In return Canada asked that Great Britain, on her side, maintain the preference already given to the Dominions under the new system of tariffs, and extend it to the natural products of Canada. By "natural" products, Mr. Bennett undoubtedly meant wheat. Some time ago, it will be remembered, the British Government did prepare a quota of the market in wheat as an offer to the Dominions. The proposal was rejected because the corn market of Liverpool—the biggest and most expert organization of the kind in the world—found it unworkable. But time and adversity have wrought a change in public

opinion. What was unworkable a year ago will be made to work now if it will result in a stimulus to trade.

South Africa naturally expressed an interest in restoring a stable rate of exchange; a reasonable request in view of the fact that since all the other countries in the Empire have gone off the gold standard, South Africa's economic position has been seriously hurt. Australia and New Zealand followed roughly Mr. Bennett's lead, but left the details of their policy to be developed in committee. Sir Attul Chatterjee proclaimed protection for India, while Sean O'Kelly, coming fresh from a quarrel with the Mother Country, limited the Free State's contribution to the discussion to brooding over the economic wrongs that had been done Ireland in the past.

IN a wide sense the situation at Ottawa quickly presented the appearance of a Dominion bloc *vis-a-vis* Great Britain. That was inevitable, since in the nature of things the interests of all the Dominions are largely

dential and opposed or rather complementary to those of Great Britain. Here in these islands we have a crowded population engaged in manufacture and living almost wholly on imported food. In the sparsely populated Dominions we have large areas given up to the production of food, a very great proportion of which has to be exported. It is natural that the Dominions should look on these crowded islands as a boon market for the consumption of their produce. But cheap food is necessary to the industrial life of this country, and although a great fiscal evolution has taken place here within the last year, the public mind is not ready yet to place a tax on foreign food. Over the question of the importation into Great Britain of the Dominion primary products, therefore, there was some hesitation and an indication on the part of the British delegation to refer the matter back to committees.

But early in the work of the Conference the wheat question was suddenly settled by the attitude adopted by the Farmers representatives attending the Conference. The non-political delegates representing the Canadian farmers filed a brief stating that, after examining the possibilities of both the quota plan and the preference system designed to give Canada an assured share of the British market for wheat, they had come to the conclusion that neither plan offered advantages to Western Canada which would outweigh their disadvantages, and that Canada's real interest lay in the maintenance of as many free ports for wheat in Europe as was possible.

Since Australian grain experts took up the same line it is likely that wheat, which was expected to be a big factor in the discussion, will play little or no part in the remaining deliberations of the Conference, unless some plan more attractive than either the quota or preference schemes is offered to the Dominions.

FOR the continuance of her industrial life,

Great Britain is in need of two things, cheap foods and an economic and assured supply of raw materials. The Dominions, in turn, need to safeguard their young manufacturing industries, even against competi-

tion from this country, and at the same time to assure for themselves a market here for their primary products. Every country represented at the Conference, therefore, has to look at the problem from two sides, as an exporter and an importer. The Empire as a whole in its relation to the rest of the world is an exporter, and if the aim of stimulating world trade is to be achieved, all its international trade must not be victimized in order to assist its Imperial business. The delicate nature of this problem, as it affects the Dominions and Great Britain, is carefully explained in the *Financial Times* :

In the Dominions the choice of methods must rest between raising tariffs against foreign goods, with those on British articles left, as at present, high enough to protect local manufactures without spoiling the marginal market, and lowering tariffs on British goods, which might derange internal industry and upset revenue calculations. Great Britain must elect either to impose a tariff on foodstuffs, and perhaps raw materials, giving preference to the Dominions, or to apply the quota system.

"It is a prodigious fact", remarked Mr. Garvin in the *Observer*, "that the Empire comprises a quarter of the globe. But outside it, by the same token, lie the other three-quarters of the globe." The difficulties to be adjusted between the Dominions and Great Britain, as the *Financial Times* shows in the quotation given above, are great. Their weight is increased by the conviction that no portion of the Empire can afford to contemplate cutting off its foreign trade simply because even these crowded islands cannot consume "anything like all the primary products of the Empire, nor can the Dominions, who have their own industries to foster, absorb the exports of a country as highly industrialised as Great Britain."

THE *New Statesman and Nation*, indeed, ridicules the idea of imperial isolation :

There is no possibility, for an indefinite time to come, of so large an expansion of the Empire market for British manufacturers as to justify the risk of our exclusion from the markets of Europe. In the last year before the slump less than 45 per cent. of British exports were sold within the Empire, and Europe took a far larger fraction of British exports than any other continent. It is

true that our Empire markets have shrunk less of late years than our markets in foreign countries ; but to accept this as a reason for seeking imperial isolation is ridiculous. Our prosperity is bound up with that of Europe, and with the restoration of conditions more favourable to trade between the nations of Europe.

A closed Empire is greatly against our economic interests, and, in the long run at least, it is against the interest of the Dominions. It is also very manifestly against the interests of the world and the cause of internationalism as a whole. While a half-closed Empire, or rather a half-closed Britain and a quarter-closed group of Dominions, may be the worst we need fear, that is only a degree less bad than the nightmares of the *Daily Express*. For, even if we leave the question of internationalism aside—as we are in fact by no means prepared to do—the capacity of the Dominions to afford substantial markets for our manufactures obviously depends on a vast increase in their populations, without a corresponding development of their industries. Yet nothing is more certain than that, in Canada at least, and to a great extent elsewhere, the possibility of a rapid increase in population depends on the growth of industry in the Dominions.

But that echoes, only more vigorously, the most striking points of Great Britain's policy as announced by Mr. Baldwin, which is here quoted from the *Daily Telegraph* :

No one suggests that complete free trade within the Empire is possible. We cannot isolate ourselves from the world, however great our resources. Seventy per cent. of Empire trade is still with foreign countries, and only 30 per cent. among ourselves.

There must in these matters be a certain amount of liberty allowed to each part of the Dominion in developing its own trade, even if the avenue followed leads out of the Empire and towards foreign fields. "Gone for ever is the day," exults the *Canadian Gazette*, "when Sheffield cutlers and Yorkshire woollen men will be supported by British ministers in abusing Canada for daring to set up industries of her own." Instead, to-day we have acceptance of the basic principle that every nation of the Empire should have unfettered freedom to promote its own development.

IT would be wrong to infer from the account given above that there is universal expectation that the Conference will solve all

the difficulties of Imperial and world trade. Scepticism marks the utterances from some quarters, as this excerpt from the *New Statesman and Nation*, written by their Canadian correspondent, reveals :

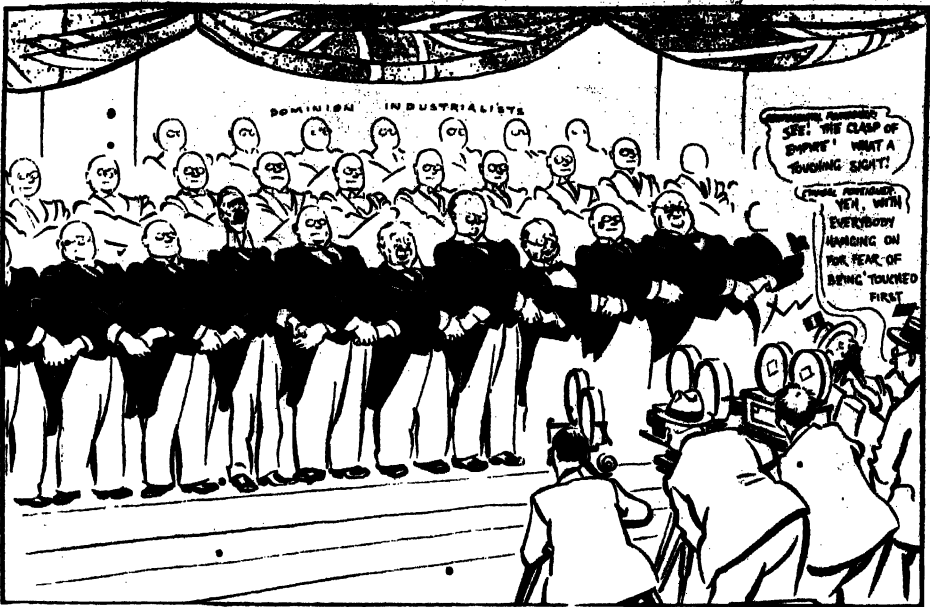
But whether we favour high or low tariffs, all schemes for creating a closed economic system in the Empire break down upon the hard fact that Canada is no longer a member of the economic British Empire. We [Canada] have steadily been getting out of the Empire, and any attempt to restrict our trade channels within Imperial boundaries would be contrary to our economic interests. Canada simply does not fit into the new mercantilism of the Third British Empire any more than the New England colonies fitted into the mercantile system of the First Empire.

Opinion in other quarters, while less ready to accept failure in advance, sweeps aside sentimentality and insists upon the *quid pro quo*. Here speaks a Northern paper:

A tariff preference involves a standard or basic tariff rate ; a preference substantial enough to be of value involves a standard rate high enough to be far from negligible. Can we, then, consistently with our own national well-being, promise Mr. Bennett and the Canadian farmer a preference system sufficiently effective to satisfy them ?

The answer must depend on two considerations. It must depend in the first place upon the extent of Canadian expectations. It must depend in the second upon the nature, value and extent of industrial preferences which Canada is willing to offer in return as part and parcel of a freely-negotiated bargain. The situation is fundamentally altered to the extent that British representatives at Ottawa are now free to deal with all such propositions as Mr. Bennett's in a businesslike fashion and are under no obligation to say (as Mr. Thomas said two years ago) "Impossible!" Our hands are free, at last, and British delegates at Ottawa are eager to turn their new-found freedom to account. But it must be to profitable account ; which means, in practice, that if we are to buy Canadian agricultural products at prices acceptable to Canada (and therefore, at the moment, above world rates), Canada must offer to our industrial classes a *quid pro quo*, recognisable at once as being worth while.

FOR the first time depression has its uses. Differences of economic view are likely to disappear under the stress of the universal stagnation which has given the meeting at Ottawa such an incentive to



Low in the Evening Standard

OTTAWA'S BIG DAY

[London]

achievement. It is the widespread depression, and the need to get something done about it, that has brought to the Imperial Conference the representatives of a quarter of the globe, delegates from a widely spread and loosely associated confederation that has met without a single absentee. During the last year Great Britain has abandoned her fetish of free imports, which compelled her, in the forceful language of *The Times*,

to open her markets equally to those who penalized her trade and to those who offered it every facility and forbade her to protect her own industries or her own agriculture from any competition, however unfair or however ruinous.

Time has wrought its change everywhere, and lent its aid to make this what Mr. Darwin called "the most momentous business gathering the world has ever known."

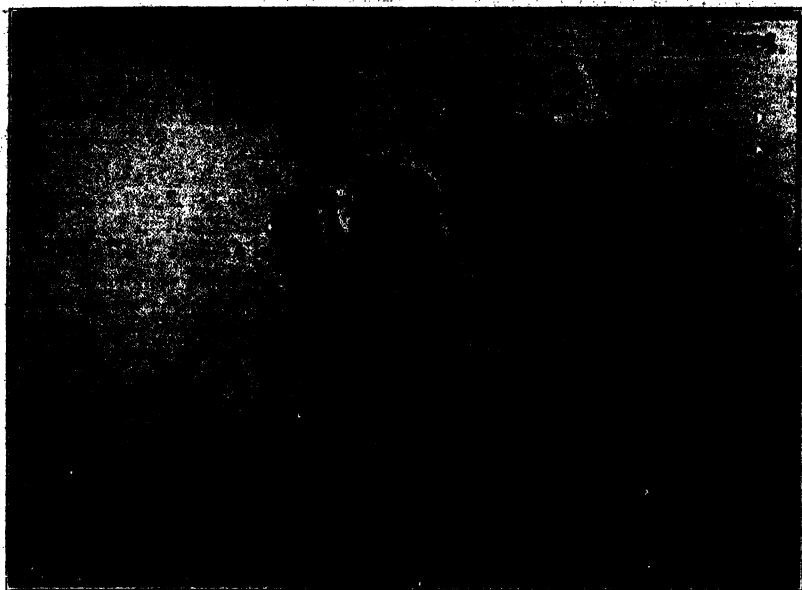
THE GLEANER

Our fathers hanged men for petty thefts, whereas we only exalt and ennoble men or put them in the House of Lords for really large and impressive thefts.—*Mr. G. K. Chesterton.*

Cataloguing the circumstances that have combined to make the outcome of this Conference so full of promise, *The Times* continued.

The Dominions, for their part, without abandoning in the least their determination to protect and develop their own industries as necessary factors in the balanced economy at which they aim, have come to recognize that tariffs are instruments to be used with care, and that excessive and indiscriminate protection may injure the national interests it is desired to promote. The way is thus open as it never was before to mutual arrangements for mutual benefit. Nor is it only tariffs and preferences that the statesmen of the Empire are now able to discuss with minds accessible to ideas to which they were formerly closed. A prominent place in the agenda of the Conference has been given to questions of finance and currency, and on these matters, as on tariffs, the old rigid orthodoxies have been shaken by the collapse of world trade.

Contrary to popular belief, says a United States agent, many Indians are smart business men. Any sly attempt to give them back their country may as well be abandoned.—*From the Des Moines (Ia.) News.*



[Star]

THE MAN BEHIND THE MAN BEHIND THE GUN!

[London]

Ireland Under De Valera

WILL THE FREE STATE BECOME A REPUBLIC?

NOT since the war has the British press united so heartily over a campaign of anathema as over that which they have launched against Mr. de Valera's activities during the past month. The obvious impracticability of his plan of trying to starve Britain into submission made it clear that his personal hatred for the British rather than the justice of his cause was responsible for his refusal to be reasonable about the subject under dispute. When the president could refer in the Dail to the British Cabinet as "those gentlemen across the water" and could declare that "he hoped to see the day" when he could do the "decent thing" and take Ireland out of the Empire, it was apparent to even the most restrained of British editorial opinion that here was not so much a natural

statesman suffering from a grievance as, to use the *Observer's* telling phrase, "a fixed idea on two legs."

HOW obstinate Mr. de Valera had become in the cause that he was pursuing was made evident by his attitude over the negotiations for the settlement of the Land Annuities question. Great Britain proposed that the matter should be submitted to arbitration and that, in conformity with the Statute of Westminster, the board of arbitration should be drawn from among the Dominions. Mr. de Valera's answer was a flat refusal to have British representation on the board at all. Since settlement by negotiation was, therefore, rejected, the British Government took the step of instituting a 20 per cent tariff on a number

of Irish imports, including food produce, the revenue from that source being earmarked to recoup the Government for the money it had had to pay the holders of the Irish land annuities. Mr. de Valera's answer to that was to rush through the Dail an "Emergency Imports Duties Bill," designed to exclude British manufactures altogether from Ireland.

Ninety per cent of the Irish Free State export trade is with England, while only 10 per cent of England's exports go to the Irish Free State. In the economic war thus launched the advantages were obviously all on Great Britain's side. Yet Mr. de Valera refused to see that. In a passionate speech in the Dail he declared that "the British people are going to feel this economic war just as much as we are." He visualized new outlets for Irish exports, and a freedom from dependence on British markets. He pointed out that the national interests demanded that direct trading relations should be immediately entered into with continental countries. But such a hope struck even foreign observers as absurd. "Mr. de Valera's notion," declared the *New York Herald*, "of starving Great Britain into submission, with tons of Danish food ready for shipment, and with French potatoes lying on the wharves at a shilling a bushel, is as chimerical as his dreams of finding new British outlets for Free State products round this tariff-walled North Atlantic basin."

THE passage of his "Emergency Imports Duties Bill" through the Dail and the Senate was stormy. Senator Milney saw in it "evidence of a determination to plunge the country through misery, tears, and destitution, into conditions of anarchy and chaos so that he [de Valera] could have his own way." The London *Morning Post*, which has the strong Conservative dislike of rebellion, explained to its readers that it was part of his [de Valera's] fanatical design to form some sort of Gaelic economy in which Ireland shall revolve upon its own axis, uncorrupted by any Saxon influence. In his own eyes [explained the *Morning*

Post] he is a sort of Hibernian Moses leading Ireland out of an Egyptian bondage. The Belfast *News-Letter* sees in the Dail's Retaliatory Bill powers given to de Valera which would amount to a veritable dictatorship, while the *Western Mail* recalled to its readers the remark of the Irish Senator that the Emergency Duties Bill should be accompanied by a medical certificate as to the mental state of the Executive that conceived it.

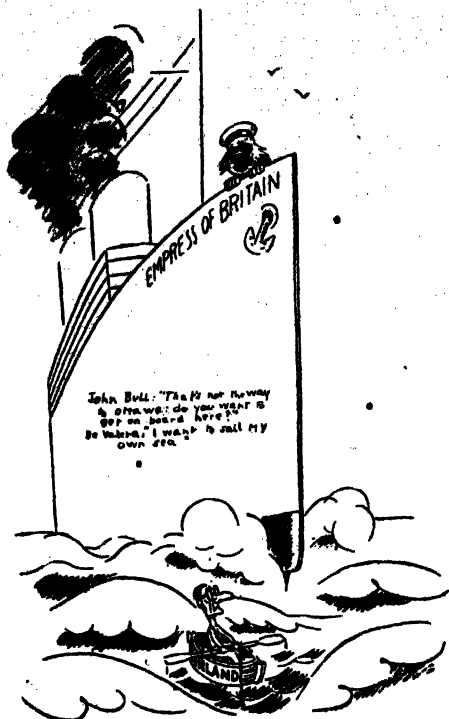
IN Ireland there was naturally some opposition to Mr. de Valera's policy, but it came from a minority who were outnumbered and outvoiced by that section of the populace which an Irish Senator derisively described as the "romantic 'Neds of the hillsides'." To these people, the peasant population, de Valera is a "Dev," the leader who will bring them to victory.

Their mentality [explained the Irish Correspondent of the *Sunday Times*] is little changed from the old days of agrarian trouble, when agitation invariably succeeded in bringing concessions and material benefits.

The average hillside, having, by agitation, got his land for an annuity which is about one-third of the pre-agitation rents, now believes he will get it for nothing, or, if he does have to pay an annuity to the home Government, he will receive more than compensating relief in other directions. And so we have many features of the old land war, the disposition to pillory objectors, the belief that suffering will in the end be rewarded, the plan of campaign paralleled by the suspense account.

These are the people who are exultant at the prospect of a "fight to the finish." They are the men who plaster blank walls and shuttered business premises with lurid red fly-posters advising the population to "Boycott British Goods." Anyone who dares to raise his voice in protest against the policy of Mr. de Valera is adjudged by them a "traitor to his country."

The influence which this hatchet-faced and not wholly Irish leader has obtained over his followers is remarkable, and proves that there are in him qualities which are not properly appreciated by the British



Extrablade!

[Copenhagen]

press. The Irish correspondent of the *Sunday Times* draws a vivid pen picture of the man.

The President has the gift of mob oratory, and he is popular with the people who think solely in terms of material gain. To the more dreamy intellectual he appeals as a sincere and consistent leader. In his Cabinet he is autocratic, and his personal power is strengthened by the absence of influential colleagues at Ottawa. He cannot be measured by the ordinary tests of human experience. He is a synthetic product rather than an ordinary man, and the constituent elements of sincerity, obstinacy, fanaticism, courage, asceticism, patriotism, and devotion to duty are fixed, separate, inflexible, and lack human cement.

He seems either to ignore, or not to see—I think it is the latter—any other arguments but his own. He acts to-day as if faced by penal laws or the oppressive methods of Oliver Cromwell. He seems almost to welcome conflict and disturbance as a spiritual discipline. These were his words when moving the special Duties Bill :—

"There would be hardships no doubt, but there were many an Irishman before who wished to heaven that an opportunity was given to him to end the sort of economic policy that the country had endured in the past. . . . Every day's disturbance here in this State would mean a day of prosperity for our country in the future, and getting more quickly to the point of national economies which our party desire."

He might more aptly have said what the dominating Labour group require. Such is the dangerous, appealing, and yet wholly political philosophy of the man whose masterful personality is the root cause of all trouble to-day.

YET under his leadership the country has quickly sunk into apathy. Markets are disorganized, shipping is laid up. "Everybody," the *Sunday Times* correspondent tells us, "is unsettled and bewildered; the old tense anxiety of pre-treaty days is everywhere apparent. Opening remarks no longer mention the weather but echo the prevailing note of despair."

The picture of the country that is reported by other correspondents is equally depressing. All the cattle and horse farms have virtually collapsed; the farmers are driving their cattle over the border into Ulster for pasturage and export into the United Kingdom. The *Birmingham Post* reported that business at the important Drogheda Fair was virtually at a standstill in all branches, and that at Bantry, in County Cork, "the town had the aspect of a deserted village." In the important pig market at Goray there were only four pigs offered for sale, and even on these there was a fall in price amounting to 8s. per cwt. At Waterford and Dublin and Cork ships were tied up and the crews paid off for lack of cargoes.

"Many a man would give his soul [declared Mr. McGilligan bitterly in the Dail] to be in the position that our President is in now to make a settlement with the British. There is only one thing stands in the way, and that is that individual's pride, that past to which he looks back with such pride. The mentality of the Government was to have a bit of play-acting on the political stage. It did not matter what the farmers suffered, or whether the unemployed swelled beyond 71,000 or got to ten times that number. Let one man be justified and Ireland is secure."

FROM all over the country come alarming reports of secret drillings that are becoming in many places open manoeuvres. In the Dail the responsible minister admitted that these illegal drillings were taking place. A Dublin jury refused to convict a young man who acknowledged that arms found in the place where he resided were his property, and drew from the judge the statement that he accepted their verdict with contempt.

"Armed terrorism," declared the *Yorkshire Post*, "is very organized throughout the country." Such a development can be construed in only one way. The hotheads of the Irish Republican Army are determined to break all connection with the Empire and to institute a Republic. There are Free State Irishmen themselves who declare that if de Valera were to allow the quarrel with Great Britain to come to a reasonable

settlement, he would be the first victim of the gunners to whom he has given a new licence.

That would explain his muddled and unreasonable policy. No longer does he dare to oppose the desires and designs of the men and organizations that have brought him into power. Well, even Conservative opinion in England is beginning to believe that if Great Britain and Ireland are to be at peace, they must live apart. Mr. de Valera complains that a Republic would be brought much nearer reality if the Free State could be sure that Britain would not resort to reprisals. Unfortunately, as the *Sunday Times* points out, violence is much more likely from within than from without, and it is this menace which deepens the confusion which has set Ireland in these past few months twelve years back in her history.

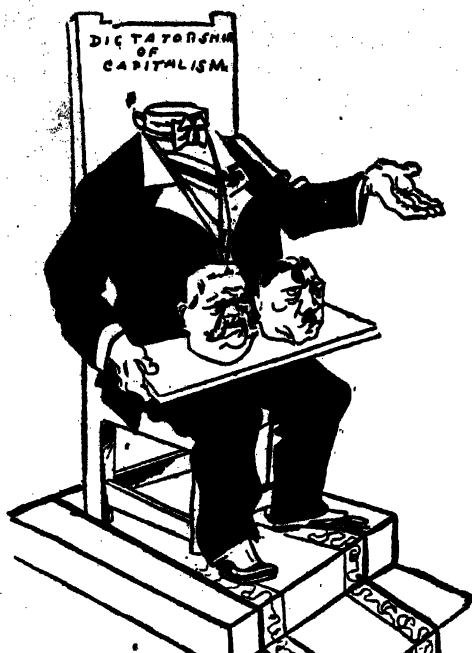
Bayonet and Ballot Box in Germany

DICTATORSHIP OR DEMOCRACY?

SERIOUS internal strife, verging upon civil war, preceded the elections to the German Reichstag which took place on the last day of July. The most outstanding event was the *coup d'état* carried out against the Socialist Prussian Ministry by Herr von Papen's Government.

TO understand why this should have occurred it is necessary to bear in mind the condition of Germany since the war, and the character of her people. From the foundation of the Republic to the fall of Dr. Brüning, the Government had been socialist. But whatever may have been the merits of that Government, it failed, as any Government might have failed, to deal with the grievous economic distress of the country, particularly among the middle-classes ruined by the collapse of the mark.

It was this class more than any other that rallied to the call of Hitler and his National Socialist movement: first, because of poverty and unemployment; secondly, because Hitler stood for the most uncompromising attitude towards the Treaty of Versailles and its consequences for Germany, and was opposed to the Republican "system" of democracy; and, thirdly, because Hitler, with his appeal to youth, his "Nordic" hatred of Jews, and his dictatorial, anti-democratic methods, provided an outlet for the sentiment and political passion that is peculiarly German. The national pride had been crushed by misfortunes that were economic, political and psychological. It had to find a means of overcoming all of them. Any Government that came into power would have to deal with this sentiment, which was increasingly turning to



Pravda]

[Moscow

TAKE YOUR CHOICE!
DIFFERENT HEADS, BUT SAME RESULT

Hitler, rather than to the Communists or the Nationalists, as an alternative to the Social Democrats.

AS is well known, it was von Papen, supported by men of the old military and landowning régime, who was called upon by President Hindenburg to form a Cabinet. But his first method—or perhaps the method of General von Schleicher—of conciliating the Nazis was to remove the ban imposed by Dr. Brüning against open air processions and demonstrations, and the wearing of uniform by the Brown Army. The immediate result of this action was an outbreak in Germany of yet more serious fights between Communists, Nazis, and the police. Nor must one forget the Reichsbanner of the Iron Front, formed by the Socialists; the People's Front, a Catholic defence force; and the Bavarian Watch, recruited mainly from the Catholic peasants to protect Bavaria from unconstitutional interference

by the central Government. These other organisations have not been guiltless of provocation, but it seems that the *Manchester Guardian* was right when it said that

No quantity of party rhetoric can obscure the fact that the Nazi Storm Detachments, smart in their brand new uniforms, provided and provide the chief incitement to street encounters throughout Germany. However often the immediate challenge may have come from Communists, the Nazi uniforms were and remain the chief provocation. If Herr von Papen is not Herr Hitler's man, he has used Herr Hitler's followers to give him ground for action against the hated "system." The men behind him have no use for constitutional government. They have exploited a heaven-sent opportunity to the full.

"Under Dr. Brüning's régime," wrote *The Times*, "there was less violence and therefore less need for the iron hand. Herr von Papen's advent brought first an increase of disorder and it brings now a strengthening of the forces necessary to curb it."

THE strengthening referred to by *The Times* was applied in drastic fashion on July 20th.

Previous to that event, on one day alone seventeen political murders occurred in Germany, and more than two hundred Nazis, Communists, and Socialist Reichsbanner men were wounded in different parts of the country. In Altona, the Prussian suburb of Hamburg, there was fierce fighting between Nazis who marched through the town in procession, and the Communists who fired upon their enemies from roofs and windows of the houses.

In Breslau [the *Morning Post* reported] the Nazis issued a placard containing a realistically reproduced photograph of the two Nazis who were killed at Ohlau a week ago, lying in their blood, and an inscription underneath accused not only the party's political opponents, but the Governor of the Province of responsibility for the outburst of fighting.

The State Government of Prussia, then still in the hands of the Social Democrats, had given permission for the Nazi demonstration at Altona. Its police were unable to control the disorder that resulted. Almost

at once the Government of the Reich took dramatic and sudden action, which is not unfairly described as a *coup d'état*.

THE Chancellor, Herr von Papen, summoned the Acting Premier of Prussia, and Herr Severing, Prussian Minister of the Interior, and informed them that since the maintenance of order in Prussia was no longer guaranteed, he intended to dismiss President Braun, and Herr Severing, and to assume the post of State Commissioner. When they objected that this was unconstitutional, he told them he had the authority of a Presidential decree, based on Article 48 of the Weimar Constitution, to dismiss Ministers from their offices and appoint himself Minister Dictator, with Dr. Bracht, the Mayor of Essen, as his deputy.

The Socialist Ministers went back to their offices, and Herr Severing refused to surrender until ejected by force. But protests were useless against the sudden determined measures of the Government. A state of emergency was declared, putting Berlin and Brandenburg under martial law. General von Schleicher, Minister of Defence, was appointed Governor of Berlin, with General von Rimdstadt in charge of the affected territory. The President, Vice-President and Commander (Colonel Heimannsberg) of the Prussian police were temporarily arrested, their posts being filled by nominees of the Reich Government, which thus obtained control, almost without opposition, of 90,000 State police, the largest armed force in Germany apart from the army of defence.

WHAT were the motives underlying this coup of the von Papen Government? What did it seek to achieve by armed dictatorship?

This step [the *Yorkshire Post* explains] had been continually and insistently demanded by Herr Hitler since the Prussian elections last April, when the Nazis, though they failed to obtain a clear majority themselves, succeeded in destroying the Socialist-Centre majority, by means of which the Socialists, with Herr Braun as Premier and Herr Severing as Minister of the Interior, had governed for a decade.

The Nazis, owing to an alteration in the standing orders of the Prussian Diet, could not elect a Premier, and they were unable to form a Government, which remained, with control over the police, in the hands of the Social Democrats supported by the Catholic Centre Party. In the recent disorders the police, the Nazis complain, have consistently acted against the Brown Army, and have even favoured the Communists. Disaster threatened. How should it be met by Herr von Papen and General Schleicher? Obviously by conceding the demands of the party whose support was most vital to the existence of their Government.

It would be wrong to suppose that the "Monocle Ministry," as it has been called, wants to be, in the words of the *Yorkshire Post*, "pacemakers for a Fascist Dictatorship under Hitler." What they are more likely to do, as that paper suggests is to

take up the cudgels with Hitlerism, also seeking eventually to replace the "democratic" and Republican system of the Weimar Constitution, not by Fascism but by some system which more closely resembles the "orderly police-State" of old Prussia.

General von Schleicher, particularly, has been clever enough to recognise that Hitlerism represents a national force in Germany that cannot be ignored—a force that must be given some outlet, either through an opportunity to form a National-Socialist Government, or, preferably, by enlisting it in support of the present Government.

THERE can be no doubt that many Germans, having lost faith in democratic government, welcome the strong hand of a military ruler. But apart from the Communists, who seem to have gained ground recently, there are at least three factors that still count heavily against the continued success of dictatorship.

The Catholic Centre Party and the Social Democrats have not given up belief in their Constitution; they are supported by the loyalty and discipline of the trade-unionists, who can use the weapon of a general strike.

Again, though there have been rumours of a restoration of the monarchy, and all that goes with the pre-war rule of the Hohenzollerns, the German people as a whole is probably far too embittered at the results of that rule to welcome its return. Finally, it must be remembered that Germany is a federal union of States, each with its own government not by any means disposed to accept the same dragooning that has been applied to Prussia, even though that State comprises three-fifths of the Reich. As the *Birmingham Post* remarked, referring to the removal of the ban on Nazi uniforms,

The States were against restoring the privilege; and they now see themselves forced, as Prussia is being forced, to support actively a policy of which they disapprove. Nor is that all. The Government responsible for dragooning Prussia; the Government which to-morrow may be dragooning Bavaria and the rest; this Government is itself a minority Government, upheld solely by the President's authority.

THE displaced Prussian Socialist Ministers, unable to make anything but a verbal defence, fell back upon the Constitution, and demanded that the legality of the Government action be judged before the Supreme Court at Leipzig. They were supported by Bavaria, the most important of the Southern States.

Why, it may be asked, should the Supreme Court be at Leipzig and not in Berlin?

The answer [said a writer in the *Evening Standard*] is very simple. German justice, unlike French and English, is not concentrated in the capital. The Supreme Court of Appeal is, and indeed always has been, at Leipzig. The Finanzhof or final court of appeal on financial and fiscal matters is at Munich.

Germany, as we are apt to forget, is a collection of states and not a single country. This dispersion of justice is therefore in accordance with the Federal constitution of the Reich. The travelling and the waste of time entailed, however, add greatly to the cost of litigation.

But the ex-ministers got little satisfaction. When the Court met, it dismissed their appeal

for an injunction against the Reich authorities, and deferred dealing with the main question—whether or not the forcible measures taken by Herr von Papen, the Chancellor, against Prussia are legal and in conformity with the Constitution.

Previous to this, the Chancellor had arranged a Conference with the Premiers of the Federal States at Stuttgart. According to *The Times*

The official statement said that the most important questions, both of home and foreign policy, had been discussed. The conference learned with satisfaction that the Reich Government was thoroughly attached to the federalistic idea, and had no wish at all to infringe the rights of the individual States. The Chancellor affirmed that the necessary appointment of a Reich Chancellor in Prussia was only a temporary measure, and that an extension of this measure to the other States did not come in question, as it was the Reich Government's opinion that peace and order were assured in them. He declared emphatically in the name of the Reich Government that the Reichstag election would be held on July 31st as arranged.

The Conference was so far satisfactory that on July 26th the rule of martial law, which had prevailed in Berlin and Brandenburg for nearly a week, was brought to an end by Presidential Decree. Yet not everyone welcomed this return to the normal. The *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* said the people felt itself "extraordinarily well" under the military régime; while Herr von Oldenburg-Januschau, a prominent Junker, said recent events had shown that a "captain and four men were enough to break the resistance of Red officialdom".

THIS attitude was given further expression by General von Schleicher, who broadcast an address transmitted by all German stations.

The speech [*The Times* wrote] with its blithe attacks on France, supported by quotations from Mr. Lloyd George, its blunt intimation that Germany would look after her own security if equality of armaments were denied her, and its

whole-hearted praise of the military virtues, is bound to raise an echo far beyond Germany's frontiers.

THE HYPOCRITE

General von Schleicher, referring to the question of security, said the naked fact was that "no other European land possessed in so small a degree the security for which, paradoxical though it sounded, precisely the strongest military Power in the world incessantly clamoured." As for the complaint that "Junkers and Generals" had overthrown the Brüning Government, this, he remarked was a lie. He would never suffer the armed forces to share with anyone the part assigned to them in the State, or private organizations to usurp their legitimate functions. On the subject of semi-military organizations, *The Times* report quoted him as saying that

He would be a poor Defence Minister, he said, if he did not rejoice over every German lad who teemed his will, his courage, in a word his character, by physical exercises, by enduring hardships, and, above all, by voluntary discipline. It was also often said to him that this passion to be drilled was incomprehensible. He could only answer that the people who did not understand it did not know that exhilarating feeling of young lads who had wrung some extraordinary achievement out of their bodies and for the first time thoroughly conquered their natural sloth. Of course, he knew well enough that a lot of foolishness and exaggeration had gone on, and still went on, in these organizations. "But they are the least entitled to object who deprived us in the treaty of Versailles of conscription and caused our enormous unemployment by reparations and their impositions. If it had not been for unemployment, we should not have had this inflation of organizations, whose absolute uselessness for military operations is now even—except, of course, in France—recognized by leading figures in the former Allied countries."

With this speech in their minds, as well as the campaign appeals of the Nazis, the Nationalists, the Centre Party, the Social Democrats and the Communists, including the other minor Parties that are a feature of politics in Germany, the German people went forward to the elections. Many of them



Wahre Jacob]

[Berlin

"It is with sorrow that I support the Papen Emergency Decrees"

approved Herr von Papen's Government, even if they thought, with justice, that the Chancellor and his generals—majority or no majority, Reichstag or no Reichstag—was determined to remain in power. But for whom should they vote? The Government was without a Party: it had no candidates. The only choice lay between Hitler and Hugenberg. It seemed to be true, as the *Yorkshire Post* suggested, that

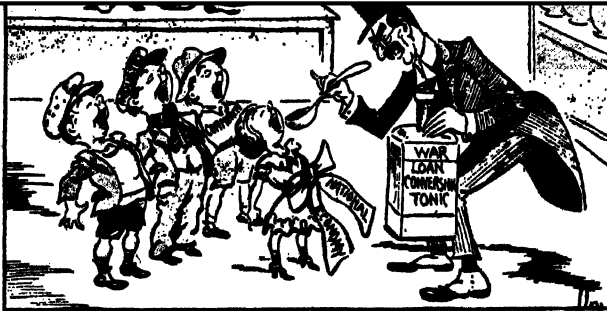
the Parliamentary and representative system has been placed forcibly in abeyance, and it must appear doubtful whether it will soon be restored. From that point of view it does not matter whether von Papen and General Schleicher mean to remain in power or whether Herr Hitler shortly succeeds them. If they are not minded to revert to the Constitution, it can only be restored if its supporters, chiefly Socialists and Catholic Centre, are able to rally so strong a public opinion that neither Hitler's popular appeal nor von Schleicher's command of effective force can resist it.

The Success of the Conversion Scheme

LIKE a great rock in a weary land, was the phrase used by a foreign observer last month to describe Great Britain in the depression. He was looking back on the last few years and the dangers and vicissitudes which have attacked us certainly no less than any other country in the world. He was admiring the coolness with which we had faced our successive crises, the courage with which we balanced our Budget last year, united to form a national government and to rid ourselves of a fiscal policy, which, whatever may have been its virtues in a time of prosperity, was



jurious in a period of depression. Now he looked upon the gigantic conversion scheme which the Government has just launched and noted the enthusiasm with



tedly clever, is described succinctly by the *Week-End Review*:

The 5 per cent. War Loan, of which £2,086,977,258 is in existence, will be redeemed at par on December 1 next but

further call upon its patriotism, and surveying the murk of depression throughout the world, he saw the solid shape of Great Britain rising through the gloom like a great rock in a weary land.

THE character of the response has indeed been gratifying, but it has not been a call upon patriotism alone. "Conversion", in the words of *The Times*, "is indeed a sound attraction", and the press of the country was tireless in proclaiming that conversion was the way of wisdom, pointing out that the course of Stock Exchange values confirmed the financial soundness of the scheme. During the month of July the

press and all the other machinery of publicity was working at war pressure, persuading the British Taxpayer to "convert his war loan now and help the country to better times."

There are over two thousand million pounds of 5 per cent. War Loan in existence, distributed amongst roughly two million, four hundred thousand holders. By reducing the interest payable on this huge block of stock from 5 per cent. to 3½ per cent. the Government could save £23,000,000 of the taxpayers' money each year. On July 1st, therefore, the Government gave notice of conversion. The scheme,

holder, who if he does not by September 30th demand repayment, will be deemed to have accepted conversion into 3½ per cent. stock. Those holders who, by the end of the present month, signify their consent to the substitution of 3½ per cent. for 5 per cent. on their holdings, are to receive an immediate cash bonus of £1 per £100 of loan. As the six months' interest payable on December 1st next will still be at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum, this means that those who convert before the end of the present month will be receiving 6 per cent. interest on their holdings during the present year.

THE scheme met with an immediate response from the public and the stock markets became electrified.

It is as though [wrote the *Statist*] a gigantic dam across a lake had been removed, the release being the signal for a confused rush of waters towards a new resting place. Some time must elapse before final equilibrium is established, but the engineers in charge of the operation have so far every reason to congratulate themselves.

For this was no forced conversion such as has been undertaken in distressed countries where there has been an absence of capacity to pay owing to a Budget deficit. The ability of the Government to meet its service of the 5 per cent. War Loan was not in doubt, for the Budget is balanced with a considerable margin. Whereas compulsory conversion in other countries was applied to all loans in contravention in many cases of the terms of issue, this was an entirely voluntary conversion, and in making it, according to *The Times*, the Government has erred, if at all, on the side of generosity.

THERE was some slight criticism of the scheme. *The Statist*, while noting 'the evidence of a warm response', criticised the size of the bonus offered for prompt conversion. If availed of in full, it pointed out, the cost to the Exchequer would amount to nearly £20 million, while there would be a further charge of, perhaps, £5 if the assents passed entirely through the hands of agents of whom the Government allows on this transaction a five shillings per cent. commission. An evidence of patriotism is, however, worthy of note here. Many intermediaries are voluntarily forgoing their commission on a transaction which will help the country. The *Statist* also pointed out the fact that the new stock has no final date of redemption.

THE *New Statesman and Nation* had other and more pungent criticism to offer. This outspoken weekly noted "Cabinet ministers going about the country congratulating themselves and their audiences on Great Britain's magnificent recovery from the crisis of last year", and remarked that "in the city financial magnates are rubbing their hands and counting their gains"; but it felt that the rejoicings were a little

overdone and confessed that it could feel only a "modified rapture".

The possibilities of converting the £2,000,000,000 of 5 per cent. War Loan have been present in everyone's mind ever since 1929. Again and again, conversion has been regarded as imminent, only to be postponed because at the last moment the Chancellor of the time, or his advisers, feared to take the plunge. It may indeed be affirmed that never until now could the conversion have been safely carried through on a 3½ per cent. basis, and that accordingly the waiting policy has been justified in the event. But why is it possible now to get money at this rate? Simply because industry is so depressed, and the position of foreign borrowers so precarious, that it is exceedingly difficult for those who have money to invest to find remunerative outlets of any kind, and the rates allowed by banks and other agencies for short-term money have fallen almost to zero. In relation to the earning capacity of money in general, 3½ per cent. is a high, and not a low, rate for the British Government to be called upon to pay. Have not Treasury Bills been taken up of late again and again at less than 1 per cent.?

In fact, the success of conversion, from the standpoint of the saving of interest to the taxpayers, is bound to be proportionate to the severity of the trade depression and to the belief in its continuance among the investing classes. The Treasury can get money for at least twenty years at 3½ per cent. because investors can neither do better elsewhere to-day nor expect to do better in the near future. This is, of course, no reason why the Treasury should not take full advantage of its ability to borrow on relatively easy terms. But it is a reason why we should refrain from throwing up our caps in triumph at its success in doing this.

THE class who were to suffer most in the Conversion Scheme were, of course, those who have been accustomed to rely upon their income from their holding in the 5 per cent. War Loan, and who now suddenly find their main source of income drastically reduced.

To these people especially the Conversion Scheme offered a serious problem. A writer of the Notes of the Day in the *News-Chronicle* sums up the questions they had to ask themselves, and gives an instructive answer:

The straightforward investor, who holds War Loan and has to choose between receiving cash next December or converting his holding into the

new $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. stock, is confronted with two questions: (1) Ought he (or she) to convert on patriotic grounds? (2) Is it advantageous to convert as a matter of pure business self-interest?

The answers may be, but are not necessarily, identical.

To the first question the reply is clear. Though the Government could doubtless raise without difficulty next autumn, by means of a short-term bond issue, enough fresh money to "pay out" any likely amount of unconverted War Loan, the more successful the conversion the greater will be its benefits in making borrowing rates generally lower, and so helping to lighten the debt burden both on the Budget and on industry.

I should say that, except in cases where holders would be put to real distress by the reduction from 5 to $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. in the yield, patriotism points to conversion.

From the point of view of self-interest, the pros and cons are more evenly balanced.

The drop in the "gilt-edged" yield from 4 to $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. has been dramatically rapid; it is too soon yet to be certain that it will be permanent. If one is to be honest, one cannot exclude the possibility of the new $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. stock standing at a slight discount next year.

On the other hand, the talk about this conversion heralding a "prosperity boom," in which case it would pay best to sell War Loan and buy industrial shares for capital appreciation, is dangerous bunkum. Unemployment is growing; trade declining; the purchasing power of War Loan holders actually being reduced.

world and Britain are miles from real economic recovery; for a long time ahead the volume of borrowing for new enterprise will be small; and the long-term rate of interest is likely to remain low. It may be very difficult for investors next December to get much more than $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. without taking more risks than are justified, at least for small incomes.

In such cases the certainty of a safe $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for twenty years at least should be a strong attraction, though I still give first place to the motive of desire to help the State.

IT was significant that the advent of the Conversion scheme immediately lowered the value of the £ abroad, all foreign exchanges moving against us. This, the *Week-End Review* pointed out, was in

anticipation of large sales of War Loan from abroad. But the tendency was more than offset by a rise in security prices, and the rise in capital values thus achieved went a long way to compensate the rentier class for the fall in the rate on interest of what is, after all, less than one-third of the National Debt.

IT is freely prophesied that the successful outcome of the scheme will be followed by an all-round scaling-down of interest rates. The *Week-End Review* points out that this means a reduction of spending power. It means as well, however, an increase in borrowing, especially for industry, which has been kept out of the market by the expensive rate of borrowing.

Sir Josiah Stamp, in an interview published in the *Observer*, pointed out the psychological factor which would also become operative following on the Conversion announcement.

A great and an important marketable loan [he said] that is always changing hands sets a fashion. There was a kind of expectation in the minds of the people as to what was the proper rate of interest they might reckon on, and to get that psychological factor definitely directed on to a lower rate meant an important development on the whole rate of interest at home.

This question Sir Josiah answered by saying that it is a pretty fairly established economic generalisation that if you are going to get out of a severe depression, cheap money is one of the great agencies for it.

Every fall in the rate of interest, he remarked, brings into the scope of practical life a much bigger range of practical business. In short, with a lower rate of interest the riches of the country are increased, employment is increased, and through this increase in activity the capital side of the account gains far more than it loses by the fall in the rate of interest.

The Government, concluded the *Morning Post*,

ask a great sacrifice of millions of our citizens, but a sacrifice fraught with the great common gain; and they ask it of a people whose history is a record of greatness built on sacrifice.

CARICATURES OF THE MONTH



Strube in the Daily Express]

"THE WORLD'S SWEETHEART"

[London



New Clarion]

[London

OH! LOOK WHAT DADLEY'S CAUGHT!



Kladdadatsch]

[Berlin

THE ATTACK ON "SECURITY"



Low in the Evening Standard]

"By Gosh, there must be something wrong. They're all in step. . . ."

[London



Patrick in the Post-Despatch]

SPEAKING OF THE PLAGUES OF EGYPT

St. Louis



Dyson in the Daily Herald]

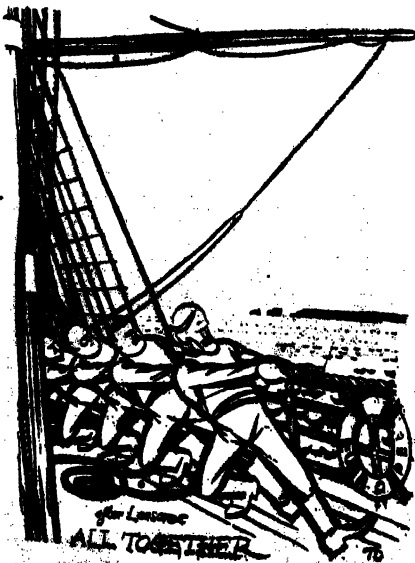
A FLEA FOR A LITTLE BIT OF HORSE SENSE!

London



Low in the Evening Standard

[London]



Derrich in Storyman

[London]



Dyson in the Daily Herald

[London]

"Are you sure our nice new costumes won't shrink?"
"Never, unless of course they get wet."



Robinson in the Cape Times

[Cape Town

"What, another anaesthetist! Oh Mr. MacDonald, are there no surgeons?"

SCAUX DISCIPLINAIRES



Conrad Kochers

"Poor chap, he's for it! He's thought out a disarmament plan!"

[Paris



THE SEVEN BURGHERS

[London



Struck in the Daily Express

THE SONG OF THE MOMENT

[London

WORLD TOPICS

Dividends and Disarmament

THE SECRET INTERNATIONAL

ANYONE who has followed the proceedings of the Disarmament Conference, which opened at Geneva last February, might be excused for thinking that delegates and experts had conspired together to maintain the sense of insecurity among the common people of the world, and to keep fixed upon their shoulders the heavy burdens of armaments. But deeper reflection should convince us that the common people get the government, and the armaments, they deserve. Ultimately it is their needs, and their nature, that make war and peace. Through habit or ignorance or apathy they allow themselves and their rulers to be at the mercy of "unseen assassins" (as Sir Norman Angell has described the forces of unbridled nationalism) which appear in forms that are hateful, and for which, so they think, they are not responsible.

Remove the cause and the effect will disappear. That, one imagines, is the reasoning that should be applied to the problem of war. But it is not a case of one cause. There are many causes, not the least of which spring from elements in human nature that some think can "never be changed". Such an argument, however, has not prevented the rule of law, and the policeman, within national boundaries—a rule that was made possible by attacking causes less unchangeable than human nature. It is of

vital importance that similar causes of international strife should be discovered and brought out into the light of public knowledge.

IT has been calculated that the last war cost the world more than ten million dead, to say nothing of the loss inflicted upon wounded, orphans, war widows and refugees.

In money the cost to the four leading Powers among the Allies was:

British Empire	£10,054,000,000
France	£ 8,126,639,000
U.S.A.	£ 5,519,594,000
Italy	£ 3,502,200,000

But even in times of "peace" the burden of war, casting its shadow before it, weighs heavily upon the world. *Si vis pacem para bellum*. So far, for lack of a practical alternative, we act upon this maxim up to the hilt. The following figures, reasonably accurate, refer to the cost of armaments in the year 1930-1931:

Great Britain	£94,375,000
Europe	£520,000,000
The World	£900,000,000

An examination of the British Budget will show that nearly three-quarters is accounted for by interest on the National Debt and Sinking Fund, War Pensions and Armaments.

It is almost universally recognized that uncontrolled competition in armaments is



New Clarion

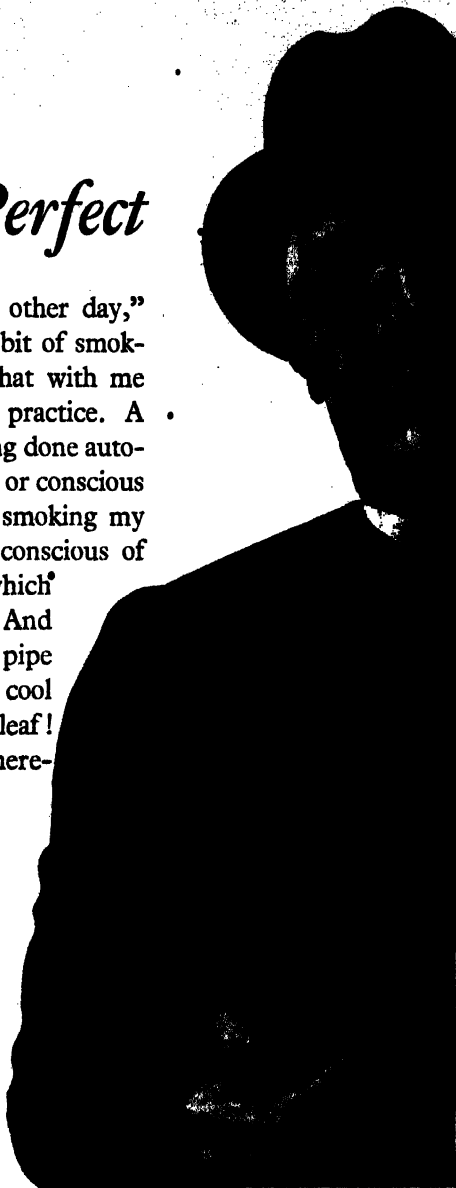
"There you are, Sir—nearly as smart as you were in 1914"

[London

A. Practice Made Perfect

"Somebody was talking the other day," said the Vicar, "about the habit of smoking. I ventured to remark that with me smoking was not a habit but a practice. A habit seems to imply something done automatically, without deliberation or conscious thought. But all the time I'm smoking my Three Nuns I am intensely conscious of those excellent qualities by which it makes life more fragrant. And whenever I settle down to a pipe I say to myself: 'What a cool smoke! What a beautiful leaf! How slowly it burns—and therefore how cheap it is!'"

*For FREE SAMPLE send a postcard
to Dept. R.V., Stephen Mitchell &
Son, 36 St. Andrew Square, Glasgow.
Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Co.
(of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd.*



THREE NUNS

the tobacco of curious cut — is. 2½d. an ounce

one of the chief causes of war between nations. What is less known is that this competition arises just as much from the profit-making activities of the private firms that supply armaments, as from national policy.

MR. H. W. NEVINSON, the distinguished writer and war-correspondent, referred last month in the *New Statesman and Nation* to private armament firms "aiming only at dividends by promoting wars and rumours of wars", which send their agents to Disarmament Conferences. "Is there no publication", he asked, "ready to expose the abominations of these assassins who grow rich upon the blood of the innocent and ignorant peoples of the world?"

These are strong words. But they appear to be justified by two pamphlets issued respectively by the Union of Democratic Control and the League of Nations Union. There may be some who will object that the authors of *The Secret International* and *Traffic in Arms* are "pacifists" and therefore certain to be biased in their opinions. Both these pamphlets, however, are based upon facts which can be verified, and in the case of the first the sources of information are given with commendable accuracy. The opinions can be judged for what they are worth, apart from the facts.

THE U.D.C. pamphlet devotes chapters to the British Armaments Industry, Armament Firms abroad, The Government and War Contractors, and War Scares and Armament Contracts. Each of these deserve comment. In Great Britain the largest and most important armament firm is Vickers, Ltd., "which goes back to the business of George Naylor, founded in 1790". The early history of Vickers, Ltd., is bound up with the romantic career of Sir Basil Zaharoff who, born in Greece of poor parents in 1849, eventually became one of the richest men in the world through traffic in arms—the real basis of his complex financial operations—and exerted, according to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, "a strong if indirect influence during the world war, and at the Paris Conference, being close friend and

political adviser to Lloyd George, Venizelos, Clemenceau, and Briand." In 1897 the firms of Nordenfeldt and Maxim, with which Zaharoff was associated, were purchased by Vickers, and henceforth he became, according to the U.D.C., "the dominating figure in the firm which was destined to become the leading armaments firm in this country".

Sir Basil Zaharoff is referred to here, not for purpose of censure, but because he is the most outstanding personal example of the legal—one might almost say the moral—profit that at present goes with the manufacture of arms.

In his *Work, Wealth and Happiness of Mankind*, Mr. H. G. Wells concludes that

The picture of an Anatolian Greek, overwhelmed by his riches, adorned with the highest honours France, Britain and Oxford can bestow, and amusing himself by running a gambling palace in his declining years, displayed against a background of innumerable millions of men maimed, tortured, scalded, mutilated and killed, may be an effective indictment of our political traditions, but in no sense is it a personal condemnation. Millions of his contemporaries would have played the same game had they thought of it and known how. There was nothing in their personas to prevent it. If anything is wrong it is in the educational influences, and in the political, economic and financial opportunities that evoke those personas.

Shareholders in armament firms will no doubt take comfort from these words. The U.D.C. points out, however, that according to the files of Somerset House,

There was a feverish anxiety to deal in armament shares in the summer of 1914, and, with the coming of war, we find a number of well-informed persons, certain prominent bankers, and Sir Basil Zaharoff himself, increasing their holdings. Amongst the shareholders at that time were various important people closely associated with the Government.

In 1901 Vickers, Ltd., had become part of the great international Armament Trust, the Harvey United Steel Co. In 1914, after the trust had been dissolved,

Vickers was even larger than Krupps if judged by the size of its share capital, whilst it had many more connections at home and abroad. It had connections with the German factory Loewe and

Co., a member of their factory being on the Vickers Board of Directors. It had factories in Spain, Italy, Russia, Japan and Canada.

In 1927, Vickers, Ltd., having amalgamated with Sir W. G. Armstrong-Whitworth, Ltd., became "the leading armament firm in this country and the most international armament firm in the world".

THE Vickers of France is the Schneider-Creusot firm, which controls the Skoda works in Czecho-Slovakia. Between them they supply armaments to Mexico, Jugoslavia, Greece, Rumania, Turkey, Bulgaria, Montenegro, Russia, Argentina, Spain, Italy, Switzerland, Persia, China and Japan.

It is France, according to *Traffic in Arms*, that "supplies the classic example of Press influence". This is confirmed by the U.D.C., which says that Schneider-Creusot

is the most influential firm in the Comité des Forges, the powerful industrial union in France which played a great part in the Ruhr occupation and admittedly had a considerable influence behind the propaganda for the Saar Basin and the demand at the Peace Conference for the Left Bank of the Rhine. The President of the Comité des Forges is M. François Wendel, who is also a Deputy in the French Chamber and a director of the Bank of France. He has a controlling interest in the best known Nationalist French newspaper, the *Journal des Débats*, and recently he acquired a controlling number of shares in *Le Temps* with Mr. de Peyerinhoff, who is the President of the Comité des Houillères.

These facts are not in dispute. They have recently been referred to in the *Political Quarterly* by Mr. Kingsley Martin, who, writing on Gorguloff (assassin of President Doumer) and the Press, shows how the subsidised papers attempted to make political capital out of the affair.

The same influence was at work during the early stages of the Disarmament Conference. In the columns of the *Echo de Paris*, M. de Kerillis launched a "campaign against disarmament" (*Echo de Paris*, March 10th, 1932). His propaganda fund, and the advertisement pages of the paper, were heavily subscribed to by interested firms connected with Schneider.



Fitzpatrick in the Post-Despatch

[St. Louis

MORAL: ABOLISH WAR

THE Treaty of Versailles prohibited the manufacture and traffic in armaments by Germany, and the famous firm of Krupps proceeded to beat its sword into ploughshares. Nevertheless, in 1927 Krupps acquired shares in the Swedish Bofors Ordnance and Drydock Company, which operates with Krupps patents. According to the U.D.C.,

Krupps also have connections with armament factories in Holland where a considerable amount of armaments has been manufactured for Germany, and with factories in Russia, where a large industry with important German connections has developed in recent years.

THE most interesting point about the armament industry in America is that most of its firms were involved in the Shearer case. We learn from *The Secret International* that

Mr. Shearer was an American publicist who had had an eventful career as a lobbyist for a big navy and merchant marine, as a promoter of night clubs, theatres, and an ally of bootleggers. In 1929 Mr. Shearer sued the three largest shipbuilding corporations in America—the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corporation, the Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Co., and the American

Brown Boveri Corporation—for \$255,655, the balance due to him for his services (which he held with reason to have been successfully rendered) in preventing any effective disarmament resulting from the Naval Conference in Geneva in 1927. He admitted that he had already received \$51,230. He claimed the remainder as a reward for his skill in influencing orders for battleships that would never have seen the Atlantic if the Disarmament Conference had proved successful.

Mr. Shearer, says the author of *Traffic in Arms*, described himself at the enquiry into his activities as "American, Christian, Protestant, and Patriot". The U.D.C. affirms that he has been present in Geneva during the 1932 Conference.

THE outstanding point about armaments that should be made known to the public is that they are manufactured almost entirely by private firms, free from Government control, which acquire large profits for their shareholders.

"Since all Governments aim at the highest war efficiency," says the U.D.C., "they plan on the basis of a possible quick expansion at the outbreak of war." For this reason the private firms must be permitted to sell arms where they can find a market in times of peace, and encouraged to develop as large a peace-time export industry as possible. An armament manufacturer knows that increased sales in the foreign market, whether supplied by his own firm or another, increases the demand in the home market. "While nations compete for arms, armament firms have every inducement not to compete. They all stand to gain by each other's increase of business."

The armament manufacturer is above patriotism. In the South African War the Boers shot British soldiers with British rifles. . . . During the last few months many of the guns with which the Chinese have been defending themselves against the Japanese have been supplied by Japanese manufacturers.

In Japan, Vickers-Armstrong has a subsidiary company, Kabushiki Kwaisha Nihon Seiko-Sho (Japan Steel Works) which is part of the Mitsui concern, the dominating armament industry in that country. Thus in the preparations for the "war" in China, Japanese firms have been working under contract with Vickers, and the

Japanese army has fought with the most modern armaments on land and sea.

IN Great Britain the export of arms is controlled by Government licence, which is "virtually a matter of form", and provides "no real check". Such licences have the formal endorsement of the Board of Trade, the Foreign Office, the Admiralty or War Office or Air Ministry. Questions in the House of Commons "have elicited from the Board of Trade statements of the number of licences granted, but the firms to which they have been granted are never divulged".

France makes sure of the Little Entente by granting loans to her allies, who satisfy their creditor by purchasing guns and rifles from French armament firms, and are thus dependent upon them for munitions of the same type.

In general [concludes the U.D.C.] we may summarize by saying that armament firms sell wherever there is a market and that Government control, in so far as they control at all, simply consists in seeing to it that certain markets, which they wish to see supplied by firms of their own nationality, have the necessary credit.

SO much for a cursory review of the facts. How should they be received by public opinion?

Complete abolition of armaments is a proposal that does not come within the bounds of common sense: it is not practical politics. Armaments are necessary. They have to be made by someone. At present, in all countries where industrial capitalism holds good, they are made almost entirely by private firms, whose interest is to obtain Government contracts, to sell armaments abroad, and to pay dividends to shareholders. We learn from *The Secret International* that

In Vickers, Ltd., . . . there are 80,000 shareholders. An examination of the lists of shareholders in Somerset House shows that there are persons in every class of Society who stand to profit financially by an increase in the sale of arms. The list is an extraordinary one; there are politicians and publicists, Cabinet Ministers, leading members of Parliament, titled persons and humble people in every station of life. Oddly

mough there is a noticeable high proportion of clergymen.

The U.D.C. quotes an impressive list of names. But no useful purpose will be served by referring to them here. Most departments of industry are directly or indirectly concerned with the manufacture of arms. Things being what they are, the moral position of a shareholder in Vickers, Ltd., is the same as if he held shares in the Imperial Tobacco Company.

THE fact remains that many people have a financial, if not a moral, interest in the increased sale of armaments. What is worse, we know that their representatives have not scrupled to bring influence to bear upon the Press, the Banks, and the Government. This is proved in the case of France. As for Great Britain,



Drawn in the Daily Herald

IT is done

obvious, though the attitude of several English newspapers during the Disarmament Conference has given rise to some speculation.

From *Traffic in Arms* we discover that in September, 1931, a committee of the League of Nations reported that armament firms have

- (1) Been active in fomenting war scares and in persuading their own countries to adopt warlike policies and to increase their armaments.
- (2) Attempted to bribe Government officials both at home and abroad.
- (3) Disseminated false reports concerning the military and naval programmes of various countries in order to stimulate armament expenditure.
- (4) Sought to influence public opinion through

foreign countries.

(5) Organised international armament rings through which the armaments race has been accentuated by playing off one country against another.

(6) Organised international armaments trusts which have increased the price of armaments to governments.

Most people will agree with Lord Cecil that "one of the most vital problems to be solved by the League is the suppression of the private manufacture of arms and the control of traffic in arms". Is it through public ignorance, or public indifference, that the League has thus far failed to bring about a reform that appears to be urgent for the peace of the world?

THE GLEANER

General Pershing says American citizens are openly and that the country is governed by cheap politicians. The sentiment is entirely proper, but, General, is "cheap" exactly the word?—*Indianapolis Star*.

"Siege of Pleasure, The." By Patrick Hamilton. The story of a girl's ruin told with sympathy and pleasant touches of humour.—*Times Book Club List*.

The story goes that Babe Ruth once met General Foch. "Was you," asked Babe, by way of making light conversation, "in the War?"—*New York Morning Telegraph*.

Divisions are mustered. The band plays "Voices of the Guns," and, standing beneath the 15-inch muzzles, we sing in the bright sunlight, "Hark, My Soul, it is the Lord"—a strangely moving proceeding.—*News Chronicle*.

Thomas Bata

THE MAN WHO SHOD EUROPE

THOMAS BATA, having shod Europe, took to the air. Flying was his only recreation, as well as a means of "saving time" in business; and it is because he wanted to save too much time that he met his death a month ago, near his factory town of Zlin, Czechoslovakia. Being unwilling to delay an important journey to Switzerland, his aeroplane set off in bad weather and in a few minutes had crashed through fouling a high-tension cable obscured by fog. Bata and his pilot, a war veteran, were killed instantaneously.

LIKE Kreuger, the match-king of Sweden, the shoe-king was a figure of national importance. But his death, though tragic and a shock to his wife and son, and to his "family" of 30,000 workers, did not provoke a national crisis. As soon as he received the news, M. Udizal, Premier of Czechoslovakia, broke off a Cabinet meeting and went to Zlin, where he reassured the members of the firm, and satisfied himself that it was financially sound. It is a fact, according to the *Daily Telegraph*, that Bata had encountered difficulties owing to the world crisis. To safeguard himself he had started factories abroad (only recently he bought 600 acres of land in Essex) and had even gone so far as to support the Tardieu plan for a union of the Danubian States. His friends had noticed that he seemed depressed after his flying Indian tour; there are people, strange as it may seem to men like Bata, who prefer to walk barefoot on the earth.

Bata was no financial adventurer, in the worst sense of the term, like Kreuger. His business may have been big, perhaps too big, for its boots. But he himself was apparently as honest as the mottoes that decorated his factory walls.

THOMAS BATA, son of a small shoemaker in Prague, was born in 1874. After working for a time with his father, he started his first factory in 1904 at Zlin, the small town whose population was to grow, owing to Bata's efforts, from five to thirty-six

thousand. During the war, Bata prospered with army contracts. But it was his visit to America that really converted him to the gospel of Ford. Indeed, the account that has come to England of the Bata factories and the organisation of his workers bears a strong resemblance to the ones so often told in connection with the magnate of Detroit.

Two of Bata's principles in business were, never to fall below a minimum output ensuring a profit, and never to accumulate stocks. Like all great captains, whether of industry or war, he practised decentralisation: each department and workshop was autonomous. He had instituted co-partnership and profit sharing—a method of capitalism that may help to keep the Communist wolf from the door—and he was entitled to claim that his firm provided "a service to mankind yielding profit to all." One half of the workman's share in profits was retained and put back into the business, interest at 10 per cent being paid on the capital.

The workers were chosen, after examination, from the local peasantry. As apprentices they rose at 5.30 a.m. and did "physical jerks." In the evening, after hours in the factory, they attended courses in commerce and languages. According to *The Times*, Bata had established a birth bounty fund:

Each worker's child is made the owner at birth of a saving deposit with a credit of 1,000 crowns on which 10 per cent interest is paid so long as the father and mother work in the factory.

Trade Unions were forbidden, but members of the firm were represented by works councils. Was it for this reason—the combination of dictatorship with some show of democracy—that Bata was able to produce 180,000 pairs of boots and shoes a day and to establish 1,900 retail shops at home and 600 abroad? Supporters of paternalism in modern rationalised industry may think so. But Bata has his critics. The writer of the "London Diary" in *The New Statesman and Nation* calls to witness a "friend who knows something of Zlin from the inside":

Not only are the wages low and all unionism barred at Zlin, but, so I am told, the hours are not fixed, and if there is a sudden rush order, the employees may be required to work until any hour at night, though this does not mean that the whole twenty thousand of them will not be hauled out of bed as usual at 5.30 to do their compulsory daily jerks before clocking in at 6 o'clock.

BATA, having made Zlin, became its mayor. He owned the local press, and controlled through his advertising most of the newspapers that were likely to reach the town. He founded a Social Department which built houses, hostels, a large store serving 6,000 meals a day, a nursery for workers' children, and a model hospital. Let this care for other people's lives in the cause of efficiency, however honourable its intention may have been, seems to have over-reached itself slightly in the department of politics and morals. The same writer in *The New Statesman and Nation* says:

Bata seems to have been as anxious about the moral as about the physical welfare of his workers. He owned every house and shop in Zlin, and as Mayor of the town commanded the police as well as a highly efficient intelligence service. My friend tells me that, when he knew Zlin, girls in Bata's employ found out of doors after ten o'clock at night were liable to be arrested as prostitutes and medically examined, and the same procedure might be adopted if a girl showed signs of spending more money on her dress than her wages seemed likely to make possible. Men and women employees were subjected to regular examination for venereal disease, and were required to be married at the age of 25.

If this report is true, can it be that the workers accepted such a ruling of their lives owing to the suggestive influence of Bata's favourite slogans—"Life is no romance," "I don't work for myself; I work for you"?

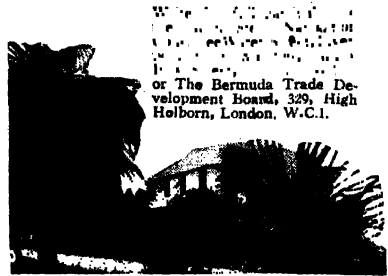
BOOTS and shoes may have been the purpose of this extraordinary man's life, but he brought genius, even eccentricity, to his accomplishment. It has been said that his only recreation was business. For business and pleasure he owned a fleet of aeroplanes which enabled him, as the *Daily Herald* tells us, to act upon his impulses like lightning:

Bermuda

for the holiday of your dreams

Have you dreamt of a holiday spent amidst the brilliant birds and blossoms of a coral island? Make your dream come true in Bermuda. Charming sea gardens, magic caves, await your delighted discovery. You can swim, yacht, play golf or tennis, in enchanting surroundings. You will find a warm-hearted welcome in this peaceful little colony, so remote from the world of everyday rush and hurry. Come!

Fares reduced to: 1st Class: Single £30 Return £54. 2nd Class: Single £20, Return £36.



"The Bedouins don't wear boots," said a traveller to Bata one morning. In the evening Bata was flying to Jerusalem. He had decided that the mounted Bedouin should wear Bata boots, peasant women should trudge to market in high-heeled Bata shoes.

This is the age of rationalised industry and mass production. It brings its gains and its losses. Men like Thomas Bata, who combine the old-fashioned paternalism of Robert Owen (father of the English co-operative movement) with American methods of production, no doubt actuated by disinterested motives, "deliver the goods" as never before. Do their workers become robots or human beings? In Bata's case, it would be necessary to go to Zlin to find out; though the general opinion of his countrymen seems to be that Bata was a high-principled captain of industry, devoted as much to the welfare of his workers as to the prosperity of his business.

If men are to be free, they must control themselves. To what extent should they be controlled by their masters?

Statesmen of the Wider World

The Rt. Hon. R. B. BENNETT

OF the many pleasant informal features of the Imperial Economic Conference which opened in Ottawa last month, possibly the most pleasant has been the impromptu reconciliation of Mr. Bennett, the Canadian Prime Minister, and Mr. J. H. Thomas, the Secretary of State for the Dominions.

Mr. Thomas, it may be remembered, was Dominions Secretary in the Labour Government at the time of the last Imperial Conference. Mr. Bennett, then newly appointed Prime Minister of Canada, was chief Canadian delegate, and in that capacity proposed a 10 per cent tariff on British imports. Rightly or wrongly, his proposal was in some quarters considered ambiguous, and by Mr. Thomas described as "humbug."

The criticism thus offered—of a kind which would be impossible between alien nations—was amended at a dinner given at the Chateau Laurier for the delegates to the present Imperial Conference, when Mr. Thomas humorously told Mr. Bennett that he forgave him all he had ever said of him. The forgiveness, Mr. Bennett replied, was mutual. It was well that it should be so. For both Mr. Bennett and Mr. Thomas had been mistaken: Mr. Bennett in his implied assumption that imperial development meant one and the same thing to Englishmen and Canadians; Mr. Thomas in his estimate of the man.

RICHARD Bedford Bennett has been called many things by his opponents. Never before had he been called "humbug," and never has he deserved so to be called. Contradictions there may be in his character, at any rate to English seeming. But most of them will be found on examination to be but different facets of that composite Canadian character which he represents as well as any man to-day.

BY a division which is natural at once economically, geographically, and psychologically, most Canadians are known either as Easterners or as Westerners. Bennett is both. He was born, in July 1870, in the East, at a wooden cottage in the New Brunswick hamlet of Hopewell, and of a family settled on the shores of the Bay of Fundy since the American War of Independence. His remote forbears were United Empire Loyalists—the company of men preferring British

allegiance to American independence who migrated north to Canada—and his grandfather was a prosperous builder of the wooden clipper ships famous in the middle of the last century.

With the era of iron and steam his family's fortunes declined, and his father was poor. But Richard was given the best education the local schools could afford, and by using the teaching profession as a stepping stone, was able to study for a degree in law at



Racey in the Montreal Star

[Montreal

CANADA WELCOMES THE EMPIRE

he old established Dalhousie University in Halifax. He had already served his apprenticeship in a lawyer's office, and after taking his degree he was admitted in 1895 to the Bar of New Brunswick. By ancestry and training an Easterner, he practised for while at Chatham, in his native New Brunswick, with every prospect of success.

[HEN, in 1897, came the call of the West.

He was offered and accepted a partnership in a law office at Calgary. Calgary was at that time the last of the prairie towns, and his partner there, the late Sir James Cougheed, was a leader in Conservative politics. Bennett made the most of his opportunities. In the practice of the law he flourished. He became Western Counsel

the less remained faithful to him, and is faithful to him still. In 1911, when he abandoned provincial for Dominion politics, he was elected member for Calgary in the Dominion Parliament, and has held that office ever since. How much that means may be better understood when it is recalled that for a great part of his time in Parliament he has been the *only* Conservative among the fifty members from the three Prairie Provinces.

Office came to him comparatively late in his Parliamentary life. Significantly, when it came it was of the first order. In 1921 he was Minister of Justice for a few months, and in 1926 Minister of Finance for the short period of the election campaign. His

became Prime Minister had probably the largest legal practice between Winnipeg and the Pacific Coast. Nor was his success only financial. He established a high reputation among his colleagues, and is known in London from his appearances before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council.

In politics he flourished no less. British origin, devoted to British tradition, he was yet a political realist of the type the prairie Provinces desired. The men who poured into these provinces before the War were of many nationalities—American, Western European, Asiatic. Few of them were British in origin, and a great number anti-British in spirit. Bennett described them truly when he said that they would make "Canadians, but not Britishers."

And it was a political philosophy founded on this political reality which made his career. Twelve months after his arrival in Calgary he was elected to the Legislative Assembly of the North-West Territories. In 1905, after the Provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan had been formed, he became leader of the small band of Conservatives in the Provincial Legislature.

CALGARY'S support of him, and through him of Conservatism, is believed to have been responsible in part for the decision to make Edmonton, and not Calgary, the provincial capital. His adopted city none

since in the Dominion. Under Mr. Arthur Meighen the Conservative Party had been defeated three times in succession. The party met at Winnipeg in 1927 to find a new leader, and chose Richard Bennett by a large majority.

The unpopularity of Mr. Meighen's conscription legislation during the War had been largely responsible for the defeat of the Conservative Party in Quebec. Mr. Bennett had opposed conscription. But he was chosen for party leadership less as a man acceptable to French Canada than as a representative of the ever-growing West. In the light of Canadian political tradition it was a bold choice. There had never been a Prime Minister of Canada from West of Ontario, and Bennett, though born in the East, had passed the whole of his political life in the West.

It seemed a bold choice, too, when the man himself was considered. For, though politically of the West, Bennett was socially of the East. He disliked reporters and he disliked publicity—a characteristic much more rare on the North American Continent than in Europe. His manner was reserved. He was one of the few men in Canada to wear a top hat. He lacked, in short, those qualities of a "good mixer" which are generally considered essential to political success in a young nation. But what he lacked in this respect he made up in energy

New Zealand, Canada and South Africa combined are only purchasing from us at the rate of £58,000,000 per annum, whereas we are buying from them at the rate of £151,000,000 per annum—a balance against this country of £93,000,000. "In other words," he continued, "Britain is buying nearly three times as much from these Dominions as they buy from us, and this fully accounts for thousands of ships entering British ports from these Dominions and foreign countries fully laden and returning empty. I ask you whether this is fair treatment of the products of British labour. This is not free trade, nor Empire free trade, nor Imperial preference; it is sheer economic insanity. Some foreign countries are so alive to the fact that this deplorable state of affairs is about to be remedied by our new tariff weapon that their representatives are already lining up to negotiate for reciprocal trade agreements. The representatives of the Dominions are also lining up—but with a different object. Not to thank us for the immunity from our tariffs and free access to our markets which they have enjoyed so long, and still enjoy, and to offer us a *quid pro quo*, but to prove the truth of the cynical axiom that 'gratitude is a lively sense of favours to come.' Notwithstanding their relatively small purchases from us, they now, as a condition of buying more of our manufactures, want Britain to impose such tariffs, or set up quota boards, as will enable them to control this country's supplies of certain foodstuffs—mutton, lamb, butter, fruit, etc. The one incontrovertible fact, that cannot be too widely known, is that, in view of the strikingly small purchases from us by the Dominions in comparison with our large purchases from them, the Dominions are not even entitled to the preferential freedom from our tariffs which they are already receiving, let alone any right to expect further sacrifices. Yet we have recently seen in the press that a prominent Dominion Minister stated, 'We anticipate no difficulty at Ottawa regarding fruit.'" Undoubtedly the proper thing for this country to do now that we have a tariff with which to negotiate is, in the words of Mr. Sing, the Chairman of the Union Cold

Storage Company, to bargain with the Dominions as well as foreign countries. He showed that a dangerous situation confronts this country at the Ottawa Conference through the proposals which those representing large interests will press there; which would result in great injury not only to the vast numbers of the middle and poorer classes of Britain, but to the whole British nation. They aim at securing agreements which would destroy the spirit of world-wide enterprise and courage born in our people which has resulted in making Britain's position throughout the world superior to that of any other nation. All those with interests to serve are marshalling their forces, and as Ottawa approaches "we see in the press long articles and cables distorted in their favour and so worded as to avoid anything that would enlighten the public concerning facts that would show the folly of Britain agreeing to their proposals." As the Union Cold Storage Company has three freezing works in New Zealand, but only one each in Argentina and Uruguay and buys a far larger number of sheep and lambs in Australia and New Zealand than in South America, its Chairman's remarks are undoubtedly worthy of the most careful consideration.

INDIA

THE REVENGEFUL CAMEL

IN Lahore, India, a camel deliberately killed its master six months after he had offended the beast by keeping it under undue restraint. "This", said the *Pioneer Mail* of Allahabad, "only goes to confirm our worst suspicions of the camel."

The creature has never ranked very high in our estimation, though sometimes it has been very high in our nostrils. If ever there was an animal born with a grudge against life, it is the camel. Appearances may as a rule be deceptive, but in this case they are not so. Having been cursed with a malformation on its back which makes it peculiarly suitable as a beast of burden, the camel has got a perpetual hump. One has only to look at its face to know how it feels about the general scheme of things. Old Omar

did not think it more sorry than does our *ount*. No human countenance ever expressed such disgust, no human lip ever sneered so satirically as the camel's. A most expressive curl of contempt for man and all his works is its distinguishing mark. Its disposition matches its disgruntled expression. No one has ever heard of a camel being attached to its master except by a string. It cannot by any stretch of the imagination be called a faithful steed. Unlike the horse and the elephant, it shows no affection and can be taught no tricks. True, its feet are specially constructed for walking on sand, and having discovered this, man proceeds to exploit the beast by calling it the ship of the desert. It retaliates by moving with a motion about ten times more sickening than the worst "tub" that ever rolled and pitched about the ocean. A long ride on camel-back for the first time induces nausea and stiffness such as no other

means of locomotion can do. Nor does this exhaust the list of the camel's grievances. Its nasty nature derives from a more fundamental fact—its internal construction. As the schoolboy aptly put it in his essay. "The camel can go thirty days without a drink, but who wants to be a camel?" Here we have the true explanation of the camelious hump.

AMERICA

THE PIN-PRICK CURE

SOME people will try anything and anyone to heal them of their pains. But though Coué is fresh in our memory, no specialist in acupuncture has crossed the Channel, though there is one not far off, according to the *Literary Digest*:

Although acupuncture is no more than pricking with a needle, its healing effects among the Chinese have bewildered the western world for centuries. The "needle" may be no more than an ordinary copper

1 1/2^o per oz.

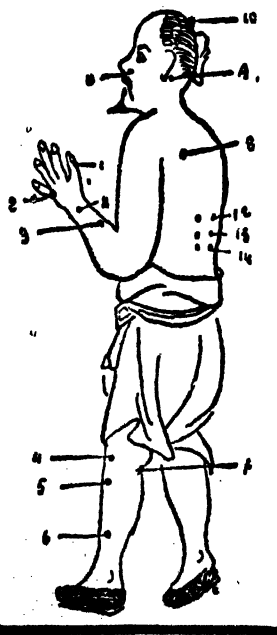
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MEDIUM
NAVY CUT

*for the pipe
that is perfect*

PLAYER'S
NAVY MIXTURE or NAVY CUT TOBACCO

wire sharpened at the point. No drug is used.

Physicians who suspect that imagination or suggestion explains the "cures" effected by acupuncture are admonished to revise their views by Dr. George Soulié de Morant in the *Mercure de France* (Paris). With the active aid of Dr. Paul Ferreyrolles, he asserts that he has established the following conclusions regarding results actually obtained:



Literary Digest

THE PIN-PRICK CURE

[U.S.A.]

Some of the points where a jab with a needle is said to cure disease

"Immediate cessation of violent sciatic pains or facial neuralgias against which all previous treatments availed nothing.

"Asthmatic agonies ceased in a few moments.

"Eczema cured.

"Hemorrhoids yielded to the treatment.

"Gastric pains were at once eased."

"Constipation and incontinence due to bladder conditions were cured."

A direct relation, Dr. Soulié tells us, seems to exist between the site of the puncture and the organ to be affected. The Chinese have their acupuncture experts who claim to know the lines of communication between the site of any given puncture and the bodily organ reacting to it. Granting that failures occur in some cases, the larger number of successes, the Paris doctor believes, would indicate a field of exploration which the western world ought not longer to neglect or to disparage.

PROHIBITION AND POLITICS

PROHIBITION is going to be one of the most important issues of the American Presidential Election, due in November. The *St. Louis Post Dispatch* shows that the wind of public opinion is blowing from a "wet" quarter.

Common sense and the liquor problem, as typified in Canada, offers a marked contrast to nonsense and the liquor problem, as typified in the United States.

Canada collected \$73,000,000 in liquor taxes during the year 1931, or approximately the amount spent for unemployment relief. She found liquor the greatest single source of revenue, with the exception of the combined individual and corporation income tax.

During the same year, the United States spent some \$60,000,000 in the vain effort to enforce our dry laws, and forfeited revenue, based on Canadian consumption and rates, of \$500,000,000, or half the amount to be raised in the tax bill just passed by Congress.

In Canada, the price of distilled liquor is \$4 a quart, of which the central government takes in taxes \$2.25 to \$2.50, and the provincial stores 75 cents.

In the United States, the price per quart ranges as high as \$10 to \$12, of which the Government gets nothing, profits going to the underworld and to corrupt officials.

And, Canada has watched the consumption of hard liquor decline, from a pre-war figure of 5,000,000 gallons by a population of



(Patrick in the Post-Dispatch)

(St. Louis)

BAD NEWS FOR THE UNDERWORLD

\$8,000,000, to 2,500,000 gallons in 1931 by a population of 10,000,000.

Deprived of good beer and light wines, the people of our country are turning more and more to gin and whisky for stimulation.

Some \$250,000,000 was collected by Canada in tourist revenue last year, and most of it was contributed by Americans who crossed the border to enjoy Canadian liquor.

Convictions for drunkenness, violation of the liquor laws and driving while intoxicated fell off in Canada during 1931, as did also deaths from alcoholism.

This country, theoretically dry, witnesses widespread law violation, increasing drunkenness, more deaths caused by intoxicated drivers and poisonous booze.

Canadian provinces, instead of promoting the sale of liquor, are curbing its use. They refuse to sell to unemployed persons, or to persons receiving charitable relief.

By legal prohibition, the United States is promoting the consumption of liquor by giving it the lure of forbidden fruit.

Such are the distinctions between common sense and nonsense.

Is it any wonder that John D. Rockefeller, Jr., who gave \$350,000 to the Anti-Saloon League, admits national prohibition to be

a failure and enlists under the banner of Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler?

Or that the Republican and Democratic parties, which held their national conventions in Chicago last month, were disposed to adopt identical planks for the purpose of submitting this issue to the people?

Senator Borah says the plank proposed for the Republicans by Mr. Garfield and his conferees is a sham, but nothing that can serve to get the question before the people in the constitutional manner would be a sham, weasel-word it as the parties may.

FRANCE**A GERMAN VIEW OF BRIAND**

M. BRIAND, who died last March, was perhaps the most eminent French statesman of this century, not excepting Clemenceau. He is the subject of an article in the *Political Quarterly* by Emil Ludwig, the German historian-biographer, and the following short extract gives an impression of him and his work that is singularly appropriate at the present time.

Briand's world fame is now five years old, and yet he had been preaching nearly fifty years on behalf of the cause for which he is now renowned. His most profound conviction, representing half of the programme he set himself as a young socialist, was what he stood for as an old statesman. He never betrayed his international, anti-chauvinistic, anti-military spirit—during the war every man had to save his own skin—and those who opposed him during the middle period of his life, and called him a traitor can, therefore, feel nothing but respect, now that he has brought his career to such a well-rounded conclusion. Yet he did not succeed at Locarno, not did he create the European Union. Like Edison, he attacked things as they were with such enthusiasm and constructed his work with so much imagination that his name has really become the byword for the original advocate of peace.

Since the Anglo-American guarantee for French security was eliminated from the Versailles Treaty by the resistance of Congress, the statesmen of France—and Briand most of all—sought to find some

substitute. At the Cannes Conference, early in 1922, when he tried to gain an English guarantee of French security in exchange for the English demands for a more moderate attitude towards German reparations, Poincaré opposed him strenuously, and is generally supposed to have caused his fall. A few days after the conference at Cannes he made a speech before the Chamber of Deputies, defending himself, and even his closest friends did not know whether he would remain or resign. Indeed, an expert assured me that Briand improvised his own resignation. He listened and watched in his own way how the deputies moved about. He looked at their faces, listened to their weak applause and heckling, and then closed his speech with this sudden statement: "All this would have been my programme. Since I see that it is not approved, I resign."

When he returned to power in 1925, he found amongst the papers of his predecessor, Herriot, a German document that had been there since February, and that outlined a pact between Germany, France, Belgium, England and Italy, and that guaranteed security from any attack not only to France but also to Germany. It was complete in every respect, and Briand took it up and had it adopted at Locarno. The way he did this, the way he spoke and acted, gives him, historically, the reputation and title of a great, reconciling Frenchman. It was not only the tone of personal responsibility in which he always said "I," whereas Sir Austen Chamberlain always spoke of "His Majesty's Government," it was still more the natural human note that he struck. In the fishing village of Ascona, where I live and write these words, he once said to a German Chancellor, "You are German, I am French. On that ground we shall have difficulty in understanding each other. But I can be French and a good European at the same time; you, German and a good European. Two good Europeans must understand each other."

We visionaries and authors on both banks of the Rhine had been talking that way for eleven years, but no statesman had dared to express such sentiments. After the Locarno Treaty, Briand discovered a new

language. "We have spoken European, a new language that should be learned." When he returned home as a bringer of peace, and Paris rejoiced about him, he said to his friends in the station, "I have won back my youth."

AUSTRALIA

"THE ISLE OF DOGS"

WRITING in the *Sydney Mail*, "C. Coral" makes some interesting remarks about dogs and their early history among the primitive islanders of northern Australia.

What is the first record of the Australian dog or of the dingo? Discoveries of skeletons going back to a considerable period have been made, of course. But the first reference seems to be in the recently-discovered and translated document of Captain De Prado, who made the trip with Torres in 1606. He relates that in passing through Torres Strait they came to an island and anchored, "and all night the dogs were howling, which caused terror." The next day, "the soldiers killed a good-sized dog, the flesh of which was better than that of venison," and the party went in search of more dogs, which, however, got away from them. In consequence of their experience they named the island "Isla de los Perros"—the Isle of Dogs. Its locality is given as somewhere on 10 degrees latitude, which would be in the region of the central part of Torres Strait. Not quite two hundred years later, when the shipwrecked company of H.M.S. *Pandora* (which had some of the Bounty mutineers on board) were making their way through Torres Strait to Timor they anchored for the night in their small boats off what is thought to be Horn Island, close to Thursday Island. Here, so their journal relates, they were considerably frightened by the howling of "wolves" all night, and kept close watch where they were camped on shore. The "wolves" were perhaps dingoes, but were most likely the dogs which at that time were kept in numbers on practically every island in the Strait, not so much for purposes of hunting as to

give alarm when nocturnal or other visitors came along. Canoes from other islands frequently descended on head-hunting expeditions, and the vigilance of the dogs helped to save many a man his head.

One island, Moa, had the dog as its "Augud," or god, and a big figure of a dog modelled in thick turtleshell was kept in a secret cave and brought out at certain times for the big ceremonies. The Murray Islanders also had a "dog dance" figuring in their ceremonies. In Darnley Island legend the dog goes back a long period and helps to bring about the discovery of the use of fire for cooking.

There seems to have been some trading done in dogs between the Torres Strait islanders and the adjoining inhabitants of Papua; but one of the greatest insults in the Strait is for one person to call another a dog and insinuate that he is an eater of dog's flesh. "What! You think I all same New Guinea man?" he asks with scorn. The mainlander of Australia round about Cape York had (and still has) his crowds of dogs, used mainly for hunting; but there was close connection between these people and the islands of the Prince of Wales Group, not far distant, which might account for the large numbers of dogs in the Strait. Wrecked ships helped in introducing new breeds; and some very large dogs are spoken of as having come from one ship in the past.

CANADA

BACK TO THE LAND

THE Canadian *Vancouver Sun* recently printed an article by "Wildwood" in which the advantages of life on the land, as compared with the city, were persuasively argued. After noting that the countryman and the townsman each hanker after the supposed joys of the other's existence, the writer asked: "Is poverty easier in the city than in the country?" His answer, slightly abridged, was set forth as follows:

The basic problem is not "making money," it is the more primitive task of just living.

Having nothing but life, where shall it be lived? In the city, with debt and charity,

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or in the country, where some fundamentals can be reached and kept?

Naturally, the soil of the country is more generous than the hard city street, and will yield the season's increase.

There will be present relief from rent, prospective succour in harvest, and an exalting satisfaction in working the home acre, improving one's holding and independence as the months go by.

This freedom of soul will compensate for wages, and is surely an inspiration in times of no wages!

But "the land" is not for every man. Character is not altered by changing location. There must be the desire to live simply, frugally and with the grim independence of one's fathers.

In the city, the family is a liability, on the land it is an asset. The "mouths to feed" are now "hands to work." Weeding, tending and "saving older steps" are chores



Filzpatrick in the Post-Despatch]

[St. Louis

GREAT PROGRESS OF THE MACHINE AGE

that need not be over-burdensome while greatly helping. And on the farm, the wife is certainly the better half. Few bachelors succeed greatly on the land, most farmers owe their well-being to their wives; for keeping the home, for conserving and preserving the home-grown food, for the many outside helps, particularly in the first days of the farm when time is so precious. For manual work and for companionship, the farm-wife is an equal partner, if not the principal one, seeing that farming is mainly living a life rather than making a living. The farm family grows up, and grows together intimately with common problems, in a bond not readily loosened. . . .

"On to the land" is a safe move, better if it be without loans and liens. There is enough clearing to do in logs and stumps without mortgages added to break the man's spirit or worry his careful wife.

Surely the country's experience in soldier settlements has revealed the folly of such debts.

There may be doubtful wisdom in lending cattle and machinery, but the home and the land should be free as the air about it.

Let authorities give acreage and building lumber as they can and will—and then forget

the gift. Interest on capital is the last thing a farm ever pays, and seldom, if ever is it achieved; first things are health, home-ness, freedom of mind, and the joy of working among growing, living things.

CHINA

THOUGHTS ON CHINESE MORALITY

PEARL S. BUCK, the authoress whose book *The Good Earth* made her known to a wide circle of readers, recently contributed an article to the *Yale Review* which was reprinted in *The China Digest*. The subject is one of great interest, and she has dealt with it in an outspoken, sincere manner. Problems of sex arouse strong differences of opinion, and no doubt many people will disagree with the point of view she has expressed. But a realistic facing of facts, and intelligent criticism, should always be welcomed.

Madame Chen was obviously in a very ill temper. She took a puff at her water pipe and said, "That second son's third daughter of mine wants to marry a foreigner!"

I gasped. "A foreigner? I did not know she knew any foreign men!"

The old lady answered with considerable pettishness. "Oh, you know what I mean—I don't mean a white man—I mean one of these little foreign upstarts with horn-rimmed spectacles with plain glass in them—for his eyes are good enough—and foreign clothes."

I hinted that perhaps "foreign" was scarcely the word; "modern," perhaps. But she would not have it. She said with severity, "There are only two kinds of people in the world, Chinese and foreigners."

I know scores of "foreign Chinese." Some of them have spent years abroad; some have never left their own shore. Many of those who have returned from abroad, I find, are full of a longing to go back to foreign lands. Those who have not gone plan with utmost zeal to go as soon as they can. Yet when these "foreign Chinese" are abroad, they give the most exalted impressions of their own country, the profound culture, the high Confucian civilization, the spiritual aspects stressed in contrast with the materialism of the West.

Now, I am the last person to deny the height of the Confucian code and ethics with their perfection of self-control and moral self-culture. The trouble with Confucianism is the same as with Christianity; it has never been really tried on any large scale. I think this is why when the travelled Chinese come back from Europe or America into the real life of their own country they are foreign to it; for it is not what they dreamed it was. Here in Nanking I go to my friend's house next door but one. It is a foreign house, filled with foreign furniture, and the children and the father wear foreign clothes. Such people are citizens of China. But they speak of foreign books, play foreign music, talk of how to earn money at teaching English. There are scores of such homes in this new capital, and their number increases. In a generation or two their children must do much to change the true quality, the peculiar temper, of the Chinese as a people.

To me this is a cause of grief. The world can ill afford to lose the true Chinese culture. By this I do not mean the very fine self-control taught by Confucius. Chinese civilization is a far robuster thing than that. Much as I admire Confucian ethics for the purpose of meditation for scholars, I must confess that their chief usefulness today seems to be decorative.

So I am driven to ask the "foreign" Orientals why, in the name of a good, sturdy humanity, they should want to make it seem that the Chinese are Confucian. Why impress upon this fine, passionate, lively race the pale, cold rules of a man long dead? Why, for instance, be ashamed of the fact that the people are healthily full of sex, that the women bear children at an incredible rate and take pride in it? They should take pride in it. To this, more than to any other single cause, does China owe the continuance of her existence to this day. By her numbers alone has she remained invincible: no nation in the world dares to tackle the job of permanently reducing four hundred million people breeding at an incredible rate.

I do not consider the Chinese people over-sexed or sensual. But if they are not so, it is because sex has been accepted as

★ **200 M.P.H.**
**ON LAND HAS NEVER
 BEEN EXCEEDED
 WITHOUT THE AID
 OF** **WAKEFIELD**
Castrol
MOTOR OIL

an inevitable force in their lives and without reason for repression, normal as food and drink. Young men are married early so as to provide for natural impulses without demands for impossible self-control. Chastity in women is deemed important in certain groups; it is not even expected in others.

I remember once visiting a Chinese friend in an inland city, and being shown about in her company. I asked my friend about one very pretentious building, and she replied with perfect placidity: "That is a new brothel. It has been put up since the railway came through to provide for the number of men who come here without their families."

I asked her if most wives expected their husbands to do thus when they went away from home. She replied, "Yes, for it is impossible for a wife to accompany her husband everywhere."

After the Nanking incident of a few years ago, when my home was occupied by Chinese soldiers, I found on my return that

placated and the Brown army liberated, but in such a way as to give the Defence Ministry a hold over it. If the Defence Ministry could direct, not only the small but technically perfect, professional Reichswehr, but also the Nazi troops, and perhaps the Socialist Reichsbanner and even the "*Arbeitsdienst*" people too, the authority of the State could be concentrated in Schleicher's hands. "Big business" would echo the applause of Junkers and Nazis, for it would be clear that trade union nonsense about wages and arbitration, and the jealousy shown at Weimar for working-class rights, could henceforth be ignored. As far as one can tell, this was the Schleicher plan, but there was one mistake near the beginning; Brüning was to have remained until after Lausanne, where his European reputation might have been useful at the time, while he could subsequently have been blamed for disappointing results. The aged Hindenburg, however, is no mere puppet, nor would his integrity knowingly countenance an intrigue of this kind., Brüning asked straight out for an assurance of confidence from the President and resigned immediately on failing to obtain it.

But General Schleicher made two mistakes, according to Elizabeth Wiskemann. He thought that Brüning would consent to remain as Foreign Minister until after Lausanne, and that Herr von Papen, "an obscure Catholic aristocrat," would bring with him the support of the Catholic Centre Party. Worse still, he and the Government, of which he is the most powerful member, have failed to evolve any constructive plan for dealing with the economic problem. He has, we are told, "declared himself bankrupt in advance."

There remain the Nazis and the Communists. Gregor Strasser, Hitler's principal lieutenant in the Reichstag, made a speech which "seemed really to get down to the economic problem":

But later on in the speech which Strasser broadcast one had looked for some definition and elaboration of these plans; instead came nothing but the well-known Hitler phrases about the spiritual needs of the epoch and the elevation of the pure German spirit. The only importance that could be attached to Strasser's utterances lay in his declaration that to-day his

party is revolutionary, and that only the National Socialists themselves can carry out the programme they support. It looks as if they will make Schleicher's task more difficult than he had hoped. The release of the Brown troops does not seem to have consoled them for the delay in their accession to power in Prussia. The Nazi Right Wing is clearly hysterical and helpless; now the Left Wing Nazis seem also to have declared their bankruptcy in advance, and through the mouth of their own young hopeful.

The Communists, become increasingly Muscovite, have lost votes to the Hitlerites. The National spirit has even become so reactionary as to favour the Hohenzollerns.

Almost suddenly the restoration of the monarchy has become at any rate a topic of conversation and a theme in advertisement. Advertisers should be good psychologists, and when cigarettes are advertised with "*ancien régime*" illustrations it should not be ignored. But beyond that, in a public statement recently, Herr von Gayl, the new Minister of the Interior and one of the most respected of the von Papen Cabinet, declared that he would not deny his conviction that monarchy was the most suitable form of government for a State placed in the centre of Europe, though the question was for the moment unimportant. The foreign Press has of course over-emphasised the monarchist theme, but the notion seems an agreeable one to the numbers of people who feel that any change must be one for the better. There would of course be endless difficulties in attempting a restoration, apart from the claims of the Republic to the loyalty of its own officials. The federal problem would be aggravated. Worst of all, there is no suitable pretender; the favourite name is that of the ex-Crown Prince's eldest son.

But, as if to offset this idea, the writer concludes her article by calling attention to the activities of the Social Democrats, who are revising their programme and "are almost certain to become more revolutionary."

The powers of resistance of German working men have often proved tremendous; here if anywhere Germans have shown an

almost dogged unity of front. Perhaps the far future must be theirs, when some practical synthesis emerges from adversity.

GREAT BRITAIN

COLLOIDAL FUEL

LAST month the *Review of Reviews* drew attention to the experiments with pulverised coal fuel that had been carried out by the Cunard Company. The following article, which gives new facts about the subject, is reprinted from *Industrial Britain*, a monthly news-bulletin issued by the Travel and Industrial Development Association of Great Britain and Ireland.

Experiments made by the Cunard Line in the use of a colloidal fuel on board the S.S. *Scythia* have attracted world-wide attention. It may take some time before a final pronouncement can be made on its value, but indications are very favourable.

Colloidal fuel has an interesting history. In 1913, Plauson, a Russian subject, took out a British patent for a Colloidal fuel prepared by grinding coal to colloidal fineness in fuel oil. Lindon Bates, a citizen of U.S.A., took out a patent in 1919 for stabilised coarse dispersions of carbonaceous substances in oil.

The use of "stabilisers" was mentioned as necessary in both cases. Lindon Bates, for instance, used a lime-rosin grease as a "stabiliser" and creosote as a "peptiser." The cost of grinding to colloidal dimensions was heavy. Also, it was observed after considerable experiments that the stabilised coarse dispersions of Lindon Bates became unstable when heated.

The Cunard Line have now found that stable dispersions of coal and oil can be made by using coal ground to a definite degree of

fineness. No stabiliser or peptiser is required and the dispersions remain stable when heated.

The first crude experiments with the dispersions of pulverised coal in oil fuel were begun on September 26th, 1931. From October 9th until the 19th more extensive experiments on a laboratory scale were carried out. The pulverised coal was hand mixed with a selected fuel oil, and the mixture was thoroughly homogenised. The product was afterwards kept for a fortnight at approximately the boiling point of water without evidence of settling.

The results of these laboratory experiments were sufficiently satisfactory to warrant larger scale tests. Consequently, on January 11th, 1932, 1½ tons of the colloidal fuel were manufactured at the works of the Wallsend Slipway & Engineering Company, Wallsend-on-Tyne.

On June 1st, 1932, further samples were drawn off and it was clear that no settling had taken place. A burning test had also been carried out on approximately a ton of similar colloidal fuel and the experimenters were able to show that this fuel could be handled and burned in existing oil-fuel burning installations, provided the boiler furnaces had already been adopted for the efficient combustion of fuel oil.

Further laboratory tests were made in order to determine the physical and chemical characteristics of the fuel oils which, when suitably mixed and homogenised, will produce stable dispersions, with the result that larger scale tests were then made at Wallsend.

Finally, a quantity of approximately 150 tons of colloidal fuel was made and shipped on board the *Scythia* for a full-scale test at sea, one boiler of four furnaces being isolated on the fuel side for this experiment.



THE WORLD'S HUMOUR



[Humorist]

[London]

'ructulent Burglar (to excited "special" who has seen him emerging from mansion): "'Ere, wot d'you think you are tryin' to whistle at this time o' night—a llinkin little nightingale?"



[Ballyhoo]

[New York]

"Point that damned thing the other way!"



[Clarion]

[London]

WELL!

His wife began to laugh at him.

"You silly," she said; "fancy being superstitious after all these years! Why, do you remember the first time we met? We walked under a ladder, and you said you were sure something horrible would happen to you."

"Well?" said he.—*Tit-bits*.

NOT UP TO STANDARD

Father: "Well, Tommy, how do you think you will like this fellow for a brother?"

Tommy (inspecting the new infant somewhat doubtfully): "Have you got to keep him, dad, or is he only a sample?"—*Pearson's Weekly*.

WELL PUT

"You went to bed very early. How was that?"

"Well, Daddy, I had a row with your wife."—*Keith's*.

CRAMPING HIS STYLE

"Please, ma'am, could you spare me an old coat?"

"But, my good man, the one you are wearing is nearly new."

"I know, ma'am, but it's this coat that's ruining my profession."—*Answers*.

HIGHER EDUCATION

"He was killed in a feud."

"That's what comes of people riding in cheap cars."—*The Gorilla*.

THE PESSIMIST

"I wonder what would happen if you and I ever agreed?"

"I'd be wrong."—*The Gorilla*.

RARE INDEED

"I have bought a rare object. The fountain pen with which Dante wrote the 'Divine Comedy'."

"Fountain pens were not invented in Dante's time."

"That is what makes it rare."—*Il Travaso*, come.

MUST HAVE BEEN

"Why were you away yesterday?"

"I was ill, sir."

"Have you brought a medical certificate?"

"No; I was really ill, sir."—*Evening News*.

SHE-DEVIL

Tony: "Mummy, is the devil a man?"

Mummy: "Oh, no, dear, much worse!"

Tony: "Is he a woman, then, mummy?"—*oyal*.

CHICAGO STORY

"See here," said the gangster's wife, "you're an hour late for dinner. What's been happening?"

"Sorry, m'dear, but I was arrested."

"Oh, yeah? D'you expect me to believe that one?"—*Royal*.

THE LOSER

A minister discovered two of his flock playing cards on Sunday—and for money.

"Rastus," he said, "don't you know it's wrong to play cards on the Sabbath?"

"Yes, passon," replied the sinner, ruefully, "an', believe me, Ah's payin' foh ma sins."—*The Hudsonian*.

A SURPRISE FOR FATHER

Son: "Dad, you remember telling me how you were expelled from school?"

Father: "Yes, my boy. That was a good story. But it's ancient history now."

Son: "It's funny how history repeats itself, isn't it?"—*L'Illustre, Lausanne*.

GETTING THE LOW-DOWN

Through the good offices of an influential American residing in Paris, an ambitious young girl from New York obtained an audience with Sacha Guitry, the famous actor, who graciously consented to hear her recite.

After listening to a classical or two, the great actor went up to the young aspirant for histrionic honours and placed his hand on her head, as in benediction.

"My dear child," said he, "marry soon. Good-bye!"—*New York Morning Telegraph*.

TRUE REPENTANCE

"Child! This is awful! Aren't you extremely sorry that you bit Nannie?"

"Yes! I hated the taste!"—*Humorist*.

COURAGE

"Darling, will you marry me?"

"Have you seen Mother?"

"Yes, but I still love you."—*Keith's*.

FAME

"What's your name?" the grocery store manager asked the young applicant for a job.

"Scott," replied the lad.

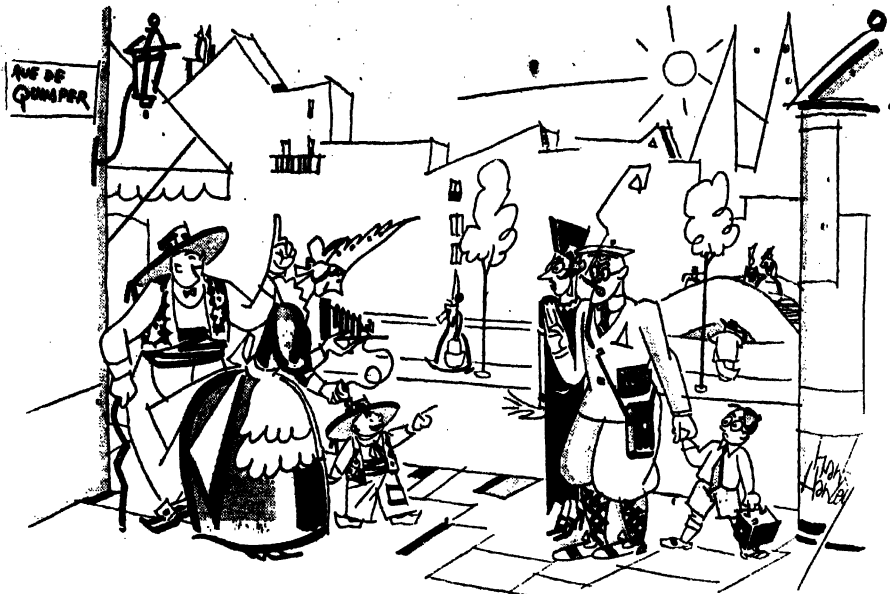
"And your first name?"

"Walter."

"That's a pretty well-known name," remarked the manager, with a smile.

The boy looked pleased.

"It ought to be," he replied. "I've been delivering groceries around here for two years."—*Tit-bits*.



[Judge]

"Well—the idea!"

[New York]



Everybody's Weekly]

[London]

"Excuse me—if you see a canary flying about, it's mine.
It escaped this morning."



Bystander]

[London]

"How would you like your steak, Sir?"
"Very much indeed!"



(15) "BOOKING HIS SEAT!" [Oxford]



[New Passing Show] [London]
THE NEW BILL-POSTER MIXES THINGS A BIT



allykoo [New York]



[London Opinion] [London]
Wife: "Oh, George—your boots do want soiling!"

FILM TOPICS

Der Hauptmann von Koepenick

IN 1906 a cobbler of criminal habits went from Potsdam to the little town of Koepenick. On the way he acquired the uniform of a captain in the German Army. In it he accosted and attached to himself some soldiers he found at drill. And with them he took the Town Hall of Koepenick by storm—not in the literal sense but in the sense of the immeasurable impression created by a military uniform in pre-War Germany.

After arresting the mayor and city treasurer of Koepenick, and sending them to Berlin under guard, the cobbler made off with the city's funds. The tale spread. The "Captain of Koepenick" became famous. He was featured in the *Tageblatt*, *The Times*, the *Temps*, the *Tribune*, the *Asahi*, *La Nacion*, the *Bulletin*. Emperor Wilhelm heard of him and laughed. His jape was so good that in four days thirty-one men falsely confessed to it. And when the real false captain finally appeared at a police station, he was given a bottle of wine, an Imperial pardon, and a passport to travel abroad.

Such is the tale taken up by *Der Hauptmann von Koepenick*, a German film now being shown at the Cambridge Theatre in London. With the Academy Cinema the Cambridge is setting a new standard in London entertainments. In the nature of British films up to date, they cannot, unfortunately, show much British work. But under the management of Miss Elsie Cohen they have shown some of the best of contemporary German, French and Russian films. On several counts they have not so far shown one better than this.

Despite the slight handicap of language, its appeal is universal. All the world loves good photography and carefully composed pictures, even though a great part of the world does not trouble to analyse this love. And good photography there is in plenty; in particular some shots of soldiers marching against the skyline—the effective use of the skyline is a point worth noting and common to all films, of whatever nationality. All

the world loves good acting, and the acting is good.

All the world, above all, loves a rogue, especially when, as in this case, the rogue offers it an opportunity to laugh at the monstrosities of officialdom. In the matter of officialdom pre-War Germany was altogether unique. The Zabern incident—when a German officer ran his sword through an Alsatian peasant over some trivial dispute—showed a little of the spirit of German militarism to the outside world. It could not show how German life everywhere and in every phase was dominated by the officer caste. This *The Captain of Koepenick* does show, with meticulous German thoroughness. And thereby it heightens the comedy of the ex-jailbird who puts on power and prestige with his uniform.

THE comedy of fictitious importance is eternal and international. It is given a special flavour in this film by a feature rare in comedy, more rare in tragedy, almost unknown in any film from America, France or Britain. Though two women play minor parts, and play them as admirably as the other actors do theirs, there is no heroine. The significance of her absence will be appreciated by filmgoers who have suffered silently during her many passionate embraces.

The point is the more noteworthy because sentiment, and this particular kind of sentiment, has become for many one-time filmgoers a crucial test. Well done, love on the films can be delightful. When it is ill done—and how often is it not?—we feel either that it is false and should not have been done at all; or that it might be true and we are intruding on a private occasion. By virtue of that one little omission *The Captain of Koepenick* escapes the dilemma.

It is, however, marred to some slight extent by sentiment of another kind. Before his transformation the captain-to-be is shown as a man ruthlessly crushed by a society too busy with its official formularies to bother about humanity. He probably

was. But we could have sympathised more with his feelings had they been less stressed, just as we could have appreciated the moral more had it not been made so plain.

WHETHER the film should teach a lesson as all Russian and many

that the things best learnt are the things unconsciously learnt. Suggestion is an art which the film is specially fitted to use. It is a pity it does not use it more.

That, however, is a small criticism of a great film, which it is to be hoped will soon be more widely shown. Public taste has

old as "art for art's sake" and quite as insoluble. But it is safe to say that when the film does set out to teach, it should at least remember the teacher's maxim—

Elstree seems to be tied) and the Cambridge is blazing a trail which other cinemas might follow with more than a success of esteem.

W. H. H.

FILM NOTES

DOMINION. Eddie Cantor in *Whoopee*.

If you liked the four Marx Brothers, you will like Eddie Cantor. And if you like Eddie Cantor you will like this film, which is nothing but him. His humour is of a non-stop, all-talking, grotesque kind which is the quintessence of Jewish humour.

CAMEO. *King of Jazz*.

Generally films written around some famous stage or music-hall personality are a complete

failure. This film, with Paul Whiteman and his band as the star feature, is a great success, possibly because an Englishman directed it. The music is good, there is an excellent dance on a drum suggestive of the African Wild West; and there are some really funny sketches.

EMPIRE. *The Wet Parade*.

A well-acted, but spiritually rather unconvincing version of a novel by Mr. Upton Sinclair.

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(Russian)

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"PARIS-MEDITERRANEE"

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"DAVID GOLDER"

Ice-cooled air, changed every seven minutes

The theme is Prohibition (what Hollywood will turn to if the American Prohibition laws are repealed Heaven alone knows) and the tone intended to be moral, which rather hampers the natural drama. But in displaying the effects of too much drinking of bad liquor on well-to-do families the director has found much of human interest.

TIVOLI. *Jack's the Boy.*

It is an unaccustomed pleasure to be able to praise a British film without reserve. The Boy is Jack Hulbert, performing all his usual antics (as a policeman), and the story moves through Madame Tussaud's. For pure farcical entertainment, in a distinctively British tradition, it could not be bettered.

REGAL. *After Office Hours.*

Mr. John van Druten's play about the girl typist who narrowly escapes disaster in a City office suffers a little in transposition to the screen. But its "atmosphere" is good enough to carry it over the difficult obstacle of a hero who is too good to be true.

NEW GALLERY. *Disorderly Conduct.*

A gangster film which may provide an answer to the question suggested by *The Wet Parade*. The policeman goes straight, and is dismissed. He goes crooked, and gets into family trouble by accidentally shooting his own nephew. He decides to go straight again, and there is some good shooting against the gangsters. All the excitement of criminal life at a distance, with the knowledge that there is also some distant reality behind it.

W. H. H.

The People's Cinema University

LAST month the *Review of Reviews* published an article, "The Film in National Life," which summarised the Report of an inquiry conducted by the Commission on Educational and Cultural Films. It will be remembered that one of the most important findings of the Commission was in favour of a National Film Institute. This proposal, and the method of financing it, has already been debated in Parliament, and discussed in the Press; but the issue is by no means certain. Most people in this country are suspicious of any institution that has the support, or is under the control, of the State. They prefer private enterprise, for good or ill.

It is interesting, therefore, to note that a private enterprise, which apparently intends to work on some of the lines recommended by the Commission, has already come into being. The *Review of Reviews* is indebted to Sir James Marchant, K.B.E., LL.D., for permission to reprint details of the scheme for a People's Cinema University.

Sir Oswald Stoll and Sir James Marchant in consultation with various authorities have been planning for some time the establishment in London of THE PEOPLE'S CINEMA UNIVERSITY.

There is much evidence from almost every country in the world that the Cinema is rapidly becoming the chosen and effective medium of this century for the expression and synthesis of art and science and all suitable knowledge. Its use for entertainment purposes will continue and develop, but it is now seen to be a potent medium for the enrichment of life, for education in its many aspects and widest ranges. In several countries far-sighted public men and women, in various departments of social, intellectual and religious life are endeavouring to co-operate in many ways to promote the use of the Cinema for these higher purposes. In this enterprise England by her position, history, and culture, should lead the way. For these reasons it is proposed to establish the PEOPLE'S CINEMA UNIVERSITY. The cost and revenue, which have been estimated on a moderate basis, show that such a venture can be made financially successful.

The chief object of the University is to establish a Cultural Centre for the practical application, study, and development of Cinematography in all its branches.

The University will consist of a central building, on a site in London easily accessible from all parts. From the CENTRAL HALL will radiate an adequate number of LECTURE HALLS or THEATRES equipped with appropriate sound-film installations for regular exhibitions of films in the most appropriate range of subjects.

In the CENTRAL DOME there will be a

ZEISS PLANETARIUM, which is successfully established in several cities in Germany, and in Philadelphia, Chicago, Rome, Milan, Vienna, Moscow, Stockholm, and elsewhere. The chief astronomers of the world have stated that the Zeiss Planetarium is the most remarkable instrument that has ever been devised to exhibit impressively and with the illusion of reality the motions of the heavenly bodies. It is not an exaggeration to say that the exhibition it affords is at once a school, a theatre, and a moving picture. The Planetarium in the Cinema University will become a permanent, unique, and attractive feature of London.

THE LECTURE FILMS exhibited will be made by skilled technicians and the lectures will be given by recognized experts in their respective departments of knowledge. There will be courses of Lectures with demonstrations in various branches of science and in history, travel, and literature; on many industrial processes; for the acquirement of foreign languages; for the teaching of various handicrafts; developments of social life; hygiene for women and the care of the child; in games, sports, and physical culture. All aspects of knowledge for self education capable of being taught by the Cinema will be presented, and explained by the living voice and illustrated by the moving pictures.

THE PEOPLE'S CINEMA UNIVERSITY will be open day and evening, for nominal fees within the reach of all. The personal influence of our teachers and professors, who now spend their lives in small class-rooms with a few students, will be greatly increased. The talking educational film opens up a larger career to them. Their knowledge through this University will be at the service of multitudes. The B.B.C. has already become the People's Broadcasting University. The proposal is now to create

a Cinema University, which will be more effective.

From this Cinema University SCHOOLS, COLLEGES, AND INSTITUTIONS will be supplied with educational and interest films. There will be an adequate Library of Educational Films made in co-operation with an expert Educational Board, to meet the requirements of teachers and scholars. The films will be distributed and collected by means of motor cinema vans throughout the country. This department will also supply Projectors to Schools, Churches, and Institutions with a guaranteed supply of films from its library. The production of the films required by the activities of the University will promote the prosperity of British Industry. Motor Cinema Vans fully equipped with portable sound projectors, will travel throughout the country giving illustrated lectures in halls and outdoors on suitable subjects such as Agriculture, Poultry Farming, Land Improvement, Various Aspects of Home and Social Life, Traffic Dangers, Reorganizing Village Life, etc.

In the University there will be a PUBLIC CINEMA where Foreign Films and news in their original languages will be exhibited, and a selected list of films, silent and sound, not usually shown in the ordinary Cinema, which will attract the public which is demanding higher grade films. These programmes of special films will be available to local societies of film students all over the country.

There will be Reading, Writing, Club, Office, and other rooms available to all film patrons and Societies, so that the University will become a social and educational centre for the application and development of cinematography in every practical direction.

The People's Cinema University will be a unique Institution, which will make England the centre of the Cinema World.

THE GLEANER

\$140 violin made by Cremona in 1740 for Ford or Chevrolet.—*Pittsburgh Post Gazette*.

The President's direct appeal to the people was coughed in firm tones.—*Oklahoma City News*.

Efficiency, as everybody knows, is the only thing that matters to-day. If you are not efficient you either go on the dole or become a director. It is only a matter of luck.—*Nathaniel Gubbins*.

A man in a Boston court spoke a language none of thirty interpreters could understand. We'll bet it was Negro dialect as written by Yankee authors.—*Mobile Register*.

We hear from a correspondent that he planted lettuce seed in mistake for grass seed this spring. Judging by our own experience, he ought to have a really fine bed of asters before long.—*Humorist*.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

France and Germany.

THE war of 1914-18 brought to an end, probably for all time, Great Britain's "splendid isolation" from the Continent of Europe. True, there are many who would like to see the British Commonwealth of Nations form an economic and political unit detached from that continent; but if only for geographical reasons it does not seem likely that their dream will be realised. The European nations are our neighbours. We cannot ignore them. It would be folly to attempt to do so.

We are less closely affected by trouble in Europe than are the continental peoples. We have a wider influence over the world. We are a little more tolerant. But we are very ignorant about our neighbours; ignorant of the French and the Germans alike. We must try and understand them, and it must be an understanding, not merely on the part of a few politicians and students here and over there, but an understanding among the masses. For it will be the masses who will make, or save us from, the next war.

These words, written by Lord Dickenson in the *Nineteenth Century* for September 1931, are quoted by Mr. W. G. Moore in his book, *France and Germany*, published last May*. Described as "an introduction to a European problem", the book is a concise, well-documented study of the causes that perpetuate Franco-German enmity and continue to threaten the peace of Europe. Mr. Moore's book is not out of date. If recent events, notably the Lausanne Conference, have brought promise of better relations, they have by no means solved the problem. Its roots go deeper than the Great War and the Treaty of Versailles.

HISTORICALLY, the active discord between France and Germany begins with the surprise war, the surprise defeat

and the treaty of 1870-1871. France then discovered a new Germany. "The home of meditation and myth suddenly appeared upon French soil in a very different guise". The siege of Paris, the loss of Alsace-Lorraine, were blows that gave birth to the spirit of *revanche* and the "will to remember". Crisis succeeded crisis—Tangier, Casablanca, Agadir—until the great explosion of 1914.

The story of Franco-German relations [wrote G. P. Gooch, the historian] is the record of France's endeavour to regain her lost territories and of Germany's attempt to retain them.

According to Bennett and Langermann, in *Information on the Problem of Security*,

The fact that France has been invaded three times within a century and twice within the last fifty years of that century, always by the same Power, always from the same direction, is an explanation of the French attitude, not only in Paris during the Conference (i.e., of 1919), but throughout the six years which succeeded it.

Mr. Moore points out, however, that France was roused by something more than invasion and loss of territory. With the closing years of the last century came a revival of national consciousness, an intense patriotism, expressed in Literature and Art, which aimed at the supremacy of French civilisation and culture and found its national antithesis in the European influence of German *Kultur*.

This reaction against things German became so pronounced that

it has poisoned the cultural relations of the two countries to this day. There are still many Frenchmen who look on German philosophy, science, religion, and art as dangerous and antipathetic to the French genius.

The difference between French and German character is illustrated by the opposed ways of living that their peoples attempt to

* *France and Germany*, by W. G. Moore, M.A.; D.Litt. (Student Christian Movement Press, 2s. 6d.).

Thanks to Briand and Stresemann, who were statesmen of unusual vision, able to

The main cause of the present trouble, in Mr. Moore's view, is French distrust :



Aux Ecoutes [France]
 Herriot: "Why, there is no more 'security' soup!"
 The Cooks (Ramsay MacDonald, Von Papen, Hoover):
 "It has been taken off the menu as you were the only
 one who asked for it."

The root of that distrust is French experience of Germany during the last century. This must be properly understood. Germany is now, in a strict sense, paying for her double attack on France. Not in the sense that France seeks revenge. That is not true. Not even in the sense that France wishes to inflict humiliation in return for past humiliation inflicted on her. Comparatively few Frenchmen could be accused of such a design. But in this sense: that Germany has had the misfortune, during two wars and a period of armed peace, so to establish in the mind of her foe a conviction of fundamental dishonesty, that her professions, now undoubtedly sincere, are useless; her parlous condition is unavailable to evoke the sympathy which outside opinion thinks only human.

Surely the truth of these words must be acknowledged even by those people in Great Britain (and they are probably a majority) who now favour Germany more than France. The French passion for security, which at present, *faute de mieux*, is guaranteed by national armaments, is due to insufficient man-power, a vulnerable territory, and fear of a revival of the Prussian spirit. French policy appears to be harsh and inflexible; yet in Germany to-day, where France is universally hated as the supposed cause of the German misfortunes, there is hardly anyone who realises that the Germans themselves are in great measure responsible for that policy.

IN two chapters of his book Mr. Moore gives a review of French and German opinion. He shows that in each country there is an influential body of liberal thinkers, chiefly Socialist in politics, who have tried to bring about a reconciliation. Dr. Büning in Germany and M. Blum, Socialist deputy and editor of the *Populaire*, who advocates security for France by arbitration and disarmament, have each worked towards this end. But in France the Left has done little more than move resolutions, while in both countries the extreme Nationalist parties, not necessarily representative of popular opinion, consolidate their power through big business, the banks and the Press. It is a sinister, disquieting fact that the President of the Comité des Forges, representing the French armament industry, owns at least two of the best known French daily papers.

Commenting on this, Mr. Moore suggests that "one of the chief needs of the day would seem to be the encouragement of a relentless vigilance in the control and investigation of news".

Of all generations of men, one would think that the present one should have least cause to be indifferent and blind to the power of the Press. The mass of research on the origins of the Great War seems to point to at least this conclusion, that peoples and governments acted on what they were told, that momentous decisions were taken on news that proved to be unfounded, or rumours thought to be facts.

Mr. Moore gives examples, taken from French and German papers, of distortion of news harmful to public opinion. Referring to the Sino-Japanese conflict he writes:

It seemed significant, to say the least, that those French Nationalist newspapers who supported Japan's campaign in Manchuria were also those who do not fail to find fault with Germany's every action. Besides the persistent rumours of an understanding between sections of the British and French Press and Japan, facts have been published that explain this coincidence in just the way that one had supposed to be the case. They . . . throw unusual light on one of the great hidden causes of international discontent—the activity of private interests in fomenting the war spirit and in keeping up military expenditure by bringing pressure to bear on Governments and Press.

MANY Germans complain that the Powers are responsible for driving their country to counsels of violence and despair, Communist or Hitlerite. But have the Germans of 1870 and 1914 changed in character? Mr. Moore, referring to Ludwig Bauer's *Morgen Wieder Krieg*, says:

Bauer, like the French, sees in the war-guilt campaign a refusal to face facts, in the treaty agitation evidence of the enduring and deep-seated militarism of the country, the old Prussian faith in force. . . . The fundamental error is that Germany believes that an increase of power will help her to freedom, and it is precisely the religion of power which is her plague.

Suppose, on the other hand, that Bauer has maligned his countrymen. How can France and Germany be reconciled? Mr. Moore quotes Lord d'Abernon, formerly British Ambassador in Berlin, as saying that Dr. Stresemann

was constant to the policy of a settlement between Germany and France if reasonable terms could be obtained, but he would not negotiate with France alone; England must be a party to every negotiation; on no account would he sacrifice the English connection.

Mr. Moore urges that Stresemann was right, and that it is vital for British public opinion, to be better informed on this problem. He complains of "the very low estimate put upon our post-war policy by foreign critics".

We have preached peace more than any other people, but we have, except for our share in Locarno, taken no decisive steps towards it. We are counted hypocrites because we have sought peace without responsibility. We dislike sanctions and guarantees, but if we refuse to sign them outright, how do we justify the signature of Article Eight of the Covenant, by which we recognize the "enforcement by common action of international obligations"?

MANY will feel that such a point of view hardly takes account of the complex nature of Great Britain's position in relation to Europe, the British Empire, and the rest of the world. Great Britain's hesitation in binding herself to the problems and quarrels

of Europe is a very natural one, by no means due to the charge that is sometimes made against her of *perfidie Albion*. But it is becoming increasingly clear that only "common action" can bring peace to Europe and that Britain must play her part in making law, not force alone, the arbiter between nations, and the guarantee of security and justice.

The essential is to devise measures that give to Germany the feeling of equality that will rout her extremists, and to France some tangible evidence that we are concerned for her security.

Easier said than done, as Mr. Moore himself admits. Such a policy, he says, would "run counter to industrial interests, to those of armament firms in particular, and would be so much of a break with tradition that it would need a great statesman to carry it through". Where is the man?

Mr. Moore calls upon the churches to play their part in presenting the "plain Christian solution", which is "one with the common-sense solution". Is it so plain after all? Principle is often theoretically as plain as a pikestaff; but policy remains complex, and is governed by the passions of men.

THE GLEANER

When my new motor-boat, Mrs. Stadger VI, is completed, it will have twelve engines, and will be able to go so fast that it won't touch the water at all, when once it has started. My object is to achieve a speed of 940 miles an hour.
--Beachcomber.

A Czechoslovakian brewery has decided to pay its dividends in beer. Each shareholder will receive 22 gallons of bottled beer instead of cash; not a bad idea this warm weather, though it is feared the scheme may lead to more overdraughts.—*Judge*.

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FROM THE REVIEWER'S NOTE BOOK

Books about people—autobiographical, biographical, or merely what may be termed snapshots—are probably more read to-day than any other form of literature. And last month there appeared, in part, a biography of a living man by one who is dead. Edward Marjoribanks had already won fame with his life of Sir E. Marshall Hall. His tragic end has been attributed to overstrain, no doubt connected with work on *The Life of Lord Carson, Vol. I* (Gollancz. 15s.), which is likely to have as popular and well-deserved a success as the earlier book.

* * *

Then there is *Studies in Sublime Failure* by Shane Leslie (Benn, 15s.) If the author's title is a misleading one, if he fails to bring any unity into the variety of his subjects, yet the book as a whole is a brilliant piece of work. The names of Cardinal Newman, Parnell, Lord Curzon, and Coventry Patmore are familiar to most people. But who has heard of Moreton Frewen? This strange Irishman—remarkable for much besides being father of Mrs. Clare Sheridan and a relative of Mr. Leslie—seems to have been more of a genius than any of the others.

* * *

It is a far cry from these men to D. H. Lawrence. Catherine Carswell, who had already aroused controversy with her book on Robert Burns, recently wrote one about Lawrence—*The Savage Pilgrimage*, published by Chatto and Windus. But Douglas Goulding and Middleton Murry complained that certain passages in the book cast unjustifiable reflections upon them, and as a result the publishers are attempting to withdraw the book from circulation. Mr. Murry, the well-known literary critic, who had himself written *Son of Woman*, which gives his own judgment upon Lawrence, seems to have been savagely and unfairly treated by Mrs. Carswell.

* * *

Finally, as far as persons are concerned, Messrs. Peter Davies are giving us *Elizabeth*, by Mona Wilson, and *Ruskin*, by David Lang, in their series of five-shilling biographies; and in the autumn Kegan Paul are to publish a book on *Montague Norman: A Study in Financial Statesmanship*, by Paul Einzig, author of *The Tragedy of the Pound*.

Experiences in foreign parts are represented by three books of importance. In *Thirty Years in the Golden North* (Allen and Unwin, 10s. 6d. Foreword by Karel Capek), Jan Welzl has written a fine chronicle of adventure. After sailing to Port Arthur before the mast, Welzl, son of a Moravian shopkeeper, made his way with a horse and a small cart to the Arctic regions, where he became a sort of king among the Eskimos.

* * *

The life of Marshal Lyautey, the great French colonial administrator, was written not long ago by M. André Maurois. His *Intimate Letters from Tonquin* have now been translated by Mrs. Aubrey le Blond and published by John Lane at 15s.

* * *

Another book about the East is Peter Quennell's *A Superficial Journey through Tokyo and Peking*. (Faber, 12s. 6d.) Mr. Quennell's irony would probably disconcert the Japanese, and his judgment upon them may be due to his experiences as a lecturer in their country. He is far more favourable to China. But in both cases it is valuable to read the views of an intelligent, detached critic with a sense of beauty, who gives us something different from the effusions of the average globe trotter.

* * *

Readers of Adrian Bell's first two books will welcome *The Cherry Tree* (Colbden Sanderson, 7s. 6d.) The chronicle of Silver Ley Farm has now become a trilogy, which makes literature out of a form of life that seldom receives proper expression.

* * *

In fiction there are always a few books that stand out from the mass, and sometimes one that overtops the few. Last month's choice is *Sherret*, by Liam O'Flaherty (Gollancz, 7s. 6d.)

* * *

We regret that in the June number of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS we gave the publishers of *The True Woman*, by C. K. Munro, as William Heinemann. It is in fact published by Gerald Howe.

RECOMMENDED BOOKS

GENERAL

FICTION

- The Tragedy of the Dardanelles.** By Edmond Delage. (*Lane*. 7s. 6d.)
- The Principal Cause of Unemployment.** By Denis Welfesley Maxwell. (*Williams & Norgate*. 7s. 6d.)
- The Revolt of the Netherlands.** By P. Geyl. (*Williams & Norgate*. 12s. 6d.)
- The Life of John Redmond.** By Denis Gwynn. (*Harrap*. 25s.)
- The Capital Question of China.** By Lionel Curtis. (*Macmillan*. 10s. 6d.)
- The Making of Europe.** By Christopher Dawson. (*Sheed & Ward*. 15s.)
- Criticism.** By Desmond MacCarthy. (*Putnam*. 7s. 6d.)
- Purely for Pleasure.** By Elinor Mordaunt. (*Secker*. 8s. 6d.)
- Senor Burn in the Jungle.** By Algo Sand. (*Gollancz*. 10s. 6d.)
- Frank Harris.** By Hugh Kingsmill. (*Cape*. 7s. 6d.)
- In the Footsteps of the Buddha.** By René Grousset. (*Routledge*. 15s.)
- Tragic America.** By Theodore Dreiser. (*Constable*. 10s.)
- Ivar Kreuger.** Trevor Allen. (*John Long*. 10s. 6d.)
- In Time With the Universe.** By "Signpost." (*Rider*. 4s. 6d.)
- Pioneer of Psychical Research.** By Hereward Carrington. (*Rider*. 3s. 6d.)
- Down the Garden Path.** By Beverly Nichols. (*Jonathan Cape*. 7s. 6d.)
- Bolshevism : Theory and Practice.** By Waldemar Gurian. (*Sheed & Ward*. 10s. 6d.)
- Leonardo da Vinci.** By Clifford Bax. (*Peter Davies*. 5s. 2nd Imp.)
- Heirs to The Hapsburgs.** By G. E. R. Gedye. (*Arrowsmith*. 12s. 6d.)
- Ireland, Dupe or Heroine?** By the Earl of Middleton. (*Heinemann*. 7s. 6d.)
- An Idealist View of Life.** By S. Radhakrishnan. (*Allen & Unwin*. 12s. 6d.)
- Apea, Japes and Hitlerism.** By John Gawsworth. (*Unicorn Press*. 3s. 6d.)
- We Have Paid Enough!** Various Authors. (*Simpkin Marshall*. 2s.)
- Monsieur Thiers.** By J. M. S. Allison. (*Allen & Unwin*. 10s. 6d.)
- A Lawyer's Note-Book.** Anon. (*Secker*. 5s.)
- The Gap in the Curtain.** By John Buchan. (*Hodder & Stoughton*. 7s. 6d.)
- The Case is Altered.** William Planet. (*Hogarth Press*. 7s. 6d.)
- Wine, Women and Waiters.** Gilbert Frankau. (*Hutchinson*. 7s. 6d.)
- Young Emmanuel.** By Naomi Jacob. (*Hutchinson*. 7s. 6d.)
- Two Living and One Dead.** By Sigurd Christiansen. (*Gollancz*. 7s. 6d.)
- The Orchid.** By Robert Nathan. (*Elkin Mathews & Marrot*. 6s.)
- Ballerina.** By Lady Eleanor Smith. (*Gollancz*. 7s. 6d.)
- Desire—Spanish Version.** By Evelyn Eaton. (*Chapman & Hall*. 7s. 6d.)
- Dicky Chimes.** By Philip Knight rider. (*Jonathan Cape*. 7s. 6d.)
- The "Night-Watchman" Omnibus.** By W. W. Jacobs. (*Hodder & Stoughton*. 7s. 6d.)
- Vicars' Walk.** By Horace Aanesley Vachel. (*Hodder & Stoughton*. 7s. 6d.)
- Afternoon in Utopia.** By Stephen Leacock. (*The Bodley Head*. 5s.)
- Modern Tales of Horror.** Selected by Dashiell Hammett. (*Gollancz*. 5s.)
- Quartette.** By Leslie Miller. (*Faber*. 7s. 6d.)
- Mrs. Taylor.** By Marjorie Worthington. (*Cape*. 7s. 6d.)
- Magnificat.** By René Bazin. (*Burns Oates & Washburn*. 7s. 6d.)
- Before the Fact.** by Francis Iles. (*Gollancz*. 7s. 6d.)
- Have His Carcase.** By Dorothy L. Sayers. (*Gollancz*. 7s. 6d.)
- The Public School Murder.** By R. C. Woodthorpe. (*Ivor Nicholson & Watson*. 7s. 6d.)
- Envoy Extraordinary.** By Archibald Lyall. (*Desmond Harmsworth*. 7s. 6d.)
- Royal Flush. The Story of Minette.** By Margaret Irwin. (*Chatto & Windus*. 8s. 6d.)
- Forget-me-Not.** By Joseph Shearing. (*Heinemann*. 7s. 6d.)
- Barbaloot.** By Daphne Muir. (*Chatto & Windus*. 7s. 6d.)
- Torzyany.** By Wallace B. Nichols. (*Ward, Lock*. 7s. 6d.)

PRINCIPAL CONTENTS OF THE REVIEWS

BRITISH REVIEWS.

The Fortnightly Review.

The Turn of the Tide.—George Glasgow.
The Decision on India.—Lord Meston, K.C.S.I.
A Bankrupt Mining Policy.—R. C. Smart, M.I.Min.E.
Wandering Jews.—Cecil Roth.
Queen Victoria in Perspective.—Sir John Marriott.
Naval Tides.—Sir Herbert.
Wives in Every Port.—William McFee.
The Kingdom of Kerry.—Liam O'Flaherty.
Crabtree's.—L. A. G. Strong.
Ebb and Flow.—Stephen Gwynn.
The Fortnightly Library.

The Nineteenth Century.

A Year of National Government: A Liberal view.—Stuart Hodgson.
Lausanne—and After.—D. Graham Hutton.
Reflections on the Spanish Revolution.—Philip Robinson.
Ottawa and Empire Migration.—The Rev. Arthur G. B. West.
The Problem of Kashmir.—Sir Albion Banerji, C.S.I., C.I.E.
Films and the British Public.—Hubert Griffith.
Sir John Hawkins, Admiral and Administrator.—Commander A. J. L. Phillips, R.N.
Love Green.—Sylvia Townsend Warner.
The Golden Eagle.—Seton Gordon.
Trotsky and the Revolution.—Malcolm Burr, D.Sc.

The Contemporary Review.

The International Outlook.—Wickham Steed.
National Government—So Far.—F. Kingsley Griffith, M.P.
Roosevelt versus Hoover.—S. K. Ratcliffe.
Germany's New Government.—Wolfgang Schwarz.
A Decade of Egyptian Politics.—Sir Malcolm McIlwraith, K.C.M.G.
Must Hate and Death Return?—Sir Leo Chiozza Money.
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Jeremy Bentham: A Hundred Years After.—W. A. Hirst.

Marguerite of Navarre: Queen and Mystic.—Mary Bradford Whiting.

Foreign Affairs.—George Glasgow.
Literary Supplement.

The National Review.

Ottawa: Ex Occidente Lux.—Sir Edward Grigg, K.C.M.G.
India: Facts or Fiction.—The Lord Lloyd, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.F.
National is as National Does.—Brig.-General Sir Henry Page Croft, Bart., M.P.
The Currency Solution.—Sir Harry Foster.
America's Coming Revolution.—The Irishman.
Facts and Fallacies about China.—J. O. P. Bland.
Fighting on the Somme.—Lieut.-Col. W. H. H. Johnston, D.S.O., M.C.
The Royal Navy.—Lieut.-Comd. G. Rawson.
Can Animals Think?—Brig.-Gen. C. D. Bruce.
Robespierre: Not so Black as Painted.—J. Cyril M. Edwards.
Queen Victoria's Letters.—The Hon. Lady Maxse.

Blackwood's Magazine.

Adventure of a Diplomat.—Lord Latymer.
Earthquake.—S. D. Rieley.
A Bad Man.—Weston Martyn.
Cobblemen.—David T. Smith.
The Column of Fontenoy.—Lieut.-Col. F. E. Whitton, C.M.G.
"The Wildest Dreams of Kew."—Frank Hives.
The Poilu Writes.—Audrey Baynes.
Burning the Water.—Shalimar.
The Tale of a Tidoeng.—The Hon. Lady Fortesque.
The Gentleman at Bacon's.—W. R. Hughes.

The Dalhousie Review.

Goethe the Poet.—Barker Fairley.
Settling Accounts with the Loyalists.—Grace Tomkinson.
Economics in a Novel.—C. R. Fay.

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Scott's Poetic Phase.—D. F. Fraser-Harris.

Margaret MacMillan, "Companion of Honour."—J. L. Paton.

Seasons.—A. H. Kleim.

Falling Prices and Borrowing Countries.—B. K. Sandwell.

Medicine in Chaucer's Day.—A. G. Nicholls.

Jeremy Bentham: A Centenary Retrospect.—H. L. Stewart.

AMERICAN REVIEWS.

Scribner's Magazine.

The Big Short Trip (*Prize-winning Short Novel*).—John Herrmann.
The Cities Reap the Whirlwind.—Walter W. Liggett.
Sister Bernadette (*A Story*).—Morley Callaghan.
A Couple of Nuts (*A Story*).—Zelda Fitzgerald.
Address to the Young Men.—William Harlan Hale.
The Plight of the Intellectuals: I. The Left Turn in Literature.—Robert Briffault. II. The Good Communist.—William C. White.
As I Like It.—William Lyon Phelps.
Behind the Scenes (*Biographical Notes*).

Forum and Century.

How Do Women Vote?—The Editor.
Relief and Revolution.—Charles R. Walker.
Birth Selection v. Birth Control.—Henry Fairfield Osborn.
Where, O Where Are Our Leaders?—Alvin F. Harlow.
This Fuss about Women.—Elizabeth Morey.
A Word for the Colleges.—Richmond C. Beatty.
Banker's Hours (*A Short Story*).—Ethel Hepburn.
A City on a Budget.—C. A. Dykstra.
Radio and the "American System" (*Reviews of Radio Programmes*).—Cyrus Fisher.
Toasts.
Our Rostrum.

POETRY OF THE MONTH

QUERY

Is pleasure so sure
That it cannot fail?
Will passion endure
• And never be stale?

Will not old age
Its potion send
Our thirst to assuage
And our love to end?

Will not to-morrow,
Whate'er we do,
Bring enough sorrow
To me and you

That we with trouble
Of our own making
Should seek to double
Our hearts' aching?

London Mercury

COLIN ELLIS.

* * * *

A DROVER

To Meath of the pastures,
From wet hills by the sea,
Through Leitrim and Longford,
Go my cattle and me.

I hear in the darkness
Their slipping and breathing—
I name them the by-ways
They're to pass without heeding;

Then the wet, winding roads,
Brown bogs with black water,
And my thoughts on white ships
And the King o' Spain's daughter.

O farmer, strong farmer!
You can spend at the fair,
But your face you must turn
To your crops and your care;

And soldiers, red soldiers!
You've seen many lands,
But you walk two by two,
And by captain's commands!

O the smell of the beasts,
The wet wind in the morn,
And the proud and hard earth
Never broken for corn!

And the crowds at the fair,
And herds loosened and blind,
Loud words and dark faces,
And the wild blood behind!

(O strong men with your best
I would strive breast to breast,
I could quiet your herds
With my words, with my words!)
PADRAIC COLUM.

[Poems]

* * * *

SYMPHONY CONCERT

FOR A DEAD MUSICIAN

For me to-night they build these frozen towers,
These battlements of music, these supreme
Pinnacles carven, garlanded with flowers,
Enchanted architecture of a dream.
Yet, entering, I know that all I see
Of loveliness was never planned for me.

My footsteps stumble at the open door,
I grope along the halls with outstretched hand,
Seeing a little, and forgetting more,
Admiring where I cannot understand,
A gaping stranger, idly loitering
Round the deserted throne-room of a king.

These were your palaces; you loved and knew
The terraced garden to its farthest ends,
The empty corridors I wander through
Were crowded with your memories, your friends,
And not a fountain, not a cup was wrought,
But drew fresh beauty from your mastering
thought.

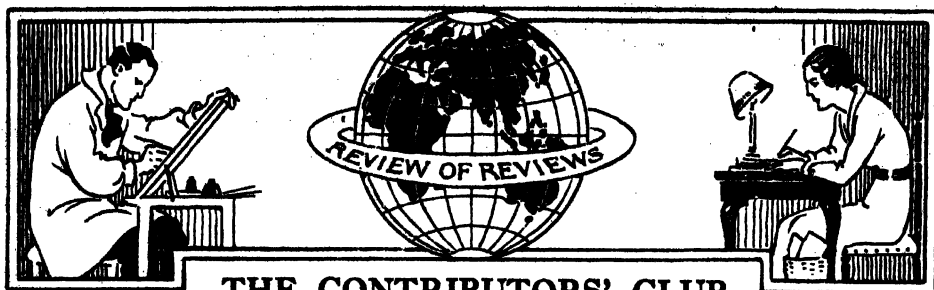
I am your deputy; ah, pardon then
This dull perception, these untutored ears.
How should I hear as well as other men
Who, under every song, for thirteen years,
Have heard re-echo that last sound you knew,
The shrapnel splintering before it slew?
[Time and Tide], WINIFRED HOLTBY.

* * * *

LONG AGO

Your eyes, your eyes, how beautiful they were,
How ravishing your voice, that held me thrall,
As soft, and sensitive, and musical
As flutes of Arcady in evening air,
How smooth your falling shadowy cheek, how fair
Your little pointed chin, your shoulders small,
Your lissome, slender form: but more than all,
How strangely am I haunted by your hair!

I see it everywhere: in every street
It flames across the faces of the crowd,
Streaming and challenging, as odorous sweet
As was the Queen of Love's ambrosial cloud:
And, billowing wide, the glory of it lights
The darkness of my solitary nights.
[Week-End Review] J. C. SQUIRE.



THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

WE open the *Contributors' Club* this month with an important announcement. Beginning with the September issue, the size of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS will be increased to 112 pages, the addition being made necessary by the amalgamation of this Review and another old-established monthly journal, *The World Today*. The character of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS will not be altered at all by the change. The size will be increased, but the extra 32 pages will be given up entirely to articles of general interest, such as have been characteristic of *The World Today* in the original form of that magazine. The title of the Review will remain, of course, the REVIEW OF REVIEWS, and the price of the enlarged magazine will continue at one shilling.

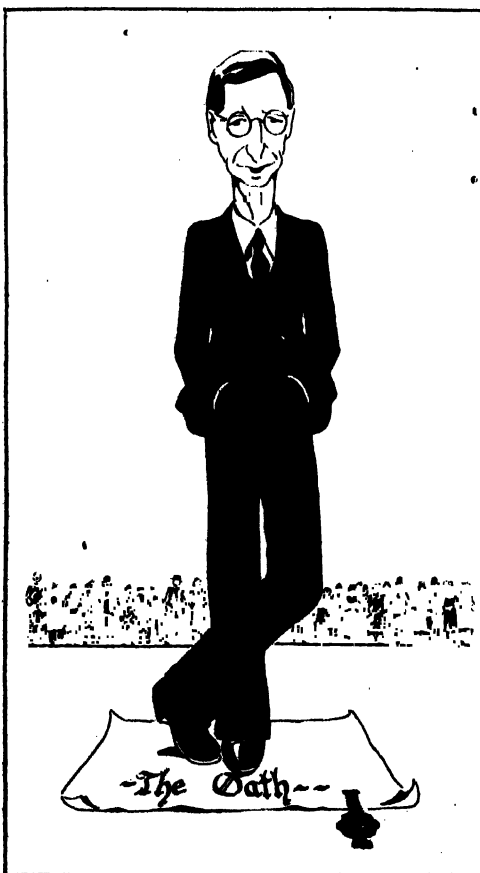
WE shall be offering to our readers a magazine unique amongst periodicals. The best that the more expensive reviews have to offer in the way of original

signed articles by contributors of note will be combined with the best that the REVIEW OF REVIEWS has to offer in its present form.

Cartoons and caricatures, world humour, the *Contributors' Club*, the current reviews of the political situation throughout the world, will continue to be the leading feature of the new REVIEW OF REVIEWS. Its attractiveness as an illustrated review of world affairs will be strengthened by the inclusion of original and authoritative comment on matters of wide general interest.

We believe that no other magazine of serious thought will be able to offer as much for a shilling. In arranging the amalgamation, we have had the interests of our readers at heart, and we hope that the new magazine will receive from them a wide welcome and a

support which the REVIEW OF REVIEWS has been enjoying throughout its career.



(8) Ris]

[For the Contributors' Club



Toogood]

MR. MACDONALD

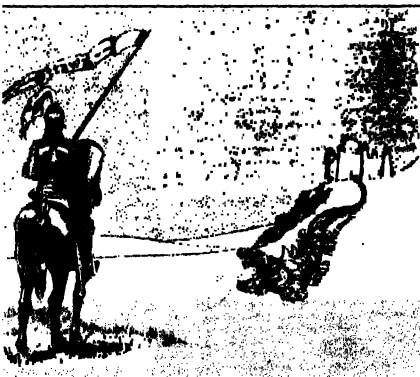
[For the Contributors' Club]



(2) Kennedy]

[For the Contributors' Club]

THE DOG WHO WOULD AWOING GO



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[For the Contributors' Club]

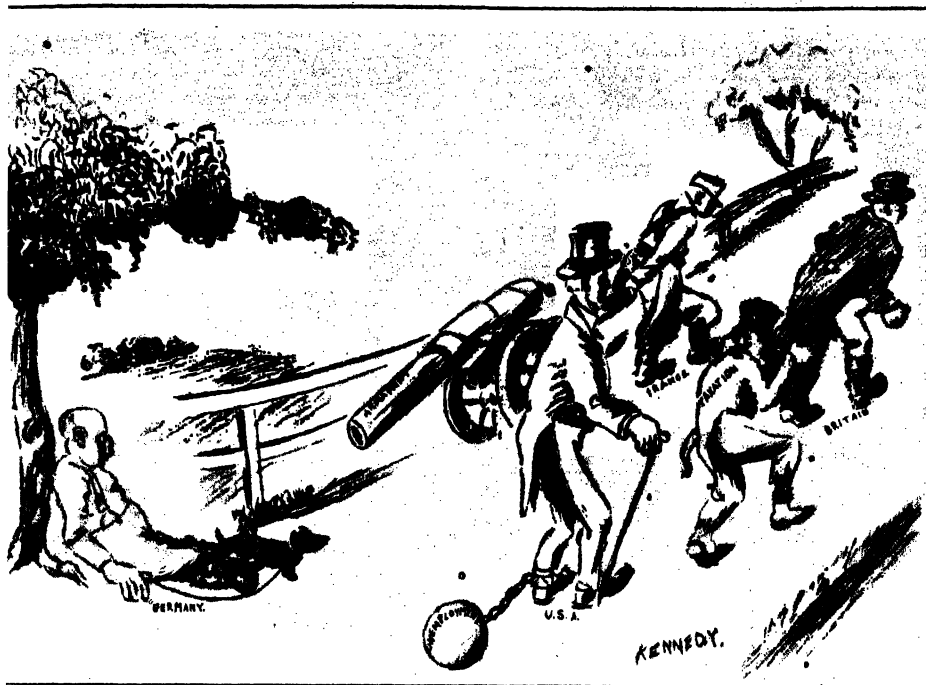
"ANOTHER ST. GEORGE" (?)



(8) Phipps]

[For the Contributors' Club]

"Tell me your trouble my man."
"The B.B.C. won't let me speak."



10) [Kennedy]

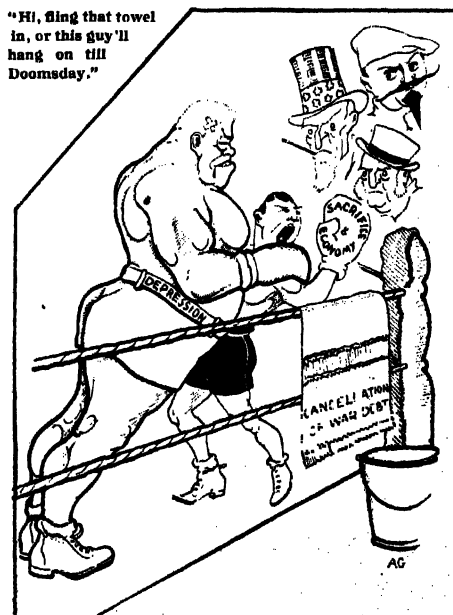
THE ROAD TO RECOVERY

[For the Contributors' Club]



8) Lamb

[For the Contributors' Club]
Death: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."



(4) A. G.]

[For the Contributors' Club]

of the terrible events that have arisen out of the Sarajevo assassination in 1914 (5). That may not have been the cause of all our trouble, but it was certainly the starting-point.

Phipps turns his pen to illustrating the debate between Winston Churchill and the B.B.C. (6) which has been enlivening the Press during the month. Mr. Churchill was refused permission by the B.B.C. to broadcast his views on the political situation, and took his revenge by broadcasting the injustice done to him through the Press.

The work of both Phipps and Goodrich has already appeared in the Contributors' Club. Toogood, Lamb, and Burchell are newcomers to the Club. Toogood (7) is 14 years old, and is still at school in Harrogate. Lamb (8) is 17, and is attending an art school in Southport. He is a clerk by "profession," but hopes to become a commercial artist. Burchell (9), the author of the one humorous contribution which we publish this month, sends us no biographical details. That omission will be rectified in the next issue.

POETRY must not be forgotten as a branch of the general competition which the REVIEW OF REVIEWS is running. Of the poetry which has come to us this month, the following from D. A. Olney, of Swindon, merits in particular publication and deserves consideration for the prize.

A HOPE

Out of cataclysmic strife a new world springs,
With Hope upon her forehead largely writ,
The problems of the past—starvation, fear—
Like ghosts around her, haunt her, palely lit.

These phantoms of the night she must combat,
That night, which ever darkest is ere dawn,
The homeless, workless, hopeless, cry for aid,
And looking in her face, fresh hope is born.



(9) Burchell

[For the Contributors' Club

Sergt.-Major: "You've been on this square three weeks now, and what d'yer know!"
Recruit (utterly fed up): "The reason why soldiers are ready to die!"

But close upon her fearful, winged steps,
Relentless, seeking to impede her way,
Censorious jealousy, and spite and greed
Upon her, clutching hands attempt to lay.

Her courage must be great, divine, inspired,
The channels of her wealth more widely cut,
The spirit of her sons more tolerant grow,
The jaws of lustful war more firmly shut.

Her eager hands scarce fitted for the task
Implore our help, 'gainst those who would

Destroy her work; a giant task demands
Giant sacrifice for universal good.

D. A. OLNEY.

THE following interesting theory is worked out by Howard Little, who writes to the REVIEW OF REVIEWS from Reykjavik, Iceland.

THE INEVITABLE CHANGE

In the entire Socialist-Communist-cum-Bolshevik armoury there is but one weapon—a very powerful weapon and a weapon rendered the more deadly by the fact that Governments, Individualists, and Industrialists have all proceeded as though that weapon had no existence. The Individualists' sphere of vision is marred by a

blind spot. The sector thus hidden is the only sector visible to the Socialist and his kind. The Individualist cannot or will not see that there are millions born to no heritage but the chance of obtaining work. The Socialist, painfully aware of but this one fact, thinks that it should dominate all policy—hence the world's present troubles.

In the past the neglect of the fact by one section and the concentration on it by another have somehow muddled along side by side. Now, however, the continued neglect has created a difficult situation. Our unemployed, who numbered three hundred odd thousand in 1920, now total very nearly three million (and have at least twice as many dependents), while we have at best but four and a quarter million tax-payers. Yet our economic system has been founded, controlled, and developed on the tacit assumption that the twelve and a half million persons among us who are dependent on their chance of work were a negligible quantity. This is the more strange when we reflect that the twelve million odd have at least twenty-four million dependents. In a total population of forty-three million it is assumed that thirty-six million may be left

employed, who numbered nine million a year since, now total more than ten and a half million. France, with very much less unemployment, is probably equally apprehensive because, from various reasons, she is so little accustomed to any unemployment.

All the world over Individualists and Industrialists have been interfering to reduce the sole heritage of the working classes, to make smaller the chance of the operative to enter upon his heritage. Had the heritage been in the form of but a few pounds, much criminal procedure would have followed. We refuse the right to work while admitting the right to a chance of work. Simultaneously, we applaud and support those who contrive to make that chance less.

Neither military disarmament nor currency adjustment, however well planned both may be, will save civilization. The one essential change lies in a more logical recognition of the rights of others. The workman possesses nothing but his right to a chance of a job. Interference with that right has gone far enough. Yet we hear it said that "Economic necessity compels." Does it, indeed? Has it not been allowed to compel

chance of obtaining work. Meanwhile, the remaining seven million do their utmost towards reducing that chance. As a consequence we now have four and a quarter million tax-payers heavily burdened to support three million who should be earning wages, together with that three millions' six million dependents.

It is for this reason that a change must come. Suggestion that our present difficulty arises from world conditions neither helps the situation nor elucidates the problem, for, while it is true that there is unemployment everywhere and that unemployment begets unemployment (both figuratively and literally), it is also true that in every country the present aim is to increase that unemployment. Every nation is striving to produce more through the employment of less labour. Already the world has over supply and under employment, yet Governments and Industrialists still pin their faith on quotas and further rationalization—two devices which reduce employment. Military disarmament, too, will add to the numbers unemployed in all countries, and will moreover increase the amount of money available for the purchase of labour-saving machinery and for the development of labour elimination in one form or another.

The "Currency problem" would be no problem at all but for unemployment and the fear of unemployment. America can accept neither goods or services from the foreigner because her un-

employed? To what a pass has submission to this alleged compulsion brought the world? The change so vitally needed is a change of economic compulsion, for this so-called compulsion is under man's control, and, like every other set of conditions described as being due to economic laws, is the result of mere artificiality, having nothing to do with the Law of God or of Nature.

Man, having his moral code, recognizes that it is wrong to steal money. Is it not time to recognize the moral wrong in reducing another's chance of entering upon his heritage? By what right does the Captain of Industry compel the taxpayer to support more and more unemployed persons? May I annex the sweep ticket of another on the ground that the ticket represents nothing more definite than a mere chance?

HOWARD LITTLE.

R. E. X., of Clapham, prefers to remain anonymous, but he is the author of

LATE NIGHT FINALE

He was feeling very happy, and, yes! . . . perhaps a trifle hazy. Dashed—well ought to, though! Still . . . Wonderful evening—nothing like a little celebration with the boys. . . . What was that song they'd been singing? Something about—about giving a chap another chance, wasn't it? . . . Oh, yes! He remembered. . . .

Gaily he burst forth into song in the rhythm peculiar to one in his condition, gesticulating

appropriately, if rather vaguely, to supplement his rendering. All went splendidly until his feet, deciding to join in the fun, pursued a course of their own, and traitorously led him off the pavement.

"Whoa, old boy!" he self-admonished. "Berrer keep to the wall!"—and followed this excellent piece of advice so diligently that he pulled up only just in time to avoid a collision.

"Very sorry," he mumbled apologetically. "My fault—gerring too excited . . ."

The stranger smiled understandingly.

"Yesh, very sorry," he repeated in a confidential manner, as the other seemed in no immediate hurry to depart. "Marrer of fact, we've had a bit of a bust—you know. . . . Having one or two with old faces . . . then seeing some more old faces . . . and then having one or two more . . . till you see friends everywhere. Yesh, that's it—all friends."

He stopped, and looked solemnly at the amused stranger.

"We're friends, too, aren't we? Lesh shake!"

He swung his hand round in a circle; but somehow it did not meet the other's as he expected. . . . Something was in the way; his hand slid along a smooth surface.

"Funny! Wash the matter? . . . Something between us!"

He put out a hand again. . . . Why, of course! Ha, ha! If that wasn't the best joke of the evening! A looking-glass! Ha, ha! Jolly good that! Mistakes *will* happen when you're . . . when you're . . .

Half-a-tick, though! Was it jolly good? He turned round again with a thoughtful look on his face. . . . Was that he? Seemed different somehow . . . fat! Yes, that was it—fat! He began to look grave. Never noticed it before. . . . Good Lord! What a waist he was getting! And then an awful thought. . . . Yes, it must be!

"Have to ease up with the drink . . . been going rather strong lately." He leaned against the glass, overcome with the gravity of the revelation, and dwelled sadly on the folly of his ways.

"Better be going home, sir, hadn't you? You'll be falling through that there window if you're not careful!"

A gruff voice brought the dismal flow of his thoughts to a sudden stop. He looked up; there standing beside him was a man in blue.

"Window? . . ." he replied dejectedly.

"That's wot I said, guv'nor . . . not made to lean on, yer know. If you put much more weight on it, you'll be joining 'Fatty' on the other side!"

The policeman's remarks puzzled him now; standing up, he tried to get things clear in his mind. What did the chap mean? He looked again—very hard this time. . . . He was still there, right enough! Just the same as before—a horrible reminder of his condition. He was about to turn and ask the man what exactly he meant, when something caught his eye. . . . He peered closer. . . . Why, a card! What did it say? . . .

"MADE TO MEASURE—50/-. IN ANY STYLE."

He stood there a long time, his mind doing complicated exercises. Gradually, he sorted things out; light began to trickle through. . . . He passed a hand across his brow.

"Good-night, Officer! . . ."

"Good-night, Sir—keep to the wall!"

R. E. X.

THIS is the last issue in which contributions for the *Contributors' Club* competition will appear. The decision will be announced in the October issue, and the cash prizes will be paid to the winning competitors on October 15th.

But the end of the competition does not mean the end of the *Contributors' Club*, which has gained approval amongst our readers and which we hope to extend further in future issues of the magazine.

In order to encourage young authors and artists, we have decided to publish in the *Contributors' Club* each month a selection of the drawings, articles, stories, and verse which are submitted to us. For anything which we publish we will pay a small fee and will allow to the author or artist concerned full reproduction rights. We hope that the *Contributors' Club* will thereby still serve its main purpose, which is to bring to the attention of a wide public the work of young and promising artists.

THE EDITORS.



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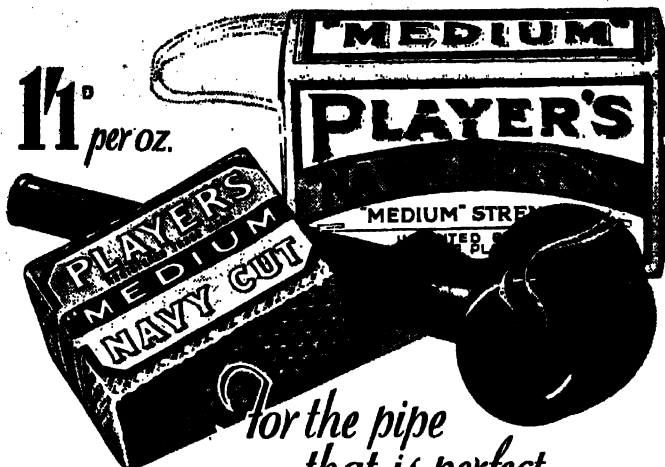
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THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS

INCORPORATING
WORLD TODAY

London, September 10th, 1932

THE NARRATIVE OF THE WORLD

THE KELLOGG PACT

On August 27th, 1928, sixty-one nations, including Russia, signed the Briand-Kellogg Pact (otherwise known as the Pact of Paris). They condemned war as a solution of controversy and renounced it as an instrument of national policy. They agreed that all settlements of all disputes whatever their nature or origin should only be reached by pacific means.

Last month Mr. Stimson, American Secretary of State, delivered a speech to the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate, in which he expounded the policy of the U.S.A. with regard to the Pact. Mr. Stimson began by asserting that the world is now one unit, economically at least, and thus more vulnerable in the event of war, which has itself become more destructive. Referring to the Treaty of Versailles, which gave birth to the League, and to the Kellogg Pact, he said :

The change of attitude on the part of world public opinion toward former customs and doctrines which is evidenced by these two treaties is so revolutionary that it is not surprising that the progress has outstripped the landmarks and orientation of many observers. The treaties signalize a revolution in human thought, but they are not the result of impulse or thoughtless sentiment. At bottom they are the growth of necessity, the product of a consciousness that unless some such steps are taken modern civilization would be doomed.

Mr. Stimson maintained that the old



Kellogg

Mr. STIMSON

policy of neutrality towards combatants was no longer possible. He reminded his audience of the saying of President Coolidge : " An act of war in any part of the world is an act that injures the interest of my country " ; according to *The Times* he spoke of war in the following terms :

It is no longer to be the source and subject of rights. • It is no longer to be the principle around

which the duties, the conduct, and the rights of nations revolve. It is an illegal thing. Hereafter, when two nations engage in armed conflict either one or both of them must be wrongdoers—violators of this general treaty law. We no longer draw a circle about them and treat them with the punctiliousness of the duellists' code. Instead we denounce them as law-breakers.

One's thoughts naturally turn to the Far East when asking whether the Pact has been anything more than a pious aspiration. Mr Stimson claimed that the action of his Government in securing the co-operation of 27 nations, signatories to the Pact, prevented a serious conflict between Russia and China in 1929. With regard to the Sino-Japanese "war" last winter he also claimed that a similar mobilisation of opinion proved to the Japanese that the world was against them. But this last problem is not yet solved. It will be time enough to assess the value of the Pact when the Lytton Commission on Manchuria has issued its report.

American public opinion, suspicious of entanglements with Europe, did not take kindly to Mr. Stimson's interpretation of the Pact. In the opinion of the *New York Herald*, Mr. Stimson's speech commits the U.S.A. to "a policy of wholesale meddling likely to prove either futile or dangerous." Better, it said, that the U.S.A. should become a member of the League of Nations, an unlikely event "in view of the nation's overwhelming sentiment" against such a move.

In Great Britain the *Evening Standard* expressed the view of those who are suspicious of all international conferences and agreements:

The people of this country are entitled to ask what they will be requested to do if America, or, for that matter, any other country, should invoke the principles of the Kellogg Pact. There is too much reason to fear that Mr. Stimson will expect Great Britain to take an active part in any deliberations that may arise out of the Pacific situation. It had better, then, be made plain at once that the British people do not intend to be, and would not tolerate being made to be, involved in any such proceedings. They are not concerned, and they do not mean to be concerned, in any causes of dispute that may exist between America and Japan, and certainly they will not

consent to intervene in that dispute on behalf of one side or the other.

This is one side of the question. But there is another, equally realistic. It consists, briefly, in saying that nations must hang together or they will hang separately; that the modern world being, as it is, an interlocked community, the nations cannot do other than take steps in common for their private safety. It is true that we do not want to be mixed up in other people's quarrels; it is equally true that we cannot escape from the effect of such quarrels when they break out into war. As Mr. Norman Angell remarked, writing to the *Manchester Guardian*, what do the critics of the League and the Pact propose? Would they return to isolationism?

ITALY 'AND GENEVA

Early last month Signor Mussolini followed up the drastic change of posts in his diplomatic corps by allowing an article on Fascist foreign policy to be published under his name in the *Popolo d'Italia*. General Italo Balbo, Minister of Air, had already expressed his views in that paper, with particular reference to the Disarmament Conference at Geneva, where he was an Italian delegate. "The League of Nations" he wrote, "is like a limited liability company, whose shareholders may vote and criticize its directors, but whose control is in the hands of those who hold the majority of shares." Great Britain and France, he complained, dominate the Conference with the tacit approval of the U.S.A.; but they have no intention of disarming.

The part of Signor Mussolini's article that has attracted most attention is, in fact, an extract from his exposition of Fascist principles contributed to the "Encyclopædia Italiana", and so not by any means a hasty pronouncement.

Fascismo [he declares] does not believe in the necessity or utility of perpetual peace. Therefore, it repudiates pacifism, which conceals a refusal to struggle and an essential cowardice—in face of sacrifice. War, and war only, raises human energies to the maximum of tension and seals

with its nobility the peoples who have the courage to accept it. All other trials are substitutes; they do not place the individual before the choice of life and death.

The Ducé also said, according to the *Manchester Guardian*, that all "international constructions and societies", even though they are accepted for the utility that they may have in particular political situations, are alien to Fascism.

•It so happens that at Geneva the representatives of Germany and Italy were willing to go much further in the direction of the Hoover proposals than the other Powers, exclusive of Russia. In the case of Germany this was natural, considering her position under the Treaty of Versailles; but the policy submitted by Signor Grandi proved to be bold in an unexpected way, and now that Italian hopes have been disappointed, Signor Mussolini has decided to change front with a return to nationalist realism.

The Bureau of the Conference is due to meet on September 21st, and it is suggested that unless the British and French delegations appear at that meeting with quite a new policy, Germany and Italy may carry out their threats to withdraw. Germany has already sent to Paris an *aide-mémoire* on the subject of equality of rights in armaments, and prospects are not good for a solution of this difficult problem.

THE INDIAN SETTLEMENT

The successive Round Table Conferences in London were considered as steps in the advancement of India towards self-government. A first step was obviously the settlement of representation in the Provincial and Federal legislature of the new India. Here Great Britain acted as mediator, and strove hard, during both sessions of the Conference, to get Indians to settle the matter between themselves. But the conflict of classes was too great. The Hindu-Moslem feud, in itself an obstacle, was complicated by the conflicting claims of the other classes seeking representation: the Sikhs, Indian Christians, Anglo-Indians, depressed classes, landowners and labour.

Agreement having proved impossible

among the Indians themselves, the Government, with the sanction of Parliament and at the invitation of Indian leaders themselves, has taken matters into its own hands and "imposed" a settlement upon the communities. The Government's announcement, which came during August, met, as was expected, with instant criticism from those for whose benefit it was produced, but since for want of any other reasonable scheme it is likely to prove the settlement, its outline is worth recording here.

In the Punjab and Bengal, the two provinces in which the Moslem-Hindu strife has been most marked, the Government have arrived at an arrangement whereby the Moslems will not have an actual majority representation, although they represent 56 per cent. of the population in the Punjab and 55 per cent. in Bengal. In the Punjab, the Moslems will obtain certain of the special seats reserved for landholders, so that in practice they will have a bare majority. In the Punjab they will have 119 out of 250 seats, but since only 225 seats go to Indians (the remainder going to European and commercial interests) they will in effect again have a majority.

It should be pointed out that the Government decisions concern only Provincial Legislatures. Further, the settlement is imposed only for 10 years so that, if it proves unworkable, the Indians will still have an opportunity to introduce and put into practice a plan of their own. But what the present scheme does is to carry forward the work of emancipation in India, to give protection and representation to the depressed classes, and to allow for the representation of women. This last is an important point, and constitutes one of the most commendable features of the Government's settlement; for the influence of women in India in bringing about a betterment of conditions, which are the result of centuries of tradition, is one that cannot be ignored.

ARMS AND THE MAN IN IRELAND

Ireland seems to be following Germany in the military organization of her political parties. Last month we were told of a "White Army" formed by Dr.

O'Higgins and a "Pink" army planned by Mr. Frank Aiken, Minister for Defence in the de Valera Government; this in addition to the "Green," or Regular, army, and the "Red" army of the Irish Republicans.

The White Army, a volunteer division of Old Comrades Association, is composed of former members of the Free State Army and the pre-treaty I.R.A., loyal to the memory of Michael Collins. Dr. O'Higgins, a leading Opposition member of the Dail, said that the Association stands for "a free vote, free speech, a free Press, and anti-Communism, and will always support the lawfully constituted Government of the Free State in the maintenance of law and

Free State money is locked in the British and foreign securities which Mr. de Valera professes to despise that her credit must stand firm in the international markets. Herein lies the country's present bulwark. So long as the Government refrains from hasty and injudicious tampering with it, that bulwark will stand between her and the crowning disaster.

PROFESSOR PICCARD

On Thursday, August 18th, the same day on which Mr. J. A. Mollison set off to cross the Atlantic from East to West, Professor Piccard, the Belgian scientist and aeronaut, made his second balloon ascent to study the cosmic rays in the stratosphere

which did not intend to carry arms, was to counter the terrorism of the "secret organizations" by protecting life and property. Mr. Aiken also recognizes the danger of these organizations and that is why he is attempting to form his Pink army, which he hopes will draw young men from the Red ranks and give support to the Government that is neither White nor Green.

The man responsible for this state of affairs did not in the meantime become less uncompromising about the Oath and the Land Annuities, in the hope, apparently, that conversations between Mr. Thomas and Mr. O'Kelly at Ottawa would result in a concession by the British Government. Mr. de Valera is the prisoner of the I.R.A. and his own fanaticism. At Drogheda he made a speech about the dispute with Great Britain which showed the temper of his mind had not changed. Mr. Cosgrave described it as "good politics, but bad law and worse morals."

Meanwhile the tariff war continues and the Irish farmers are feeling the pinch. Referring to the economic conditions of the country the *Irish Times* concluded by saying that:

Mr. de Valera would be well advised to offer the olive branch before his country is beaten to her knees; he can still offer it without dishonour. Yet, if he is adamant, it is a comforting thought that, however much the people of the Free State may suffer individually by a ruinous tariff war, the country's credit cannot collapse. So much

companion on the first occasion having been M. Kipfer.

By 4.10 a.m. everything was ready at the Dubendorf aerodrome, near Zurich. At 5 a.m. the order was given to let go, and the balloon, only partially inflated with hydrogen so as to allow for expansion, began to ascend, Professor Piccard looking out of the porthole of the gondola and waving to the crowd. The gondola was painted white to reflect the rays of the sun. When the porthole was closed, the heat was



Tom Tilt in the "Evening Standard"

[London

Professor PICCARD

at first intense ; but by the time the balloon had reached its maximum height of 10½ miles the thermometer registered nearly 65 degrees of frost and Professor Piccard afterwards said he was afraid of being frozen to death.

The sky was cloudless and the balloon could be seen drifting over Switzerland. It moved eastwards to Austria, and then southwards, at a speed of some 25 m.p.h., until at 11.40 a.m. a wireless message was received saying that Lake Garda was in view and they would soon descend to avoid falling into the Adriatic. The Professor was too busy with his instruments to be able to pay much attention to the magnificent view of the earth spread out beneath him.

At 5.10 p.m. a successful descent was made at Cavallera, not far south of Lake Garda. The gondola was slightly damaged, but all important instruments escaped injury, including the most important of all—the occupants' heads, protected by their "crash helmets." The change of temperature, from below freezing to 98 degrees in the shade, was a shock to the human body, and for a time the Professor and his assistant lay exhausted beside their balloon.

Granted the courage that went to the performance of this adventure, most people will want to know its value from a scientific point of view. According to Mr. Gerald Heard, a credible authority, the value is considerable. Professor Piccard has already proved that in the stratosphere, the air, instead of lying in layers each colder than the one below it, "stands in huge columns each with its own temperature," and is much less dense than down here. Writing in the *Sunday Express* Mr. Heard said the Professor is exploring what is going to be "the great highway of the world's super air-service":

Into it, when he and other super divers have made a few more plunges and brought back more knowledge, we may see the inter-continental air-planes rocketing up, shooting free and clean and then dropping down in a few hours on their goals in the Antipodes, just as flying fish shoot out of the sea, flash through the air and plunge in again.

But this is not the only, though it may be the most obvious purpose of such ascents.

Professor Piccard wants to find out more than scientists already know about cosmic radiation. He "hopes to have bagged specimens of the air up there which will show how the radiation pours in where the air is many times "thinner" than down here." This, said Mr. Heard, may lead to other discoveries: the reason for wavelengths "fading"—a familiar phenomenon in wireless—and the cause of "those queer 'signals' which so intrigue Marconi, for no earthly station is sending them out."

Mollison's adventure was probably the most dangerous. But Piccard's will contribute more to scientific knowledge.

At 11.30 a.m. on August 18th Mr. J. A. Mollison set off from Portmarnock Strand, County Dublin, to fly to America and back in his "Puss Moth" light aeroplane. He did not reach New York direct, as he had intended, but landed after 30 hours' flying at Pennfield Ridge, New Brunswick. It soon became known that he had postponed his return flight until he had recovered from the strain and weather conditions were favourable.

News was received of his arrival at Harbour Grace preparatory to making the eastward crossing; but on August 31st everyone—particularly his wife, better known as Amy Johnson—must have been relieved to hear that he had given up the attempt, yielding with regret to the advice of the local doctor, Mrs. Mollison, and Lord Wakefield.

"It is unfortunate, but it is a fact, that to be a successful Atlantic flier has come to confer a sort of status on pilots, of the sort suggested by the expression 'blue riband.'" Thus wrote *Flight*, deploring the precedent, though praising Mollison's bravery and skill. The same paper, however, pointed out that Mollison also had in mind the gain to progress in aerial navigation and engine design that might come from his experience; and those who are interested in such matters will find reproduced here a chart of the route prepared for Mr. Mollison by the Aviation Department of the Automobile Association. *Flight's* comment on this chart was as follows:



Courtesy of the A.A.]

Chart showing route prepared by the Automobile Association

The shortest distance between the coasts of Ireland and Newfoundland would have been a great-circle course. To fly along this, however, Mr. Mollison would have been obliged to make five changes of course at predetermined points, and would therefore have had to calculate his position with considerable accuracy. Flying solo as he was, this would have presented great difficulty. An alternative would have been to follow a rhumb-line course, but this would also have involved changes of course to correct for the changes of magnetic variation. To overcome these difficulties, the rhumb-line course was taken, and to this was added the average difference in the magnetic variation between Ireland and Newfoundland. On this course the pilot would be north of the rhumb-line, as the average magnetic variation at first exceeded the actual. Half-way across the actual and average variation would be the same, and finally on the second half of the

Atlantic crossing the actual would exceed the average variation, and the pilot would find himself gradually approaching the rhumb-line.

The "Puss Moth" aeroplane used by Mr. Mollison was a standard machine in all important respects, except for the addition of spare petrol tanks fore and aft of the cabin. He had the usual set of Smith's instruments, two Huson P-4 aperiodic compasses, and a Reid-Sigrist turn indicator. The 120-h.p. "Gipsy III" engine proved its worth, an astonishing performance when one considers the duration of the flight and that the machine was overloaded by 700 lbs.

Mr. Mollison, by being the first, and perhaps the last, airman to make alone the difficult east to west crossing, ranks with Lindbergh as a true adventurer.

THE CLEANER

What we need to-day is not narrow men but broad men sharpened to a point.—*Nicholas Murray Butler.*

The American people are beginning to admire President Hoover, says the *Herald-Tribune*. Well, after all, he's got a job.—*Judge.*

TOPICS OF THE MONTH

THE EMPIRE TURNS THE CORNER

IT was obvious that the Ottawa Conference could not be allowed to fail. That would be a fatal blow to confidence. For, if agreement could not be reached between sister-states, already united in a traditional ideal, then the prospects of the world at large combining to make any advance along the road to recovery were indeed remote.

But the countries assembled at the Conference Table represented a wide range of economic interests, as often conflicting as complementary. It was patent that the mere diversion of a section of world trade into Imperial channels could not be counted an achievement, for it was clear to all the delegates that, important as the Empire was, its members could not afford to cut themselves off from the sphere of world influence, or to sacrifice their opportunity for a share of world markets. The Dominions, economically, were independent nations, anxious to foster their own industries, jealous of interference along their natural lines of development; as, for instance, that which Canada has followed in her associations with the United States.

Thus an air of apprehension lasted throughout the Conference. With one ex-

lands and green hills. During the winter, for a period perhaps of five to six months, the land is under snow and the rushing rivers are blocked with ice. Spring, in Canada, dies quickly into summer, and the green hills are burned brown by dry summer weather, in which the temperature in the daytime is often at the 90° mark.

Into weather conditions that were typical of mid-July, the visiting delegates were plunged, to solve the problems of an Empire immersed in trade depression, and anxious both to help itself and give some help to the outside world. What was remarkable in this particular conference was the rapidity with which the delegates got down to hard business and hard bargaining. It was as though being members of a family they could afford to dispense with the usual vague and pious generalities that mark the opening of international conferences. *The Times* noted this aspect especially.

The supreme merit of this Conference [wrote *The Times*], a greater merit than any previous conference of the kind has ever earned, is that it has steadily refused to be diverted by phrases from grappling with the facts. It would almost be true to say that Ottawa would have been well

restrained and personalities avoided, while the Empire, in the words of *The Times*, "watched with some trepidation the successive perils of a most formidable task".

Within four weeks the Conference concluded its labours. When it rose, twelve agreements had been signed between Great Britain and the Dominions for the promotion of trade within the British Empire, and each delegate must have felt that he had contributed to the first piece of constructive statesmanship the world has seen since the War.

OTTAWA lies at the confluence of three rivers, a prettily laid-out city set in a wide, fertile valley, and encircled by rich

fluent a body of statesmen in the fundamentals of Imperial economics. The Empire is infinitely stronger for the frankness of the Conference, and the whole world will profit from its recognition of realities.

BUT that was written later with the comforting knowledge that the Conference had succeeded. Before success was achieved, there were many moments of tension, and one crisis which had its origin, strangely enough, in something outside the Empire, the Anglo-Russian Commercial Agreement of 1930. Under this instrument, entered into with Russia by the late Socialist Government, reciprocal trading



Everyman]

[London

AFTER OTTAWA

The Chimera of the North Atlantic

relations were established between Great Britain and Soviet Russia. Its result has been the "dumping" in this country of Russian timber and wheat, produced as a State monopoly at a wholly uneconomic price with which Canada could not hope to compete. In return for what she was prepared to offer Great Britain, Canada demanded an embargo on Russian goods in this country, and to this the British delegation refused to accede.

Condemnation of the British attitude over this question would be easy without an understanding of the facts that dictated that attitude. In the first place, as the London *Daily Telegraph* pointed out, the agreement was one which could only be cancelled on six months' notice. But more important than that, our repudiation of the agreement would immediately be followed by the repudiation by the Soviet Government of the latter's obligations for British exports sold under the Export Credits Guarantee. Most important of all was the serious loss of employment which would follow in the industries engaged in

the production of British goods for export to Russia.

The *Daily Telegraph*, in an impartial examination of the situation, admitted that British export trade to Russia amounted last year to just over seven million pounds, compared with thirty-two millions of imports from Russia. Yet the fact remains, went on the *Daily Telegraph*,

that important industrial interests in this country are largely dependent upon the export trade to Russia, and an embargo would wholly destroy it. This country does not wish to sever permanently all trade connections with Russia, which may in time come to stand on a different footing.

THAT, in brief, was the British case, but the advocate of the Canadian case was not to be pacified; and passionately and earnestly, even obstinately it was charged, Mr. Bennett, the Prime Minister of Canada, clung to his demand that Great Britain should declare an embargo on Russian imports.

Now Mr. Bennett was the Chairman of the Conference. His opening speech had been the one that had got quickest to realities. Testimonies to his "driving force", his magnetism, and intense energy had been daily adorning the leader pages of London newspapers. Then suddenly criticism started. It is fair to say that it was carried on in one section of the press only, in the Liberal press, and in the columns of a die-hard Conservative paper, which might justifiably feel irritable at every stem in the tide of Imperial understanding.

"Mr. Bennett", complained the Ottawa correspondent of the *Sunday Times*, "has insisted on working single-handed".

He will delegate responsibility to nobody [reported the correspondent]. By turns irritable, domineering, appealing, and cheerful again—his are the temperamental exhibitions of an over-worked man obsessed with the idea that he must dominate the Conference, yet secretly aware of the mental superiority of the individual United Kingdom Ministers.

Now he is falling back on obstinacy. During the past three weeks Mr. Bennett has realized for the first time that Lord Hailsham is the better lawyer, that Mr. Runciman and Sir Philip

Cunliffe-Lister know more about business, and that Mr. Chamberlain knows more about finance and Mr. Thomas more about dispute negotiations than he can hope to combine within himself.

If only Mr. Bennett could get out of his head the idea that each of the British Ministers is trying to worst him, all might be merry as the proverbial marriage bell; but, as it is, the United Kingdom Ministers will have to work hard to avert a breakdown.

HERE was criticism a little acid, and not a little dangerous to the temper of the negotiations, if Mr. Bennett's reputation for sensitiveness was justified. Apprehensive of the result, other sections of the London press rushed in to pour balm upon the wound, and the *Morning Post* spoke the mind of all the Conservative element in this country when it wrote:

It is not at all necessary to ascribe to Mr. Bennett all the human virtues, unqualified by any human defects. But he is, after all, the Prime Minister of our greatest Dominion, and he should, therefore, be entitled at least to common courtesy from those who speak for any section of the British people. Now that his great effort for the Empire has succeeded, he can afford to ignore the insolence to which he has been exposed. His name is secure of honourable remembrance in British history.

BUT before Mr. Bennett's name could be disposed of in that fashion there were moments of misgiving when it looked as though the Conference were to wreck itself over the question of trade with Russia. "Public opinion in this country will by no means be reconciled to a failure or frustration of the ends of Ottawa by the knowledge that trade with Soviet Russia has been preserved", fumed the *Morning Post*. But, "It is of enormous importance that we should keep our hands free in regard to Russia", insisted the *Liberal News-Chronicle*.

No one [warned this paper] can say how Russia will develop in the next ten years, but at this moment all the trading nations in the world—France, Germany, the United States, Italy, and Japan—are keenly on the look-out for what they consider to be the largest remaining potential market in the world; and none of them are



Races in the "Star"

[Montreal]

Laying the Foundation Stone of Prosperity

permitting any political antipathies to stand in the way of what they consider to be their commercial interests.

To cut ourselves off from this for any advantage that one Dominion could offer us would be folly, and might easily have disastrous reactions—at present unforeseen—on our European policy.

ON the eve of the end of the Conference, it was announced that an agreement had been reached between Great Britain and Canada, and when the agreements were published, the Anglo-Canadian agreement contained a clause providing that if either Government was satisfied that preferences were being frustrated by State action on the part of any foreign country, steps would be taken for the prohibition of the importation from that country of the goods concerned. A decision which gave Mr. Bennett his point and the British Government time to deal with the situation.

AT the close of the Conference, twelve agreements were concluded among the different countries represented. Of these,

the most important were those made by Great Britain with the leading Dominions and Colonies: Canada, Australia, South Africa, New Zealand, and Newfoundland, and with India and Southern Rhodesia. The pith of the settlement was that in return for a number of concessions in the markets of the Dominions, Great Britain promised to each of them certain concessions and preferential entry into her own home markets. These concessions, taken from a summary reported in *The Times*, are reproduced on the opposite page. In effect, Great Britain promised that she would tax certain foreign imports which the Empire was in a position to supply: in return, the Dominions promised that they would protect by tariffs only those industries in their countries which were "reasonably assured of sound opportunities for success", and that even these they would not protect to the extent that the goods of Great Britain would be unable to compete with them. In short, the Dominions gave up their policy of "high-protectionism", and the mother-country her traditional distaste for a tax on food. The nations of the Commonwealth met each other half-way on the basis of free-trade within an Empire surrounded by a business-like but not prohibitive tariff wall.

YET it cannot be denied that, whatever its size, Ottawa has succeeded in erecting an Empire tariff wall. Its plan had been to stimulate Empire trade, but, in spite of ingenuity, this could be done only by diverting some portion of the Empire's external business into Imperial channels. The most obvious example of this was to be seen in the case of the United States. In return for concessions obtained in the British domestic market, Canada has to allow free entry into her own territory of certain varieties of British goods. The people's power of consumption does not change by legislation, so that what Britain gains, America in this case has to lose.

Estimates of the loss to American exporters resulting from the decision of the Ottawa Conference vary, but a conservative guess estimates that the United States will

lose three hundred million dollars of business a year. American comment on this state of affairs was, as might be expected, generally adverse, although in some quarters the larger view was held that the stimulation of trade within the British Empire must ultimately result in the improvement of world trade generally.

FOREIGN comment on the whole was a mixture of suspicion and hope: suspicion that here was a large part of the markets of the world concluding an exclusive trade agreement; hope that there might be something in the declared opinion of the Conference that the stimulation of trade in one area of the world would have a beneficial effect on trade as a whole.

But no foreign comment was as bitter in criticism as that of the "free-trade" elements in Great Britain. Taxes on food were the feature of the Conference seized on by them as the one outcome which proved that Great Britain was now started headlong down the slippery slope of Protection. The *London News-Chronicle*, staunchest of advocates of Free Trade, spoke bitterly of the "Imperial Zollverein" that had been erected, and fastened upon the really vital point of the Conference as being that "so far from increasing the area of free trade, they (the Ottawa Agreements) extend the network of tariffs; and, what is more, they do it for a statutory period of years".

The *Socialist New Statesman and Nation* expressed doubt as to the workability of the "competitive principle" [the arrangement by which the Dominions' protection of their industries is to be only adequate to offset differences in the cost of efficient production in Great Britain and the Dominions concerned].

All that will be secured by the acceptance of the principle [complained this weekly] is the right of the British manufacturers to protest against duties which they consider unreasonably high. There will be no clear basis on which adjudications can be made where any such protests are actually entered. The Ottawa formula will in effect leave the Dominions practically as free as before to make their tariffs on British manu-

THE AGREEMENTS AT OTTAWA

A SUMMARY OF RESULTS

(Reproduced from *The Times*)

BRITISH CONCESSIONS

On the British side it is promised.—

(1) That the free entry now granted to Dominion produce until November 15th shall be continued for the duration of the agreements. [Five Years].

(2) That duties, of which the amount is specified, will be imposed on certain foreign goods, a list of which is given in the schedules. Some of these are now free of duty, others are admitted at rates lower than those which are now set out. They include wheat (2s. a quarter), eggs, poultry, butter, cheese, condensed milk, milk powder, honey, oranges, apples, pears, grapes, and other fruits, unwrought copper, zinc, and lead. This promise is subject to two important provisos. At the end of three years the British Government, if they think it desirable in the interests of the home producer, may impose a duty on eggs, poultry, butter and cheese, and other milk products from the Dominions so long as the same margin of preference is preserved for Dominion over foreign imports, or, in consultation with the Dominion Governments, they may set up a system for the quantitative regulation of supplies. The duty to be imposed on foreign wheat, copper, zinc, and lead may be withdrawn at any time if the Dominion producers are unable or unwilling to furnish the British markets with adequate supplies at world prices.

(3) That on certain specified foreign goods the 10 per cent. duty now imposed shall not be reduced except with the consent of the Dominion or Dominions which would be affected by such reduction.

(4) That in order to raise the wholesale price of frozen meat to a level which will maintain efficient production arrangements will be made for regulating the importation of lamb, mutton, and beef, both chilled and frozen, into the United Kingdom.

(5) That in the projected quantitative regulation of the supplies of ham and bacon, provision will be made for the free entry of Canadian hams and bacon of good quality up to a maximum of 2,500,000 cwt. per annum.

DOMINION CONCESSIONS

In all the agreements provision is made for the removal or reduction of duties on goods from the United Kingdom and from the Colonies imported into the Dominions or for an increase in the preference they now enjoy. As the schedules of new duties are withheld from publication until they can be submitted to the Dominion Parliaments it is impossible to give details. But it is understood that the concessions cover a wide and important field and will be very helpful to British manufacturers.

On the Dominion side the most interesting concession, and that which may ultimately prove the most valuable, is the acceptance by Canada, Australia, and New Zealand of the principles:—

(1) That only those industries should be protected by tariffs against competition from Great Britain "which are reasonably assured of sound opportunities for success"; and

(2) That the "protective duties shall not exceed such a level as will give United Kingdom producers full opportunity of reasonable competition on the basis of the relative cost of economical and efficient production."

In the application of this principle, however, special consideration may be given to the case of industries not fully established. It is promised that no new duty shall be imposed except after an impartial investigation, in which the British manufacturers affected will have full opportunity of stating their case.

Other valuable concessions are the undertakings given to revise the complicated series of prohibitions, charges, and surcharges which have been imposed for financial reasons during the depression and, in the case of Canada, that the Customs Administration uncertainty as to the amount of duty leviable and other causes of delay and friction shall be reduced to a minimum and that machinery shall be provided for the impartial settlement of disputes.

THE AGREEMENT ON DUMPING

(appears on the Anglo-Canadian agreement only)

This agreement is made on the express condition that, if either Government is satisfied that any preferences hereby granted in respect of any particular class of commodities are likely to be frustrated in whole or in part by reason of the creation or maintenance, directly or indirectly, of prices for such class of commodities through State action on the part of any foreign country, that Government hereby declares that it will exercise the powers which it now has or will hereafter take to prohibit the entry from such foreign country, directly or indirectly, of such commodities into its country for such time as may be necessary to make effective and to maintain the preferences hereby granted by it.

factures as high as they like, in order to protect their own industries, provided only that they clap still higher taxes on competing imports from foreign countries. It will in all probability raise the average height of tariffs rather than lower it, and the value of preferences based on very high normal rates of duty is likely to be most disappointing to the producers in Great Britain.

Time and Tide summed up ironically the air of general doubt which it professed to find.

Actually, the agreements which have been signed fail to satisfy anybody. The super-imperialists are disappointed because loopholes have been left for trade with the outside world, while free-traders, though thanking God our delegation displayed some sense of realities, cannot but be gravely disturbed by the new imposts proposed, and particularly those on food and raw materials.

BUT against these misgivings and criticisms must be set the advantages which others read into the results of the Conference. The Conservative *Daily Telegraph* hailed with delight the foundation of the new British Economic Empire. It reminded its readers that

The old foundations sorely needed renewal. Certain members of the Empire were making trade agreements elsewhere. The Ottawa Conference has checked the more palpable processes of disintegration. It has stemmed the unmistakable drift towards Dominion economic nationalism. For five years, at least, but permanently, as we trust, it has rejoined commercial ties between Dominions and the United Kingdom which had begun to wear dangerously thin.

The Times joined itself with those who had "watched with some trepidation the successive perils of a most formidable task" in considering the Conference "a very remarkable achievement". Contrary to the *New Statesman*, *The Times* saw in the "competitive principle" clause "an immense step towards greater freedom of trade within the Empire and towards the more effective co-operation of British and Dominion industries". *The Times* explained how the principle will be worked.

The Dominions, on a request from the British Government, will ask their Tariff Board to make a review of the duties charged on any specified commodities with a view to giving effect to these principles. No existing duty will be increased

HOW THE VIEWS ON THE CONFERENCE VARIED

A CONSERVATIVE VIEW (*Observer*)

Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Neville Chamberlain, and Mr. J. H. Thomas got their first impression on Friday of how their countrymen regard the great work on which they have been engaged and the manner of their handling it. They cannot have been left in any doubt as to the nation's verdict. The achievement is received as solid and good, and the process of reaching it has redounded to the credit of British statesmanship.

A HIGH PROTECTIONIST VIEW

(*Sunday Express*)

The Ottawa agreements have exposed the utter inadequacy of the Government's programme. The benefits of these half-hearted and limited compacts to the manufacturing industries will be illusory and negligible.

A "DIE-HARD" VIEW (*Sunday Times*)

The return of the British representatives finds the average man still perhaps a little undecided about Ottawa.

cept after inquiry and report by a Tariff Board and in accordance with the facts as found by the board. "In all inquiries of the kind the United Kingdom producers will be entitled to full rights of audience before the Board.

This is in direct contradiction of the *evening Statesman* view given above, but *The Times*' vision of perfection is as likely to be true as the pessimistic prophecy of the socialist weekly.

THE *Yorkshire Post*, whose editorial views are always clearly presented, believed that the Ottawa Conference will prove to have been "not a mere piece of more or less effective bargaining and adjustment of referential profit and loss accounts, but the beginning of a new era of correlated and co-operative economic policy of the various parts of the Empire". And it warned its readers that "It is to the constructive development of such a policy patiently pursued over a term of years that this country and the Dominions must look for the real fruits of the Conference".

"A gentlemen's agreement", is what the *Morning Post* calls this, and announces that "Ottawa is an example to the whole world of what can be achieved by mature confidence and conciliation".

Not a quarter is criticism directed against the spiritual values of the Conference. Coming so soon after the Irish dispute, the conference provided a demonstration of mutual concord and trust that an embittered and disillusioned world might well envy. Mr. Baldwin, who interprets better than any living Englishman the sentiments that all Britons feel, spoke at the opening of the conference of the Empire as "the moral and intellectual embodiment of a civilization which a few years ago was tottering on its foundations, and which together they had helped to save for mankind". The *Yorkshire Post*, interpreting that phrase in an editorial, wrote with feeling:

Mr. Baldwin believes, to put it briefly and baldly, that the mission of the Empire is to act as a leader in keeping alive certain spiritual values—probably he would include among them a love of fair play and personal freedom, and a mistrust of dogmatic theorising—which are embodied in its history and in the temperament of its peoples, and which the world, he considers, cannot afford to lose. This is an ideal thoroughly capable of commanding a lasting group-loyalty, but it is plainly not primarily an economic ideal nor one which can be served by means of economic bargaining among the group's members. Indeed, it is an ideal which cannot be served sincerely for very long unless each and every section of the Empire is prepared at need to make a certain sacrifice of immediate economic advantage for the sake of preserving group unity.

Economy is not enough without sentiment, nor sentiment enough without the spiritual values that deepen and strengthen what would otherwise be only a superficial emotion. The prosaically phrased agreements signed at Ottawa are commercial documents. But the Empire cannot survive by them alone, as Mr. Baldwin pointed out when he reminded the Conference that "the British Empire was not built up on trade agreements, nor could it be maintained solely by tariffs and preferences".

And so the greatest Conference an Empire has ever seen broke up and the delegates sailed home. What had been the sum of their achievement? Weighing it up, "Scrutator" wrote in the *Sunday Times*:

Ottawa has done everything but the impossible or the dangerous. It has not given us a Free Trade Empire, but it has weakened the forces of high Protection and extended the area of freer trade, and it contains within it Agreements to whose beneficence no limit can be fixed.

It has provided another span to the bridge which we are building away from war to the opposite and prosperous shore. It has done all these things without risk of injury either to the home consumer or to the principle of fiscal freedom and full State independence. It remains to use efficiently the new instrument that has been given us.

THE NEW HINDENBURG LINE

A Struggle for Power in Germany

FRAU ZETKIN, familiarly known as "Red Clara", came especially from Moscow to preside at the opening of the Reichstag on August 30th, a duty that she performed in virtue of her age, seventy-five, which makes her the oldest deputy. Her speech to the House, filled far beyond the limits of normal accommodation, was a notable feat, though hardly audible; but her fiery Marxist denunciations had no great significance, seeing that the Communists are not at the moment within reach of victory in the political battle that is being waged in Germany.

The Times gave a dramatic description of the ceremony:

Inside the Reichstag the 230 Nazi Deputies, every one in the brown of the Storm Detachments or the trim black uniform of the élite Defence Squads, nearly filled the right segment of the semi-circle, and the Centre found itself pushed over to the Left. As 3 o'clock approached, the Communist Deputy, Frau Clara Zetkin, who had come especially from Moscow to take the chair in virtue of seniority, entered the House, greeted with a triple shout of "Red Front" from her party. Very old and ill, she was almost lifted by two stalwart women Communists up the stairs to the tribune and sank, a diminutive figure, into the great chair of the Reichstag President.

Frau Zetkin attacked the Nazis, and the President and his Government, who, she said, "ought to be impeached before the Supreme Court of the Reich, except that this would be like impeaching the Devil before his grandmother." She concluded with the hope that she would "yet be spared to know the happiness of opening the first Red Congress of Soviet Germany."

HERR VON PAPEN and his ministers, and Herr Hugenberg's 37 Nationalists, were not in their places. The reason for their absence was also the reason for the disciplined, Constitutional behaviour of the Nazis, who, to the amusement of the Left, made haste to support the election of their candidate, Captain Goering (the last leader of Richtofen's air "circus") as President

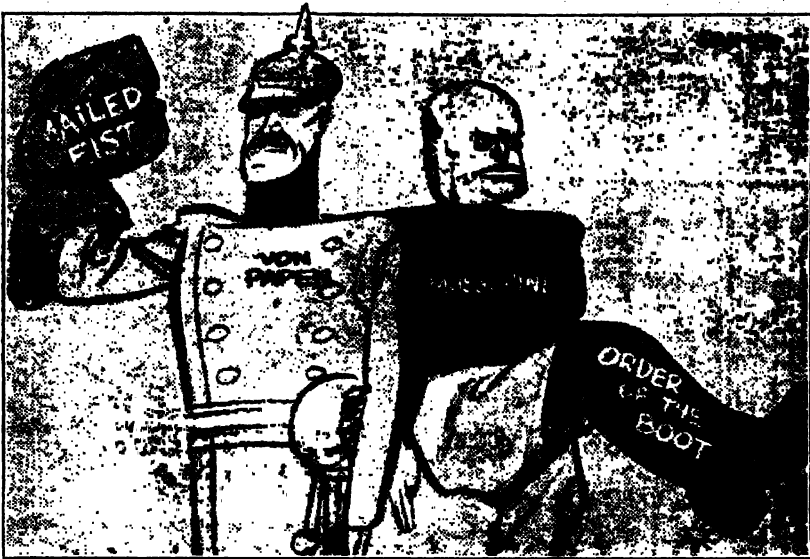
of the Reichstag. It was known that the Chancellor, having visited President von Hindenburg at Neudeck, had obtained from him authority to dissolve the Reichstag, and approval of the Government's economic programme. The Nazis wanted to prove that the Constitution is "workable", and either to rescind the Government's decrees or to put into operation their own programme, perhaps supported by the Centre Party, as the *Kölnische Zeitung* had consistently foretold. "There was a roar of laughter," wrote *The Times*, "at this Nazi defence of Parliament and the Constitution."

Subsequently the Reichstag adjourned, a procedure that was followed by the Prussian Diet, in which the political situation had reached the same climax.

EXACTLY one month had passed since the Reichstag Elections at the end of July, and it is worth recalling the events that led up to the situation described above.

The Election resulted in a deadlock, as had been expected: the Nationalists, Centre Party, Social Democrats and Communists each gained or lost a few seats; the Nazis (Hitlerites) won 229 seats as compared with 107 in the Election of September, 1930, but this failed to give them an absolute majority and their voting strength, when compared with the figures of the Presidential Election, seemed to show that the movement had reached its peak. The Communists (89 seats) held a balance of power, as did the Centre Party (76 seats); but in no case, except perhaps between the Centre Party and the Nazis, was there any prospect of coalition.

And so the Papen-Schleicher Government, helped by the authority of President von Hindenburg, carried on, without party or representative in the Reichstag, but with promises of reform and the hope of "canalising" the forces of Hitlerism. In this they were disappointed. Hitler, though giving conditional support to the Government, could not control his storm troops, angered by their failure to obtain absolute power, and



[Grimes in The Star]

[London]

This Freedom!

terrorism broke out in various parts of the country. Socialists, Communists and Jews were attacked with ferocity. Furthermore, Hitler's chief lieutenants, Herr Strasser and Dr. Goebbels, were opposed to compromise. And so the Government, having invited disorder by removing the ban on Nazi uniforms, was obliged to pass an emergency decree—the "Terror Decree"—sanctioning a death sentence for political murder.

IT was at this time, on August 13th, that the President, accompanied by Herr von Papen, the Chancellor, received Hitler in Berlin. He offered Hitler and his friends a share in the Government under von Papen, but Hitler refused, maintaining that he had a right to absolute power, and it was afterwards officially reported that he had demanded "the same position and the same plenary powers as Mussolini after the march on Rome"—a report, one may record, that is strenuously denied in some quarters as being a Machiavellian invention. At any rate, it is certain that the President refused to consider Hitler's claim, pointing out that the Nazis were still a party, not a national

movement, and warning him of his "duty to the Fatherland", which would resist a Nazi rising by force of arms.

"We shall be in office a long time," said von Papen, to the rage of Nazis who had hoped for jobs as officials in various capacities. The country feared an explosion due to the continual frustration of these hopes. *The Times* wrote that

Some anxiety is felt in Germany lest the breakdown of the negotiations should lead to fresh outbreaks by the more irresponsible elements among the Nazis. There has even been talk about a "march on Berlin" and an attempt to seize the Government by force.

The prophets of disaster had not long to wait.

THE climax of political terrorism between Nazis and Communists was reached at Potempa, near Beuthen, in Silesia, where a Communist, named Pietzuch, was beaten, shot, and kicked to death in the presence of his mother by five Nazis, only a few hours after the Terror Decree had been passed. At the subsequent trial in the Federal Court the five murderers were condemned to death;



[Provdn]

[Moscov]

The Fascist Harp:—Hitler prepares music for the masses

and the uproar that this sentence provoked among the Nazis all over Germany can only be understood by those who realize the present barbarism of political life in that country, where the killing of one's opponent is held, in certain parties, to be a sacred right. Adolph Hitler's reply was prompt and passionate. He sent a telegram to the sentenced men, in the following terms:

My Comrades.—In face of this most monstrous and bloody sentence I feel myself bound to you in infinite loyalty. From this moment onwards your liberty shall be a bond of honour with us, and the struggle against the Government under which this has happened shall be a duty for us.

Hitler also issued a manifesto to his party, in which he made a violent attack on the Government:

Herr von Papen [he said] I do not endorse your impartiality in shedding blood. What I desire is the victory of national Germany and the annihilation of its destroyers, and I do not choose to become the hangman of champions of German freedom.

The Nazi Press could not believe that Hindenburg, "who already feels the shadows of mystical eternity around him, will end his life by delivering five patriotic Germans to the hangman through his silence." The *Angriff* expressed itself astonished that anyone "should venture to demand the death penalty against S.A. men who, in justified self-defence against Marxist terror, and in comprehensible anger and desperation, kill a Communist bandit."

THE dilemma facing the Government was an awkward one, arising from the consequences of their policy towards the Nazis. To grant a reprieve would be nothing short of surrender to one party in the Reich; to uphold the full rigour of their Decree threatened to provoke civil war. Yet, as the *Morning Post* suggested, Hitler's position was hardly more enviable:

He has consistently trained his movement to the idea of rebellion, yet he can never make up his mind to rebel. Overconfident of victory at the polls he has for months been proclaiming that he would seize power only by constitutional means, that is, through the ballot-box. Now that the ballot-box has failed him, the forces which he has set in motion threaten to slip out of control.

Public feeling became so strong that on September 2nd, the Chancellor commuted the death sentences on the grounds that the murderers had no knowledge of the decree when they committed the crime. But this act was not received as a sign of weakness, the Government having strengthened its position by a drastic economic programme.

HERR VON PAPEN gave a national broadcast of this programme from Münster on August 28th, beginning with a general statement of policy which may be summarized in these terms:—

It is the duty of the State to oppose such a collapse of political morality as was contained in the demand for judicial differentiation against enemies.

The extravagant speeches of Herr Hitler bode ill for his claims on State leadership, and he has no right to regard the minority which follows his flag as the nation.

The Government is firmly resolved to stamp out the smouldering fires of civil war.

The central problem of Germany is unemployment.

There must be no experiments with the currency.

The economic programme is a drastic one, but based upon the principle of non-interference with capitalism and private enterprise. Its main feature is the creation of fresh credit. Payers of certain taxes, burdensome to producers, will receive certificates, on which banks will advance loans for use in business, thus putting into circulation, it is claimed, the sum of £75,000,000. A further sum, up to £35,000,000, will come from the issue of "taxation credit certificates" to industrial firms that increase the number of men they employ.

Whatever may be thought of the programme when examined in detail, there can be no doubt that it is a bold effort, which may succeed if Herr von Papen can retain the good impression made in Germany (in spite of Nazi and Socialist criticism), and if the world economic situation improves, as he thinks it will.

The Chancellor received the support of President von Hindenburg, when he laid these plans before him at Neudeck; he has behind him General Schleicher and the Reichswehr; it appeared, when the Reichstag assembled, that the "monocled" Government was still firmly in the saddle. The President has no desire that the Government shall override the Constitution: he intends that a dissolution of the Reichstag shall be followed by another Election, which would certainly not please the Nazis. According to *The Times*, "the Reichstag has the choice between dissolution, successive adjournments, which would in effect be equivalent to 'toleration' of the Papen Government, and the production of a workable alternative Government."

BUT the new Hindenburg Line is not unbreakable. Few people in England seem to realize that beneath the froth of Hitlerism are deep waters that owe their source to an important body of German opinion. This point was clearly set forth by Mr. W. Horsfall Carter in *The Fortnightly Review*:

German traditions are essentially autocratic and military. This applies particularly, of course, to Prussia, but as we know, owing to the methods by which Bismarck welded German national unity, the same craving for authority is deeply embedded in the national consciousness. With it is bound up also a definite trend towards "Socialism," in the sense that Germans naturally expect the State to play a bigger part in their economic and cultural life than would ever be tolerated, for instance, in this country. These are, so to speak, the constants in the German problem. The variables, which in an age of transition like the present, play a vastly more important part, have, as it happens, worked in the very same direction. National-Socialism, in its peculiar emotion-laden form, could only have arisen in Germany. But its immense importance derives from the fact that an integration of the National idea and the Social idea is the characteristic post-war development in Europe.

The writer explained that in Germany there is "a tiny moneyed class and a huge proletariat whose living conditions are steadily worsening under the pressure of deflation." The supporters of Hitler are drawn from the ruined middle-class; from the generation that fought in the trenches and won a comradeship with the "workers" by being "filled with contempt for the 'old' men who had allowed their country to drift into war"; and from the youth of the nation, unemployed, hungry and desperate. Whatever may be said against the crude sentiment and political violence of the Nazis, it is a fact, says Mr. Horsfall Carter, that they represent the Germany of the future far more than the Papen-Schleicher Government, which is, despite good intentions, a Government of reaction and the old régime.

Bureaucratic stalwarts of the old pre-War Germany cannot much longer stand up against the tidal wave of social nationalism of which Adolf Hitler—who is certainly no Mussolini—has been a convenient symbol. "Public sentiment", said Abraham Lincoln, "is everything. With public sentiment, nothing can fail. Without it, nothing can succeed."

It remains to be seen whether Herr von Papen can persuade the German people that their sentiment for law and order is more vital than the sentiment of nationalism which Hitler has tried to enflame.

BLUE PRINTS FOR REVOLUTION

Mr. Wells and the I.L.P.

"I AM asking for Liberal Fascisti, for enlightened Nazis. I am proposing you consider the formation of a great Communist party, a Western response to Russia, a party for scientific world planning."

"In place of the reformers we have definitely to urge the policy of revolution. We have definitely to urge the view that it is only by absolute and fundamental change that there is going to be any hope in the conditions of the working class."

These two sentences were the key-note of addresses given respectively by Mr. H. G. Wells and Mr. Fenner Brockway to the Summer Schools of the Liberal Party and the Independent Labour Party. They were not vapourings of the "silly season", which happens also to be the season of these Schools. They deserve attention, not necessarily because of their wisdom, which may be doubted, but because they represent an important body of opinion in this country, apt to be ignored at a time when the thoughts of most people have turned to Conferences overseas.

IT is many years now since Mr. Wells gave up his scientific romances, which were often prophetic, as well as being works of genius, and took to planning an "Open Conspiracy" to reform the world in which we live. All parties, even the Labour Party, have failed him. He now sees fresh hope in a rejuvenated, but almost unrecognizable, Liberalism.

The new world situation, he told his audience, needs "a new organization, a world State." These words sounded familiar. They were followed by others which exploded like bombs among the stalwarts of Liberalism and the friends of Labour.

Mr. Wells first attacked the Labour Party and its intellectual parent, the Fabian Society. The latter, he said,

was too busy about contemporary nothingness, so it muddled along in undertones and ended

at last in the complete inaudibility of Lord Passfield in the House of Lords.

This seems a little hard on the man who, as Mr. Sidney Webb, won victories with his pen that have been largely responsible for putting the Labour Party where it is (an unenviable position, one might say), but Mr. Wells, looking back into the past, became even more severe.

The Fabian Society [he argued] could not be induced to look beyond the Britain that was then. Some of the members wanted an Imperial Socialism so as to get a bit of a push for their self-advancement from Kipling as well as Karl Marx. They would not look at the idea of a new world. They wanted careers to go into Parliament and shine as Cobden and Gladstone and Palmerston and Disraeli had shone. They saw in Socialism not so much a sincere scheme of social reconstruction as an attractive system of promises.

MR. WELLS then turned his attention to the history of the crisis in the Labour Party a year ago, which resulted in Mr. Ramsay MacDonald being sent for by the King to form a National Government. His criticism took at first the usual form of pointing out that the Labour Government had feared to do more than play at Socialism: it had "sustained the rule of gold over human life" and had proved itself "all spouting mouths and clutching hand and no brain or backbone." But then he proceeded to make an attack on the Monarchy, which, however legitimate it may be to hold republican opinions, did not seem to be justified by the facts as they occurred, and the existing practice of the Constitution.

The King was so ill-advised as to depart from his proper political and social neutrality and lead the movement for cheese-paring and grinding the face of the needy in the interests of the debt collector, and not a soul in the Labour party said what ought to have been said about the King or that miserable campaign of unintelligent

economy which cast its dismal shadow over the closing months of 1931.

The *Morning Post*, as one might expect, took exception to these words. "A prophet," wrote that paper, "is proverbially without honour in his own country ; but there is no reason why he should be without manners ; and Mr. Wells sadly forgot his manners when he used the platform provided for him to make a railing attack upon the King." The *Manchester Guardian* did not complain of manners so much as inconsistency :

A year ago the King, taking the advice of his Prime Minister, dismissed the Labour Ministry from office and put in its place a Government composed of its opponents and reversing its policy. That should have pleased Mr. Wells. But it did not. The King is attacked in his speech with a violence the less excusable since, unlike the Labour party, he is constitutionally debarred from replying. What would Mr. Wells have ?

WHAT would he have, indeed ? A Fascist party in England according to the model of Mussolini, who declares that "Liberalism is a putrefying corpse" ?

Not at all, said Mr. Wells. Liberalism is a giant, though "an extraordinarily feeble giant" which is "continually being kicked hard by gangsters, law-breakers—Mussolini, Stalin, Japan, the Catholic Church, Kipling, Shaw, and so forth and so on." It is a feeble giant, the audience were told, partly because in the past

It allowed that loquacious old Tory Gladstone, with his Garvinesque erudition about Homer and his appalling ignorance of science, to burke the modernization of the universities so that there is practically no Liberal education in the British Empire at the present time.

In the future Liberalism may be saved, and so save the nation, through Liberal Fascists who instead of returning to the "dreary corridors of Westminster" will "liberalise the press and inaugurate a gigantic Liberal educational movement." Here we have the modern Mr. Wells, who scorns democracy, and the ancient eternal Mr. Wells, who believes in education. But he combination of Liberalism with Fascism



New Clarion

Mr. H. G. WELLS

[London

would seem to be a contradiction in terms. If the country needs the hand of dictatorship, how can you preserve the Liberal principles of private enterprise and personal freedom ? Granted the importance of leadership and determined action at the present time, a party that turned its back on the corridors of Westminster and sought executive power by other means, would no longer be Liberal in anything but name. H. M. Tomlinson, who writes in *The New Clarion*, says that

Though Mr. Wells advised Mr. Ramsay Muir to be a Black Shirt, or a Nazi at the least, he knows perfectly well that the Oxford garden party which adjourned to visit Sir John Simon after he had addressed it, is no more likely to resolve on New Jerusalem for England's green and pleasant land than are the guardians of the home for lost dogs.

But Mr. Wells is no fool, even if he steps in where practical statesmen fear to tread. He is aware, as he always has been, of the spirit of the age. He knows that quite a number of people want leadership, determined action, and a plan. The trouble is that no one can agree about the plan. And the British, having always muddled through, believe they can continue the habit.

OTHER parties have plans. After a snigger at Mr. Wells they all say theirs is the best. "Mr. Wells", wrote the *New Leader*, "is right in thinking that we must make a break with the past, with old parties and with old policies, if we are to be equal to the new situation." After referring to its break with the Labour Party six weeks ago this organ of the Independent Labour Party said,

The I.L.P. now goes forward to rally the working class to a supreme effort to win Power and to use that Power to apply a Socialist Plan, which will begin the creation of a new Britain and a new world.

The I.L.P. is as scornful as Mr. Wells in its attitude towards the Labour Party. Its experience of executive power is hardly less remote than that of the new Liberal-Fascist.

"AN event of deep political significance has occurred at Bradford," remarked the *Daily Telegraph*, referring to the I.L.P. vote, by 241 to 142, in favour of disaffiliation from the Labour Party. According to that paper, a remarkable scene followed the announcement of the Chairman, Mr. Fenner Brockway.

There was wild cheering, and the Conference rose in a body and sang the "Red Flag". A body of six young men, wearing the red shirts of the Guild of Youth, came forward and waved six red banners over the heads of Mr. James Maxton, M.P., and his colleagues on the platform.

This "red" enthusiasm sounds as if the victors had based their revolt on the doctrines of Karl Marx. And indeed this is partly the case. During the life of the last Labour Government the I.L.P. members had continually protested against the weakness of its Socialism and the restrictions of Standing Orders. It is to the first of these

complaints, which involves questions of principle and political method, that the break is in the main due. The Labour Party, and its Trade Unionist supporters, still believe in "gradualism" and constitutional action, though since the disaster of the General Election they have made efforts to free themselves from any contact with capitalism. The I.L.P. wants to achieve "Socialism in our time" by revolution; though what sort of revolution they intend, or of what their policy consists, is not easy to discover.

The Conference [said *The Times*] has not defined revolutionary Socialism. Like its Executive Council, the Conference has been content with an evasion of that rather dangerous duty, for it is a duty if the party wants to be clearly understood.

The *Daily Herald*, expressing the official Labour point of view, made a similar criticism:

Mr. Maxton and Mr. Brockway, two able and sincere men, whose loss to the Labour Party we regret, believe that they can best further the cause of Socialism by building up a new Party, with a new constitution, much resembling the old, save for the embellishment of a few revolutionary phrases which no one has clearly defined.

BUT such a criticism did not come only from outside. The majority for disaffiliation was not large, and the minority included names that carry some weight in Labour councils. Mr. E. F. Wise, who has proved his ability in the Civil Service and in Parliament, is probably more able than any of his former and better-known I.L.P. colleagues. Writing after the Conference in the *New Clarion* he said:

They claim to be preparing themselves for a revolutionary situation thought to be near at hand, when not arguments but machine guns will prevail, conveniently overlooking the fact that all the machine-guns are in the hands of our opponents, and will remain there until Labour can claim a majority of the electorate.

Mr. Wise proceeded to suggest that "already the fatal weaknesses of a half-baked revolutionary position are apparent. There is no logical meeting-ground between the Labour Party and the Communists."

The I.L.P. rebels are already divided among themselves. Some believe in force; others are pacifists: they "want to get quit of the Labour Party because they object to violence in any form, and because the Labour Government showed an obstinate reluctance to disband the Army, Navy and Air Force without further ado." Furthermore, they are inconsistent. At the Conference, Mr. J. McGovern, M.P., had exclaimed:

- I do not believe Standing Orders are necessary in a Socialist party. It has been a disgrace that the I.L.P. should have been pursuing the policy of going down cap in hand to a group of generals who have sold the pass at every turn.

The futility of this remark needs no comment. One may quote Mr. Wise, who writes that "the National Council are now trying to apply to I.L.P. members a discipline far more complete and bureaucratic than the Standing Orders of which they so bitterly complain."

MOST people will want to know what practical purpose, if any, lies behind this new move of Mr. Maxton and his friends. We are acquainted with the Marxian philosophy, and the attempt to realize the dictatorship of the proletariat in Russia, which has produced what may fairly be described as State Capitalism. As far as one can tell, economic equality is the basic principle of the I.L.P., to be imposed by nationalization and increased direct taxation. Part of Mr. Brockway's address to the I.L.P. Summer School has been quoted at the head of this article. He continued as follows:

Where before the possessing classes had the first claim upon wealth, after the change the working classes must have the first claim. Where to-day the possessing classes own and control industry, after the change the working classes must own and control industry. The possessing classes buy the good things of the world, after the change the good things of the world must be definitely bought up for supplying the needs of the working classes. In the new movement put aside all idea of personal ambition and do not think in terms of careers.

I want to say clearly to the comfortable classes, or better-off classes, who are thinking of joining our I.L.P., that so far as I am concerned it is



J. C. L. Maitland in the New Leader

[London]

MR. MAXTON

going to make demands from their incomes until in their personal lives they identify themselves with the working class as they wish to identify themselves politically.

We have applied that philosophy already since the Bradford Conference, and there has been a response. One man brought up in the public-school tradition, who was sending his children to public schools, has, after joining the I.L.P. in its new fight, withdrawn his children from the public schools, and is sending them to the ordinary secondary schools, and the funds which were being paid to make snobs are now being paid to the I.L.P.

In spite of their continual preaching upon it, the theoretical line between the "working" classes and the "possessing" classes is one that no British Communist has ever been able to draw, in practice.

Nevertheless, it would be unfair to suggest that the only result of the Bradford Conference has been the sacrifice of a few children on the altar of their parents new religion. What is in question is not the sincerity of the I.L.P., but their wisdom and experience; and criticism comes most appropriately from the mouths of their own kind. At the

Summer School Mr. E. F. Wise, having already pointed out that in the event of revolution the last people to be able to exploit it would be the I.L.P., declared that in his opinion capitalism had not only not broken down but possessed the capacity to adjust itself to the unprecedented economic conditions which have taken place during the last three years. He was supported by Mr. C. E. M. Joad, the philosopher with advanced political views, who said, according to the *Daily Dispatch* :

The trouble is that to propagate a propaganda is comparatively easy if there are the proper geese. Fortunately the geese who talk of and believe in revolution in this country are few and far between. The Englishman will fight furiously for what he believes to be his rights. He has done so ever since the barons made King John sign Magna Charta at Runnymede. But he must be firmly convinced, in his own judgment, that he is not getting his rights and is not likely to get them by other means. That is where the Englishman rises superior to the men of other countries ; he refuses to be led away by mere talk. He is intelligent in a peculiarly English fashion. He ponders things and argues with himself. He has a faculty for seeing both sides of a question, for weighing up the pros and cons. The foreigner is prone to dub him stolid. It is one of the greatest assets the citizens of a nation can possess. The Englishman will never " fly off the handle " like many of the Latins will. He has a mind of his own, and in his own stolid fashion he uses it.

NONE but the most crusted Tory supposes that perfect social justice prevails in this country. There are men and women belonging to all parties to the Right of the I.L.P. who are just as sincere in their desire to improve the condition of the people. Those who do not hold the Communist faith (and this, in fact, is the faith of the I.L.P.) believe that Communism is a primitive, not an ideal, state of society.

One may suggest that Mr. Maxton and his friends have failed to understand the political history, and the political sense, of our race. The methods of Mussolini, of Lenin, are not natural to the British : if

drastic methods became necessary, it is likely they would be applied in a different fashion, by different hands, to produce a state of society far removed from the Fascist Corporative State or Marxian dogma. No doubt it was this feeling that moved *The Times* to write that

the secession from the Labour Party is a confession of the failure of men who want to give Socialism in this country a meaning which it has not yet had and a meaning repugnant to the political sense of a democracy.

This new movement seems to be due to the fact that its makers are lacking in experience not only of executive power but of the character of their countrymen.

SHELLEY may have said that the poet is the " unacknowledged legislator of the world ", but there is no case in history in which revolutionary political pamphleteers have been entirely justified by events. At about the time when these Conferences and Schools were being held, the Sage of Malvern was attending the performance of his play *Too True to be Good*. Its predecessor had been *The Apple Cart*, in which Mr. Bernard Shaw disclosed his new-found scorn for Liberal democracy, to the horror of the Fabians, and of Mr. Wells, who now classes him with " gangsters and law-breakers ". But even Mr. Bernard Shaw, an inveterate pamphleteer, and stern critic of Labour in office, does not at heart believe in the political methods of Fascism or Communism. Still less does he believe that their faith can be a substitute for a religion. If one can judge from his *Essays in Fabian Socialism*, published last month by Messrs. Constable, the author of *Back to Methuselah* is still loyal to Fabian tactics. These are pragmatic ; they do not follow any fixed plan of Socialist victory. Members of the I.L.P. want a social revolution in this country : it is taking place, by natural, evolutionary means, under their very eyes. After all, the ancient Roman methods may prove to be better suited to Britain than the new.

CARICATURES OF THE MONTH



Grimes in the "Star"

[London]

MODERN POLITICIANS



York Herald

[Paris]

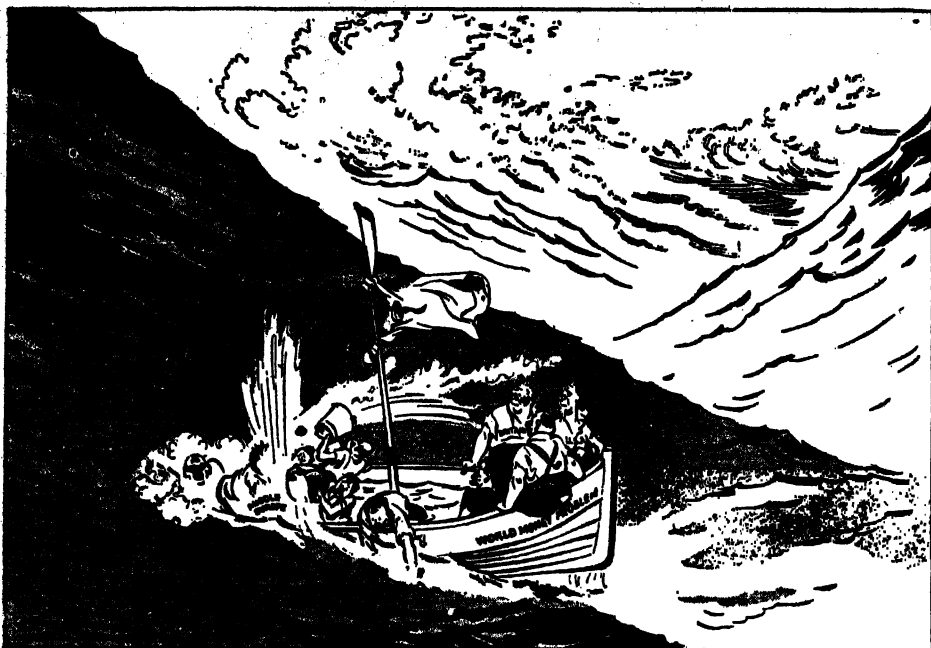
The Retreat from Moscow



New York Herald

[Paris]

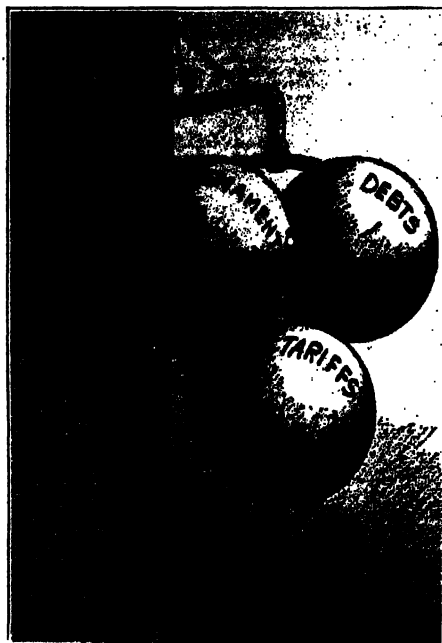
That Threatened Eclipse



Low in the "Evening Standard"]

[London

"Phew! That's a nasty leak. Thank goodness it's not at our end of the boat"



Talbot in the "Post-Dispatch"]

[St. Louis

A SIGN OF THE TIMES



Bulletin and Scots Pictorial]

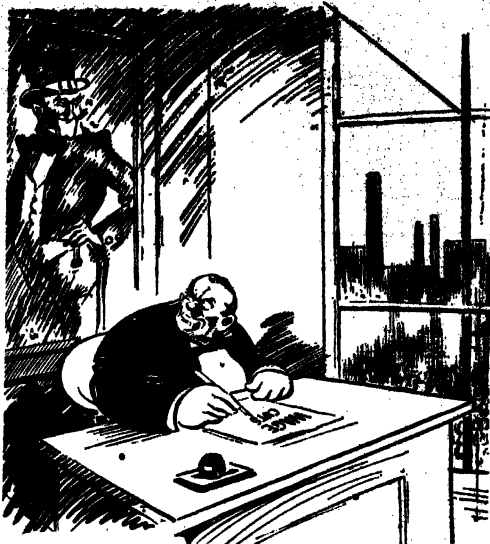
The Maxton clan intend to have their own boat for the next flood



[Haagsche Post]

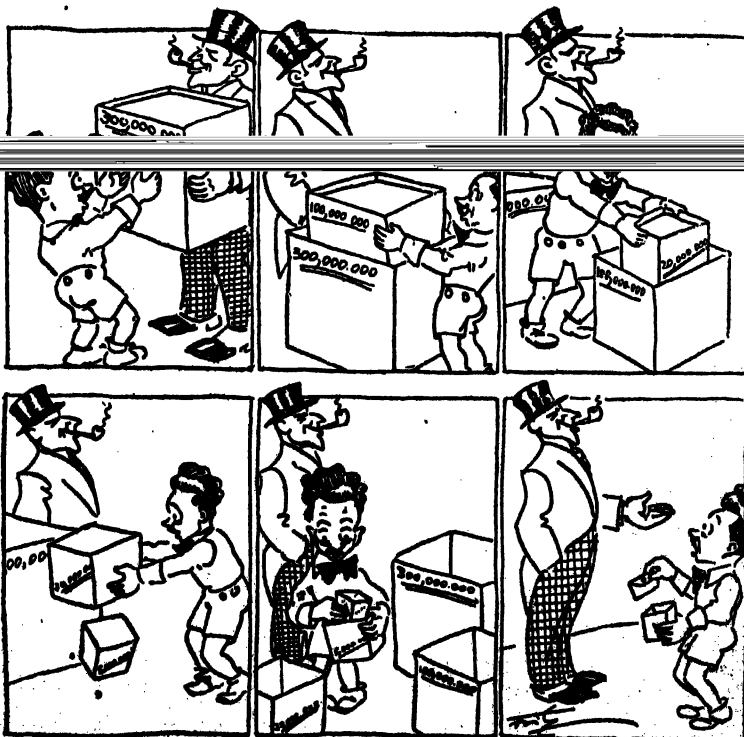
A Sunbeam in New York

[The Hague]



[New Leader]

[London] Lancashire millowner of a hundred years ago to his successor to-day: "Good lad! Hit at th' women and kids! That's how we made Lancashire great!" my time."

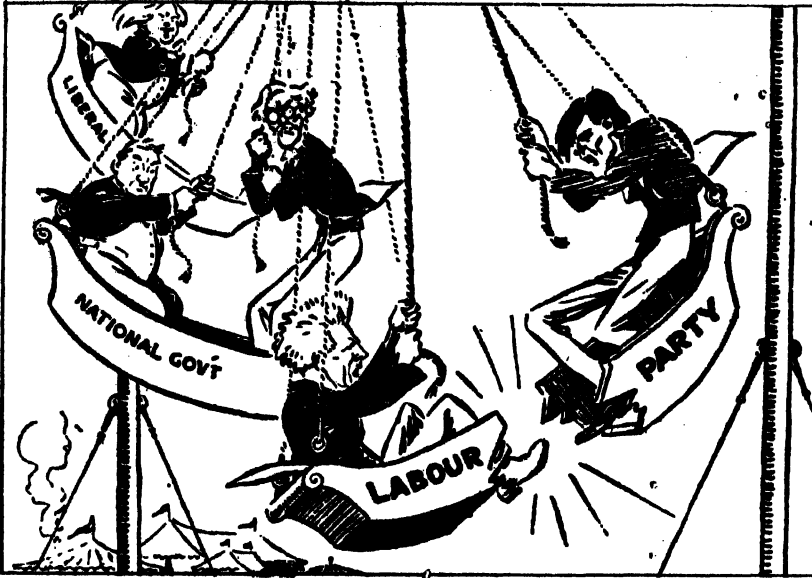


[Gott von Berlichingen]

THE AUSTRIAN LOAN

A present from kind uncle "League of Nations" to good little Austria.

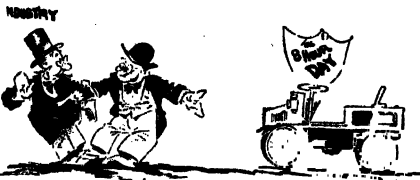
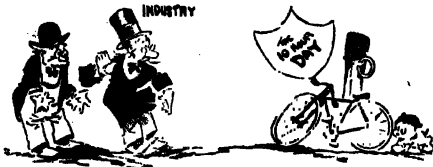
[Vienna]



[Glasgow News]

[Glasgow]

Mr. Maxton (carolling lightheartedly): "You'll tak' the high road and I'll tak' the low road"



Hanny in the "Inquirer"

[Philadelphia]

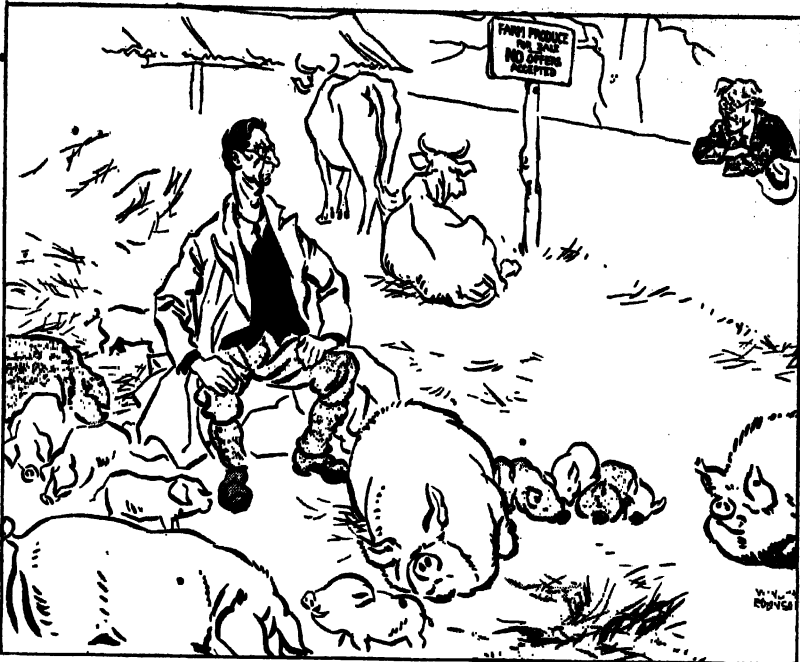
Now we'll have to start in all over again



News of Talbot

[Washington]

How about that Funnel?



Robinson in the Cape Times]

[Cape Town

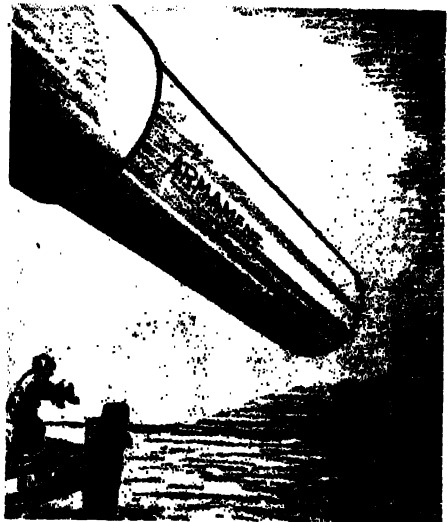
"Of course, de Valera, the thing we Scots really do envy you Irish is your wonderful sense of humour"



Filpatrick in the Post-Despatch]

[St. Louis

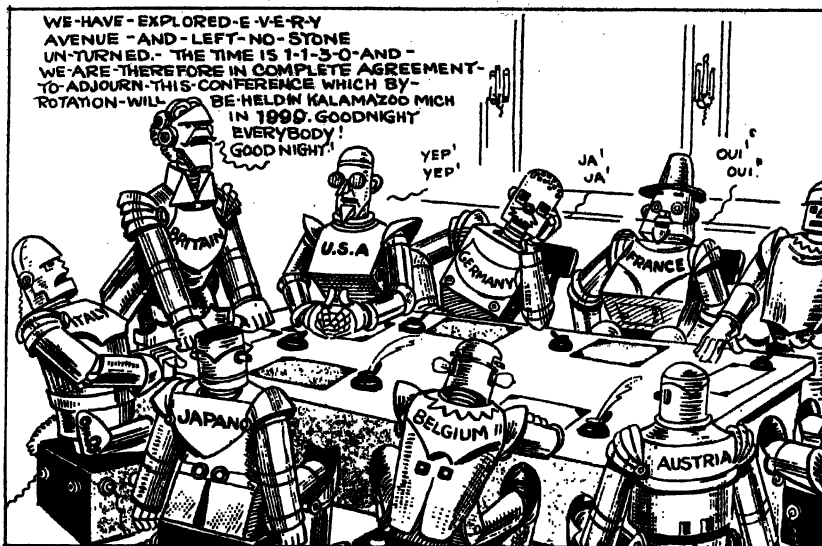
Europe: "I have forgiven my debtor"



Talburt in the Post-Despatch]

[St. Louis

WHY HIS SHIP DOESN'T COME IN



Strube in the Daily Express

A WAR DEBTS CONFERENCE, 19--?

[London]

A two-ton robot which can read, answer any questions and tell the time, was exhibited at the Radio Exhibition at Olympia



Bulletin]

MISINFORMED

Farmer Finnerty: "Oi thought ye told me he was shuffed!"

[Sydney



Haarlems Post]

HAIL! HITLER!

[The Hague

WORLD VIEWS AND REVIEWS

GREAT BRITAIN

EDUCATION AND THE CRISIS

DR. L. P. JACKS, the well-known editor of the *Hibbert Journal*, after visiting America has been writing some trenchant articles each Sunday for the *Observer*. In one of them Dr. Jacks took as his main theme the question of discipline in relation to democracy. He said that the troubles of the world today are in great part due to lack of self-discipline, as a result of which many countries find themselves forced to submit to government by a dictatorship. Democracy, if it is to survive, must have discipline. But the Anglo-Saxons, particularly the Americans, do not like discipline. Give it another name—education—says Dr. Jacks, and there may be some hope of improvement, especially if it is an enlightened form of education.

As a first step towards the distant goal of social discipline we might do worse than take Plato literally and teach our children to dance, making their proficiency in that wonderful art an item of equal importance to the three R's, the construing of "De Bello Gallico," or the possession of a matriculation certificate, not indeed to the exclusion of these accomplishments, but to the putting of them in their place. For there are ways of dancing, I am told (not those of the fox-trot or "aphrodisiac" variety), which have an astonishing effect in establishing self-control at the point where Nature has ordained that self-control shall begin, namely, in the body, which liberate the intelligence, awaken the sense of harmony and love of beauty, vitalize the creative faculty, develop the instinct for co-operation, and so start the young on the long road which leads to creative thinking and doing, and, above all, to "rhythmic human companionship" in the Great Society of mankind. Let the modern educator look to that. In general, let him pay far more attention to the higher education of the human body than his present preoccupation with matriculation tests, on the one hand, and with competitive athletics, on the other, allows him to do; for the discipline of the body, let it be noted, is a far lovelier thing than ability to digest one's pudding or break the record for "putting the weight." May

the gods, pity those who have the task of grafting a disciplined mind on an undisciplined body! It cannot be done, no matter how wholesomely that body digest its pudding or how far it can "put the weight." And, broadly speaking, is it not a fact that the *bodies* of the multitude to-day are deplorably undisciplined? What deeper cause can we find for the indiscipline of their minds and of their social conduct?

If authors of plans for putting world economics or world politics on a sound basis would consider that plans of this magnitude involve a collective discipline which at present does not exist; that plans, however good, have no power to evoke the discipline needed to give them effect; that such discipline is the fruit of long training directed to that end; that men generally, and nations more especially, while willing to place others under discipline, are unwilling to submit to it themselves—if our planners would consider these things they would understand why catastrophes such as the present are allowed to occur even though plans that would have prevented them have long been at the disposal of mankind. They would understand, moreover, why in certain countries where democracy has failed to evoke collective discipline (without which democracy is the worst conceivable form of government) dictatorship has been adopted as the alternative to chaos. What wonder that even the intellectuals—nay, the very world-planners themselves—tired of piping to multitudes that will not dance, because they cannot, never having learnt that beautiful art, nor known it in higher forms than the fox-trot, begin to look wistfully on the doings of Stalin and Mussolini, while dictators, and rumours of dictators, rise up all over the world?

TASTE IN FILMS

"FILMS and the British Public" is the title of an article by Hubert Griffith in the August *Nineteenth Century*. He describes his early experiences with British film production and makes some valuable comments upon the taste of cinema audiences. After paying a tribute to the hard

work and enthusiasm of the company with which he worked at Elstree, he says that "with a recognition of the good will and good humour with which our company did its immediate work, my respect for the English film world came to an end."

His own play, when filmed by another company, had to be shorn of its tragic ending, in spite of the fact that in the theatre "the chief money-making successes of past years have almost without exception had unhappy endings." Yet the producer, according to Mr. Griffith, knew his business and its limitations.

We were making what is called a "quota picture." English films have to be shown, or at least bought, in a fixed proportion to the number of American films imported. In the larger London cinemas they are usually shown as a make-weight to a big American "star picture," or are sometimes bought and not shown at all. Their refuge is the English provinces. Not much money—as money in the cinema world goes—is paid for them; and correspondingly not much money can be spent on making them. We were continually handicapped by this. The rent of the studio was an important consideration. Every extra day that we spent in it meant extra cost. We were consequently rushed through with a carelessness as regards artistic details that was hair-raising. Once the *approximate* result was achieved as regards lighting, camera position, sound-recording and so forth, and at the very moment when, under reasonable conditions, attention should have been free for what the actors were going to do—how to bring effectiveness and subtlety and suspense and *nuances* into their performances—the producer's voice would be heard with his "Cut," and we would pass straight on to the next "shot." We never once got nearer than an approximate result; and often, as it seemed to me with my unaccustomed eyes, we put up with results that were plainly fantastic. But there could be no arguing about this matter. It was a question of cash; and if the result in any one case would have been sixty times as good with a few minutes' extra care and thought being spent on the actual "actor's" art, time still seemed to be lacking to give it. But supposing we had had time to give it, and had, by the wildest stretch of imagination, made

the film into something that could bear remote comparison with the splendour and fervour of the best Russian films, or the delicacy and brilliance of the French films of René Claire? What then? Would Wardour Street have rushed to buy it? The result would have been—according to my producer, who had slaved for some fifteen years in the film world, and who presumably knew what was what—that Wardour Street would not have even looked at it!

Film magnates of Wardour Street, London, know that "it is the taste of the provinces that has ruled, is ruling, and will probably continue to rule the making of English films." As Mr. Griffith says,

There are fifty of England's great provincial towns, and a couple of hundred lesser towns, and some scores of hundreds of towns, smaller still, hamlets and villages between Land's End and John o'Groats, that have money to spend on watching celluloid. The big London "premier release", the possible enthusiasm of critics, and queues that fill the Haymarket for as much as three or four or five weeks on end, are not in themselves enough to pay for a tithe of the aggregate cost of making a moderately expensive picture. It is the fees that arise like moisture from the earth's surface all over England—from the 15,000 or 20,000 suburban, provincial, parish-hall, and purely back-wood cinemas dotted over the land—that provide the big and permanent money to recoup the producer. In no other art that has yet been given to mankind has the taste of the least educated imposed itself on the taste of the most educated to the same extent. In the allied art of the theatre it is—at least, as a general rule—the London successes that are sent on tour in the provinces. In music it is the reputations gained in Continental capitals that draw money wherever they are taken. And even in painting it can be said that the Leicester Gallery does not organize its exhibitions at the dictates of the suburbs and of Wigan. But in the art of the cinema it is the suburbs and Wigan that rule supremely.

In London, Russian and German films, which show what the art of the cinema can be, have been welcomed. But "a René Claire film—*A Nous*

*A puff to
still a breeze*



"As an antidote to the common domestic breeze," said the Vicar, "I usually recommend a pipe of good tobacco—coupled, of course, with the name of Three Nuns. It would, indeed, be difficult to exaggerate the soothing influence of such a tobacco on both parties to the breeze. It blesseth him that puffs and her that sniffs . . . No, you don't need to be a rich man to smoke Three Nuns, because a pipeful lasts such an uncommonly long time."

THREE NUNS

the tobacco of curious cut — 1s. 2½d. an ounce

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Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

la Liberté!—was shown in Harrogate not very long ago, and was withdrawn after a single evening for lack of the slightest interest in it." Even Marlene Dietrich, who drew large audiences to see *Shanghai Express* at the Carlton, does not come among the first six of cinema star favourites in the country. The public has been fed with "sob-stuff" which the trade imagined to be the only paying article of consumption, and Mr. Griffith is not optimistic about the future.

The commercial exploiters of the cinema have debauched provincial public taste for so long that they have now placed themselves almost beyond remedy: if they were to change their policy in a night (as there is not the least prospect of their doing) and to declare in future only for the finest films that could be made, they would lose their markets immediately; not a soul in the provinces would go to them.

AN AMERICAN TOUR IN RETROSPECT

ERIC LINKLATER, author of *Juan in America*, contributes to the September *Fortnightly Review* an article in which he vividly describes the American scenes he would like to re-visit on a second tour through the States. New York does not detain him long: he speaks of Manhattan as "not only the most impressive man-made land-fall in the world, but the most interesting, since it is always new"; he notes the "exquisite evening-tide of outward-bound stenographers". Then he moves on to Chicago.

Let us, then, take train to Chicago, where the adventurous traveller will be sadly disappointed to meet no desperadoes, to hear neither the harsh rattle of a machine-gun nor the duller report of an abbreviated shot-gun; and where the æsthetic traveller may also be disappointed if he travels into the city's hinterland. Chicago's lake-front is superb. It rivals New York. But hidden by that elegant facade are miles of dreary streets, an urban dullness hardly superior to Glasgow. Yet that frontal palisade of skyscrapers is worth seeing, and in my journey—whatever it may be in yours—Chicago is only a midway halt between New York and San Francisco. I follow the sun and feel no shame in confessing the lure of the Far West.

Nebraska, Wyoming, the Great Salt Lake of Utah, Nevada, Reno—"a green and pleasant

land"—, the Sierra Nevada and the hot plain of California—all these meet the traveller on his way to San Francisco. Thence he moves to New Mexico, commenting on the beauty of American names.

Think of Nebraska, Idaho, and Kentucky; consider the Rio Grande, Santee, Susquehanna, and Potomac; chant the music of Monongahela, Onondaga, of San Juan Capistrano and San Luis Obispo; contemplate Death Valley and Tombstone, Wind River Canyon and the Painted Desert. An American Gazetteer is a tone-poem with certain elements of the shilling shocker thrown in. It is fatal to the traveller whose imagination is rich, unruly, or inflammable; and so without striking further geographic chords—yet think of Amarillo, Chinco-teague, and Tuscaloosa!—let us get into New Mexico, with no more than a brief glance en route, for curiosity's sake, at Los Angeles and Hollywood.

From Santa Fé to New Orleans "the intervening Texas landscape becomes rather boring". But who would not long to visit these cities after reading Eric Linklater's description of them? Some idea of the charm of his picture can be gained from this account of Charleston, which was his journey's end, reached by way of Alabama, Georgia and South Carolina.

But by this time I shall be impatient to reach Charleston, which is a small and unimportant town that many visitors find dull. It is a kind of sub-tropical Cheltenham. It is full of old ladies. The War between the States started here—do not call it the Civil War when you are in the South—and little of importance has started since. I have heard it described, by one of its charming citizens, as one of the two places in America fit to live in: the other being Richmond in Virginia. The mildest and most delicious of the old ladies here will still refer to their fellow-countrymen in the North as dam' Yankees.

And now you ask me what I propose to do while I am in Charleston. Well, I shall sit about most of the time. I shall sit on a bench in the Battery gardens and watch the fat negro mammals who are there in charge of small white children. I shall listen to their soft and rolling speech, their enchanting rich laughter. I shall watch a lazy soft blue

sea, and the birds that are at home in the gardens—jays and pigeons, mewing cat-birds, scarlet tanagers, and sparrows that show no shame of their poor brown livery in all this handsome company. Sometimes I shall stay in the gardens till evening, and watch the polished brass sun sinking into a dented bank of red, while on the other side of the world a platinum-pale moon comes out of the seaward blue.

But on other days I shall walk about the town to look at exquisite wrought-iron gates and balconies, and gardens full of azaleas, white and purple irises, jasmine and wistaria, and Malmaison roses. I shall consider with enjoyment the statue of William Pitt that had its nose knocked off by a British cannon-ball. I shall loiter to hear more negro laughter, or small niggers singing "Beef steak and mutton chop" while they dance a monotonous small dance. And, if I am lucky, I shall have tea with people who will tell me enchanting stories: such as that one about the old man who wept so often, and when he was asked why he wept declared it was because he was so happy. "I had such a beautiful and loving wife," he said. "She's dead now, but she was so beautiful and so loving while she lived. And I have such a splendid automobile, and a wonderful chauffeur. Why, he can get me a bottle of whisky any time I want one."

And the tears rolled down his face.

But the greatest enchantment in this enchanting town are the Ashley River Gardens. They are far too beautiful for me to describe. I have never seen elsewhere such masses of colour, such a huge and gorgeous array of colour that, on nearing it, disintegrates into such individual delicacies. Azaleas and camelias are the chiefest citizens here. You see tall bushes seemingly without foliage, clothed entirely in a cloud of pink blossom. A shower of bright coral falls beside a tower of bloom coloured like old red brick in sunset-glow—but the softness of the petals is apparent through the colour. In front of them is a dead tree, the bole as pale as smoke, and snow-white azalea beside it. Behind the brightness you can see the top branches of

live oaks, hung, as with dense grey cobwebs, with Spanish moss.

Here the coral and snow of the azaleas is reflected in a lake. The water, like thick green glass, mirrors the flaming pyramids and shows again the dead tree like a column of still smoke. There are long aisles of colour, burning bushes that burn with a cool sweet fire. Here is deep velvety-red blossom against dark green leaves, and there is cold starry dogwood. And in the shallow water of the lake are tiny turtles with an archaic Chinese expression, fixed and unwinking under the stony hood of their carapace.

GERMANY

"IN HOC SIGNO VINCE!"

WHATEVER our politics and social sympathies may be, German public opinion at the present time is as important as it is interesting. For this reason an article by Dr. Robert Schwellenbach, in the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, is printed here almost in full. His appeal for the ethics of Christianity will command universal respect. But one may doubt the wisdom of labelling a political party, or a group of parties, or a Government, "Christian," which is the device not only of von Papen but of de Valera. The identification of Christianity with party politics—as distinct from the influence of religion first on the individual, and so indirectly on his life as a citizen—has always done more harm than good.

Although opinions in Germany are widely divergent as to what Germans owe to Christianity, it was undoubtedly established at the last election that the vast majority had arranged itself consciously on the side of Christianity. The strongest party, that of the National Socialists, has, since 1920, included in Clause 24 of its programme a declaration of adherence to positive Christianity, without binding itself to any particular denomination. Both the German Nationalists and the People's Party have never countenanced any doubts as to their Christian outlook, and the Centre Party are naturally registered as being strictly Christian. With the co-operation of other Christian denominations a definitely Christian non-party government should have an

unassailable position in the German Parliament.

But yet another fact has been established by the elections. A combination of the two domestic parties, the Socialist and the Capitalist, hitherto considered antagonistic, would secure the approval of two-thirds of the Socialist vote. The clash between the Marxist-Socialist party and the National Socialists being greater than that between the parties conventionally labelled "Socialist" and "Capitalist," there can never be any question of a united socialist front. "Capitalism" remains unassailable.

What is to be done? Under what banner shall our nation conquer?

It is clear to every professing Christian that neither the world-War nor the present economic distress would have been possible if those nations that call themselves Christian had been really permeated by the spirit of Christianity. However much we may argue that there is no definite economic policy indicated in the Gospels we cannot deny that, as laid down in the Sermon on the Mount, the Earth is rich enough in produce to provide all men impartially with food and clothing. Justice such as this must be aimed at if economic conditions are to be consistently improved, and where this desire exists we shall no longer become excited

over catch-words such as "Socialism" and "Capitalism." Instead there will be cheerful competition in the service of the people. Thus only under the banner of Christianity can economic health be attained. The right Love finds the right Way.

After elections such as the recent ones, what solution could there be other than the combining of all Christian bodies for the good of the whole Country? More than ever applies the saying: "He that is not for me is against me." For the German nation the epoch-making hour has struck in which to erect an invincible barrier against the ungodly. If now all Germans who call themselves Christian will really put the common good before their party, and prove by deeds the sincerity of their Christian spirit, then both Marxists and Communists will be confounded. We must at long last, for the sake of those who are in distress, finish with all

shortsighted and selfish party legislation. Germany must no longer be ruled by a parliamentary government, but by sincerely Christian individuals elected by a Christian majority. There have been too many changes of government since the Revolution; the people demand stability and peace. Retired Ministers are already too numerous; those who have stood the test must remain.

If Brüning is the man the Centre-party believe him to be, and if Hitler is the leader his followers claim, it will not be difficult for them to show by their deeds that they place national necessity above personal considerations and are willing to strive for the commonweal. Many of Hugenberg's opponents will have been convinced by his simple and winning speech on the wireless shortly before the election that he is not out to satisfy his own ambition, but to assist in building up his Country. It is up to these three people to eliminate politics from religion. If this can be done the election will not have been in vain.

The appointment of Papen's Cabinet enabled a government in Germany for the first time since the end of the world-War to declare itself in the cause of Christianity. This does not mean that civil and legal rights are no longer independent of religious denominations. Even the National Socialists although representing positive Christianity, expressly demand freedom of religious belief "in so far as it does not endanger the constitution of the State or offend the customs and morals of the German Race." There can therefore be no question under the existing government of restricting freedom of belief and conscience, and a Cabinet composed of single-minded individuals who have Christian opinions will challenge godlessness with the spirit of truth, instead of solely employing the lawyer for this purpose. From such a government as this there is nothing to be feared. It would serve the People as a whole.

Every intelligent person knows that the present world crisis consists of a universal attitude of mind. Numerous discoveries in natural science and inventions of tremendous importance have confirmed the opinion of many that only knowledge gives power and

enables man to conquer fate. But the expert thinker knows that political life, like individual life, is rooted in depths which defy calculation. Only those who examine the matter from this angle know the meaning of perfect freedom.

The German Nation, according to the Weimar Constitution, is filled with desire to build up the "Reich" in freedom and justice. But this can only be done if the terms freedom and justice have a uniform meaning both for the population and for the responsible body which represents it: a meaning which must embrace the categorical imperative as expounded in the Sermon on the Mount. Only that State can properly discharge its social duties which strives in this spirit against evil, and in an economic sense against theft. A State resting on a foundation of Christianity will win through with success which could never be attained by an irreligious State. This government has shown that it does not doubt its ultimate success. The elections of July 31st show that this policy is the right one. Germany has thus consciously embarked on a policy which will win under the banner of the Cross.

FRANCE

A THEORY OF POPULATION

SINCE the days of Malthus politicians and philosophers have argued about the problem of population. This French view, expressed by a writer in the *Temps*, appears to throw fresh light on a subject that is important for other countries as well as their own.

The falling birth-rate which, for half a century, has been characteristic of European nations, is, little by little, bringing them nearer a senility which may well prove fatal. Our civilized society is beginning to realize that the chief of humanity's problems is the renewal and perpetuation of the species, and that it applies with no less force to-day than it did in the first days of man. In France, for a long time now, this population and, in a way, biological problem, has dominated all others, seeing that it overshadows our daily cares and our political battles.

The population of the European countries, as well as that of France, continues, it is true, to increase. We must not allow ourselves to be deceived by this misleading fact. The excess of births over deaths is only due to the decrease in mortality, a change which itself is partly due to the change in the age of the population caused by the fall in the birth-rate. This double movement, a falling birth-and-death rate, automatically brings about an older population. Human civilizations age and rejuvenate, decay and rise again. Their age is decided by the ages of their members. The proportion of young people, and, above all, of those capable of reproducing themselves, tends nowadays to diminish to the gain of the older elements. This senescence is a signal of approaching de-population.

Statisticians have calculated that if the births are not markedly increased the population of European countries must diminish. It would also not be sufficient, in the majority of countries, for the actual rate of births to remain level, even though there would appear to be an excess of births over deaths. But it is doubtful if the rate will remain level. It must not be forgotten that it is calculated in relation to the total population. Yet the distribution of population according to age is changing. The proportion of women of a child-bearing age continues to diminish. For the birth-rate to remain even at to-day's level, fecundity must be enormously increased, and it is to be hoped that the inverse tendency will not continue to prevail.

But a truth that should be known and considered by everyone is that, while admitting that the French will not become less prolific and that their number will remain stationary, France will become depopulated.

How can one avert this peril? The decrease in the death-rate will not be enough. While not ceasing in our efforts to improve the death-rate, our greatest endeavours, if we wish to save the very existence of our people, must be concentrated on the birth-rate.

In the face of this danger of extinction, it is not without astonishment that one sees Malthusian ideas coming into favour again,

due to the economic crisis. It is the English, notably, who recommend a falling birth-rate as a remedy for unemployment. They blame the surplus population as being one of the causes for the unemployment from which they suffer. This is taking the effect for the cause. A country is not over-populated unless its economic state is poor or failing. Europe, which had less than two hundred million people at the beginning of the nineteenth century, has now more than three hundred millions. In spite of this unparalleled increase, she was not over-populated except in a few backward regions, as long as economic progress was followed. To-day, if countries like Great Britain appear over-populated, it is because their economic system has become disorganized or is breaking down.

One can say without paradox that a diminishing population tends to augment over-population. An ageing civilization drags an increasingly heavy dead-weight. It has more unproductive elements to support and less strength and vitality to fight against its increasing economic difficulties.

The continuation of economic progress would allow an illimitable number of persons to live. If, one day, the surface of the earth should become too cramped, they could tunnel the globe like an ant-heap. But the path of humanity is paved with dead civilizations. If ours should abandon the urge to renewal and procreation, the end of its race will be at hand.

SWITZERLAND

ENGLISH "AS SHE IS SPOKE"

ENGLISH people, being insular by nature, often find it hard to believe that foreigners experience difficulty in speaking, and pronouncing, English. They tend to laugh when they hear expressions like the ones that are quoted here by a writer in *The Swiss Monthly*. Probably their own efforts at French, German or Italian are even more amusing.

"You do not pronounce the English as she is wrote, but as she is spoke," said a

Continental pupil to her teacher. It is amusing to hear the street urchin of Paris call out as if the words were jeers: "Aha rosbif! Plume poudingue!" Or as I did years ago when posting a letter to my parents: "Mees sends a lettaire to her sweat-hairt!"

English people present at a Red Cross meeting in Italy during the war were vastly puzzled by an orator's frequent reference with bows in their direction to 'the great Florenchy Nee-teen-gallay.'

Which is pronounced exactly as it looks to one of that race.

A physician of that nationality who had been unusually helpful at the time of the death of a Scots gentleman, his neighbour, who was not one of his own patients, told of the widow's gift of a handsome silver cigarette box. "The family had an inscription with my name engraved inside the lid," said he in French. "I do not speak English; but I can tell you what the words were. Wait a moment! This is what it says: 'Een ray-mam-branchy ofe mooch *Kil-nees*.'" Which after a moment's thought turned out to be: "In remembrance of much kindness."

But his most puzzling effort was a reference to the Englishman "*Persibissychellee*" with the accent on the 'sib.' "Why of course you know who I mean, he was drowned at Spezia!"

"I do not speak English but I know one sentence in it. It is on the boats and doors of buildings, you will know it when I say it for you," said a mirthful Ticinese chemist, "*Beef-vair ofe peek po'kats!*"

But in Switzerland the educated person in society or business who does not speak English fluently is rare.

There is none of that "lost feeling" of being among folk whose language you cannot understand, if you lack their French, or German or Italian. I think that is another of the secrets of travellers' fondness for this beautiful country. The natives have taken pains to learn English so that English-speaking tourists shall feel at home and be understood.

BULGARIA

THE NEW CANAAN

THE Balkan States are not often free from political unrest, and they have suffered recently from the economic crisis and artificial trade barriers. But the life of the peasant changes little, and in Bulgaria it seems that he is to be envied. This, at least, is the opinion of Grigor Assileff, ex-Minister for Agriculture, who has written the following article for the *Bulgarian Review*.

Bulgaria could to-day be justly termed the new Canaan. Within its narrowed boundaries it possesses all the cultures known in Europe. But there is something more, it produces all the best qualities of similar agricultural products grown in Europe, and in certain cases can claim a monopoly. The Bulgarian rose, from which the world-famous Attar of Rose is produced, is known throughout the world. In the South of France there is a small area in the Department of Grasse which grows a similar rose, but it is no larger than one of the small Bulgarian villages in the Valley of Roses.

The Oriental tobaccos are mainly produced in Greece, Turkey and Bulgaria. In respect to fruits and vegetables Bulgaria produces not in quantity, but in quality, to surpass Italy, France and other European countries. Thus, for instance, there are several different kinds of dessert, or table grapes grown, the most important of which is known under the name of "Afous Ali," which can justly be stated as having no equal in Europe, or for that matter in any other country in the world. This also applies to the Kustendil plums, and several kinds of apples. Foreign exporters of fruit during the last few years have unanimously affirmed this assertion. Further, vegetables, compared with similar kinds grown in Europe, can be classed amongst these, and numerous cases are superior in quality. Having in view the above facts, it could be concluded that the Bulgarian land in respect to variety of its products, especially as regards quality, has no equal in Europe.

But the land could not give all. Mention could be made, and all honour given to the agricultural population, which for ages past have been entirely occupied with the art of

cultivating the soil, and in consequence, as the result of long experience, have been able to produce a variety of high-class products. In every village, men and women, young and old, work incessantly and assiduously in obtaining the best results which their soil can produce. The attachment of the peasant to his land is known for ages past, he cherishes and nurses it as a mother would her child. There are no peasants in the country without land, nor are there any agriculturists holding a larger quantity than they can conveniently till. It could be stated that the democratic spirit in the distribution of land prevails throughout the kingdom. Mistakes have undoubtedly been made, but it must be remembered that our country is young;—nevertheless a solid foundation has been laid for its development. In recent years the intelligentsia in the country have shown signs of leaning towards and taking a greater interest in the land. This is not a sentimental affection but a sound natural instinct inherited from our forefathers, and a clear conception imbued in the minds of the people that the future of the country depends upon the land and its products. There is a feeling now prevailing that political differences and partisan passions are gradually being put aside and the efforts of all factors are united for the advancement of agriculture.

All efforts made up to the present have been crowned with success. There is no reason why they should not be continued, and Bulgaria become an example for other countries.

It is to be hoped that in the not far distant future the Bulgarian peasant will return to better days, and prosperity crown his efforts. If a well-chosen path can be consistently followed and the co-operation of all be concentrated for the advancement of agriculture, it will cease to remain only a dream.

CHINA

THE REAL MATA HARI

MATA HARI was a spy in German pay whom the French caught and shot in Paris toward the end of the war. Her beauty, her cunning, her

courage, and the incidents that surrounded her death, have raised a legend about her, in fiction and in the press. Recently Greta Garbo impersonated Mata Hari in a film story that revived speculation about her personality. It is interesting, then, to read a letter written by "R. d'A. de R." to the *North China Daily News*, claiming that he knew this woman under the name of Mrs. McLeod before the war, and that "Mata Hari—the Eye of the Morning—was not at all what she is alleged to have been."

Mata Hari was tall, slender and dark. Her complexion was like ivory and she was generally taken for an Eurasian; in fact, she always pretended that her mother was a Javanese priestess although she admitted to me, later on, that she said so for the sake of her "business" as a dancer. In fact, she was pure Dutch but spent all her childhood in the Western Indies where her father was a petty official. She married a major of the Dutch Army and was extremely unhappy; towards the age of thirty, she divorced and lived for some years in Holland, in very poor circumstances having barely enough to live and to keep her child, a little girl who should be now a woman about thirty-five years of age—if she is still, poor creature, alive. . . .

She was then a woman of 38 or 39 years of age, but she did not look a day more than thirty. Her figure was splendid; she was not pretty or beautiful, but she had an extraordinary charm, the grace of a snake, and, finally, the cunning of the devil. Strange to say, until she became a professional dancer and met with a tremendous success as such in Paris, London and Berlin, she was a quiet unassuming woman, rather shy and bashful. But success went to her head and when she saw the great men—and great fools—of Europe, at her feet, she seems to have then, gone amuck.

The writer attributes Mata Hari's downfall to this hatred for men and to "money madness" consequent on the hectic life she led as a professional dancer.

When the Great War broke out [he writes] I had lost sight of Mata. The first time I saw her was in the beginning of 1915; I was on leave, in Paris, for a few days, and I happened to drop in at a well-known bar,

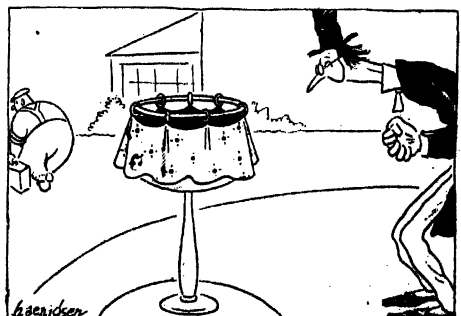
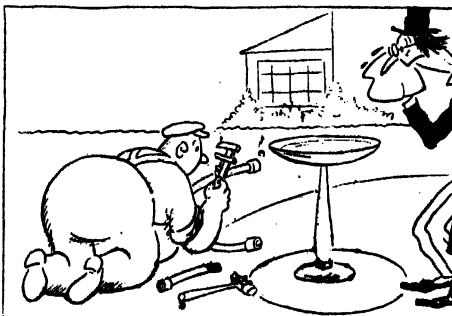
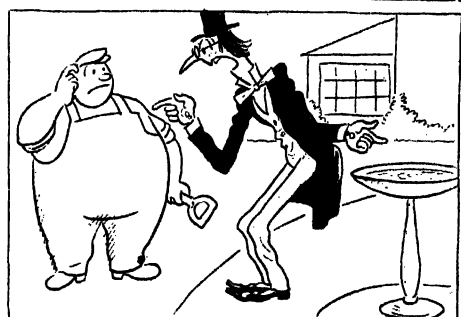
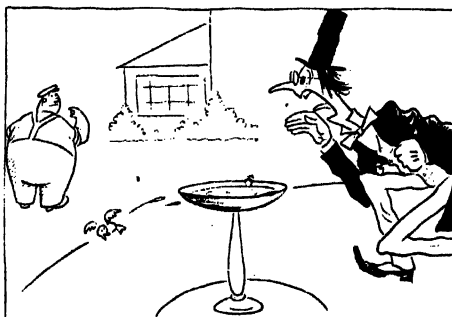
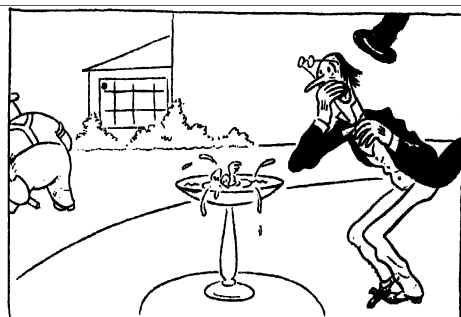
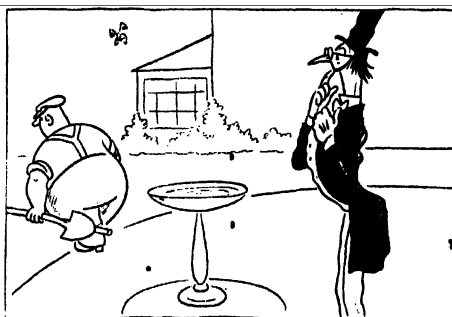
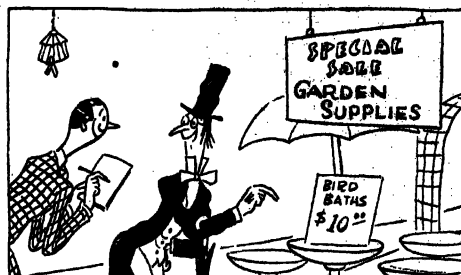
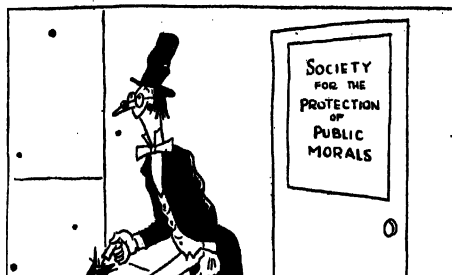
Rue Auber, near the Opera House, a little before dinner. That bar was the rendezvous of the officers of the flying corps, French, English, and Americans from the La Fayette squadron. My surprise was very great to see Mata Hari surrounded by those officers, drinking champagne and looking like the goddess of the place. When she saw me she greeted me very affectionately, telling everybody that we were old friends, etc. I visited her at her beautiful flat, Rue Chaligny and, on each occasion, met there officers of the higher rank. As I was only a soldier in the liaison service, I did not relish the surroundings; furthermore, although I do not pose as a Sherlock Holmes, I smelt a rat.

Mata Hari turned spy, but her action was not a noble one, because she belonged to a neutral country. "She betrayed, double-crossed and sent men to their doom for 'thirty pieces of silver.' Thereby she proved herself infamous." Inevitably, the film has falsified her life and the manner of her death at forty-four.

It must be said that, however abominable were her deeds and well deserved was her fate, she went to her doom as a brave woman and she met death with her beautiful eyes wide open. She faced the firing squad with a smile, a bouquet of flowers in her arms, and before she fell, her last words were: "Ah! Ces Français!"

There is, of course, not a word of truth in the love affair as shown on the screen of the Cathay Theatre. Mata Hari was too "hard boiled" to know what the word "love" may mean. At the time of her sinister activities she was after money and nothing else, although her sympathies were unquestionably on the side of Germany. The idea of a stranger being allowed to enter her cell at the Saint Lazare prison, a few minutes before her execution, is absurd. As far as Ramon Novaro is concerned, all those who have been through the war know that such a ridiculous looking gigolo with a painted moustache could never impersonate one of those splendid but rugged faced fighters of the aviation corps, whom Mata Hari, after having fooled them with her paid kisses, sent callously to their death.

THE WORLD'S HUMOUR



Judge

SAVED !

New York



Humorist

Actress (to sour-looking dinner partner) : " Did you see my article in the ' Daily Splash ' ? "

Partner : " Yes. I wrote it. "

[London]



Humorist

Holiday-Maker : " Good gracious ! What are they— Climbers ? "

Inhabitant : " No, them 'ud be the winners of the tug-o'-war at our sports. "

[London]

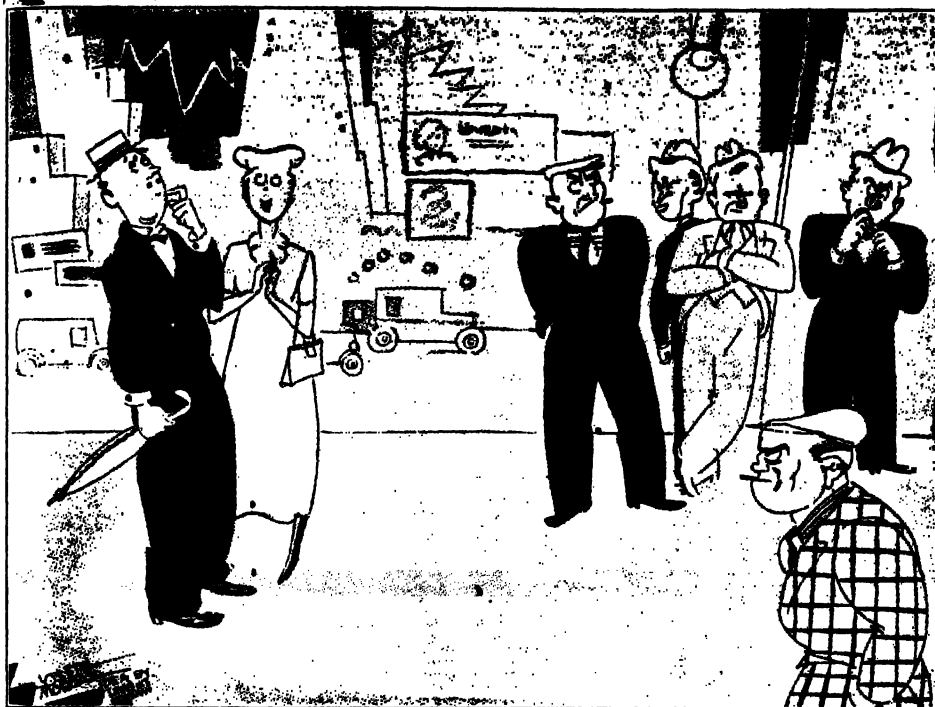


New Clarion

(With acknowledgments to H.M. Bateman)

[London]

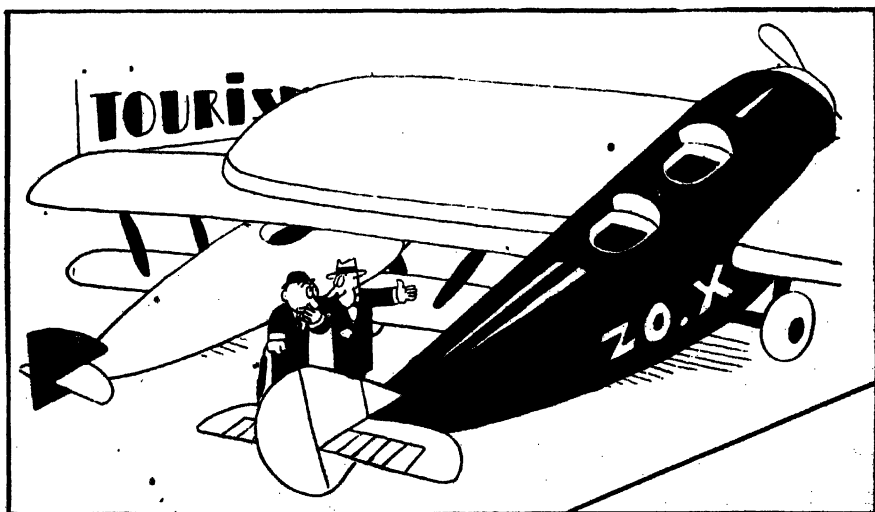
The Man who suggested disarming at a Disarmament Conference.



[Judge]

"Just think, Oscar, at one time savages roamed here!"

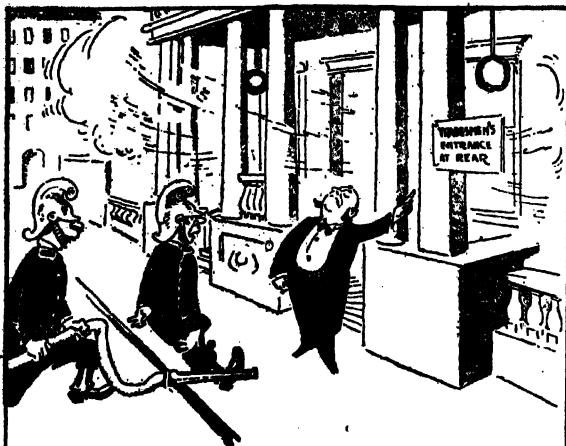
[New York]



[Le Rinc]

"But why hesitate to buy this superb mechanical bird?"
 "Well, you see, I already have two canaries at home."

[Paris]



Smith's Weekly

[Sydney]



Musketeer

[Vienna]

"I sometimes think my future father-in-law is a little hasty tempered"

Beauty Specialist: "Yes, I can manage the transformation. What type of beauty would you like?"
 Client: "The sort the novels call a 'dangerous woman'"



A.B.C.

[Madrid]



Everybody's Weekly

[London]

"How do you like riding on my knee, Sybil?"
 "Oh—it's not so nice as on a real donkey, Uncle"

"Our daughter is too young to marry. Let her wait until someone respectable comes along."
 "Why should she? I didn't!"



Hystander

[London]

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WORLD TODAY

THE NEW GROOVE

By G. K. CHESTERTON

"I shall be completely misunderstood, if I am supposed to be calling for a return ticket to Athens or to Eden, because I do not want to go on by the cheap train to Utopia. I want to go where I like. I want to stop where I like. I want to know the width as well as the length of the World; and to wander off the railway-track in the ancient plains of liberty."

I

THE poet Tennyson, like a true Victorian, must have written a good many of his poems in the train; travelling by railroad being the chief invention and institution of his age. Indeed, he confesses to have written the poem of Lady Godiva while waiting for the train; and to judge by the careful construction of the blank verse, the train must have been very late. But there are other Tennysonian lines which Tennyson would seem to have written while he was asleep in the train. They have that peculiar mixture of jumble and jingle, familiar to those who go to sleep in trains, and only feel the metallic rhythm of the wheels mingling with the most shapeless and senseless dreams. It was at some such moment of profound slumber that Lord Tennyson composed the more progressive and prophetic portions of *Locksley Hall*; and this is clearly proved by the convincing, nay, damning, fact that one of the lines does really and truly run:

"Let the great world spin, for ever down
the ringing grooves of change."

Psychologists will be interested in the curious displacement of words and disorder of ideas, which is characteristic of sentences invented in a dream. To the ordinary waking intelligence, the words would appear to have no meaning. Grooves do not change; they do not necessarily ring; they do not even ring the changes. But, just as a sleeper in a railway-carriage will murmur, in the shock of awakening, some sentence betraying a secret he would probably have concealed if awake; as, that he is travelling first-class with a third-class ticket, or that the corpse of a creditor is concealed under the [seat—so Tennyson,

in this very extraordinary line of verse, did really betray the secret, and even the crime, of his own intellectual world and most of the world that has come after it.

For what is the matter with most of what calls itself the Modern Mind is simply Grooves; and our habit of being content in the Grooves, because we are told that they are Grooves of Change. And it is, as I say, a revealing fact that even when the modern poet wishes to describe Change, even when he wishes to glorify Change, he does still instinctively describe it as a Groove. This is a mark that has been left on very much of the modern world, ever since the beginning of the mechanical and industrial epoch. But it had its first and clearest form in this fixed conception of travelling by rail. It may be specially noted that we speak of the Modern Mind being in a Groove, rather than in a Rut. A rut was a term commonly used of a cart-track; in the simple times when we did not put the cart before the horse. When a living thing went before us, there was something of doubt or adventure or hesitation in the tracks it made for itself, even if they became grooves for others. There were strange curves in his course who hitched his waggon even to a horse; and who has not yet given up horses for horse-power. There were sometimes very wild and fantastic tracks in his, who hitched his waggon to a star. But, apart from all such figures or fancies, the essential peculiarity of the Groove is that there can be nothing new about it except that it may take us to new places; or possibly take us *past* new places, at an entirely new rate of speed. That is the essential of what I

mean by the modern grooviness; that its only form of progress is going quicker and quicker along one line in one direction. It has not the curiosity to stop; nor the adventurous courage to go backwards.

Let us take, for the sake of clarity, this familiar case of the railway-train. A history of the locomotive steam-engine has

that what was done for the station could be done for the steam-engine; and the very design and colour of the vehicle vary according to whether it was going to the old French cities or the Red Indian plains; to the snows of Alaska or the orange-groves of Florida. Indeed, I think there would have been such poetic symbolism

in all its stages of improvement; the evolution of the modern train from the first clumsy models of Puffing Billy. But the engine did not produce anything but faster and faster engines; and the vital point is that nobody ever expected that it would. Nobody, even in a flight of fancy, wondered whether it would develop in any other direction, except the direction of its own groove. For instance, nobody ever suggested that it might develop its own type of architecture; so that the building of cars or carriages should be like the building of temples or town-halls. Yet there might perfectly well have been four or five schools of architecture for the designing of trains, as there are for the designing of temples. It would be a pleasing fancy if the architectural style of the train varied according to the country it was crossing or visiting. The Pennsylvania railway station in New York is a noble and serious piece of architecture; and it is really a sort of salute to the great city of Philadelphia towards which its gates are set. It might quite well have fallen out



[Low]

[In the "New Statesman"]

Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON

probably guarded by rituals and dedicated to gods or patron saints, if it had so happened that the steam-engine was discovered by ancient Greeks or mediæval Christians, and not by the Philistines of the Victorian time. But the point is here that nobody ever thought of such things; and certainly nobody thought of testing the progress of the train by such tests. There was only one test of the train, and that was the test of the groove; of the smoothness of the groove; of the straightness of the groove; of the swiftness with which it travelled along the groove. There was something, in the tone of the whole thing, that prevented even mere fancy from breaking

away in any other direction; or wondering, even vainly, if it could ever carry a castle like an elephant or a figure head like a ship.

II

Now, in spite of the wildest claims to independence, the intellectual life of to-day still strikes me as being mainly symbolized by the train or the track or the groove. There is any amount of fuss and vivacity

about certain fixed fashions or directions of thought; just as there is any amount of rapidity along the fixed rails of the railway-track. But if we begin to think about really getting off the track, we shall find that what is true of the train is equally true of the truth. We shall find it is actually harder to get out of the groove, when the train is going fast, than when the train is going slowly. We shall find that rapidity is rigidity; that the very fact of some social or political or artistic movement going quicker and quicker, means that fewer people have the courage to move against it. And at last perhaps nobody will make a leap for real intellectual liberty, just as nobody will jump out of a railway-train going at eighty miles an hour. This seems to me the primary mark of what we call progressive thought in the modern world. It is, in the most exact sense of the term, limited. It is all in one dimension. It is all in one direction. It is limited by its progress. It is limited by its speed.

I have said that it has not the curiosity to stop. If the train-dwellers were really travellers, exploring a strange country to make discoveries, they would always be stopping at little wayside stations. For instance, they would always be stopping to consider the curious nature of their own conventional terms; a thing which they never do, by any chance. Their catchwords are regarded solely as gadgets or appliances for getting them where they are going to; they never cast back a thought upon where the catchword comes from.* Yet that is exactly what they would do if they were really thinking, in any thorough and all-round sense. Of course it will be understood, touching these intellectual fashions, that great masses, probably the mass of mankind, never travel on the train at all. They remain in their villages and are much happier and better; but they are not regarded as the intellectual leaders of the time. What I complain of is that the intellectual leaders can only lead along one narrow track; otherwise known as "the ringing groove of change." Take, in this matter of current phrases, the example of the controversy about advanced and

futuristic art. I do not mean to consider the art but to consider the controversy; as illustrating what has been said about the advisability of stopping and the stupidity of the non-stop train.

Now, although, of course, the actual masses are quite unconverted to Picasso or Epstein, yet the actual terms of controversy, the only tags of argument known to the newspapers, the only familiar and almost popular sophistries outside mere popular abuse, are on the side of the new schools. I mean that modern men are not familiar with the rational arguments for tradition; but they are familiar, and almost wearily familiar, with the rational arguments for change. Whichever side may be really right in the question of art (which obviously depends largely on the particular artists), the whole modern world is verbally prepared to regard the new artist as right and the old artist as wrong. It is prepared to do so by the whole progressive philosophy; which is often rather a phraseology than a philosophy. The language which comes most readily to everyone's mind is the language of the innovation; but it is a language that is rather exercised than examined. For instance, it is probable that more people are even now acquainted with the poems of Mr. W. B. Yeats than with the poems of Miss Edith Sitwell. But many, many more people understand what Miss Sitwell means, when she simply says that she is criticised in her day as Yeats was criticised in his day, than could possibly understand what Mr. Yeats means, when he says that nothing quite new can be used in poetry; or that innocence is only born out of ceremony and custom. For the former argument is a familiar argument of all modern progressives and reformers; the latter sayings are very profound sayings of a man who really thinks for himself. I agree that in many other things, and especially in the best examples of her poetry, Miss Sitwell also can think for herself. I only say that this particular argument ("John the Baptist was laughed at and I am laughed at"; "Galileo was disbelieved and I am disbelieved")—this particular argument is part of the regular

recognized bag of tricks of reformers and revolutionists; it is a part of the very old apparatus of the New Movement. Now if we apply this, for instance, to the quarrels about painting or sculpture, we shall find the same situation; that, whichever side is right, the whole apparatus of modern talk favours the idea that the new thing is always right. There are a definite selection of phrases used, but not often examined. For instance, should any Philistine faintly protest against Helen of Troy being sculptured with a head of the exact shape of the Great Pyramid, or Titania with a figure following the grand simple lines of the hippopotamus at the Zoo, or even perhaps his own favourite daughter presenting herself to the public in the appealing, and even touching, condition of having her nose and eyelids cut off—whenver such a criticism is heard, whether it be right or wrong, it will be answered with the precision of clockwork, by a phrase to the effect that some people want art to be "pretty-pretty". Now the first act of any independent mind will be to criticise this criticism; and especially to feel a curiosity about the curious form of it. Why does everybody say "pretty-pretty"?; why not say that some people do not like what is "ugly-ugly", or possibly what is "beastly-beastly"? What is the meaning of this weird repetition, like a recurring decimal? If you have the sort of independent curiosity that stops at wayside stations, if (in short) you are not merely in a hurry to get to the fashionable terminus, you may well pause upon a phrase like that, not without profit. You will perceive that the phrase is, in fact, a rather pathetic attempt to reproduce the wondering exclamation of a child. And that would be alone enough to destroy the argument. For a child has a very sound sense of wonder at what is really wonderful; and by no means merely a vulgar and varnished taste in what is conventionally beautiful. The thing that a genuine child might call "pretty-pretty" is not the soapy portrait of a debutante or an upholstered group of a Royal family; it is much more likely to be a flash of red fire or the strong colours of a great garden flower or something

that really is elemental and essential; something in its way quite as "stark" (as our dear friends would say) as the Great Pyramid or the great pachyderm. Children are not snobs in art any more than in morals. And if they often have also a pleasure in things that are really "pretty", in the sense of a graceful girl by Greuze or a cloud of pink blossom in spring, it is simply because there is a perfectly legitimate place in art for what is pretty; and it is not in the least disposed of by jabbering the same word twice over and calling it "pretty-pretty". Anyhow, the more supercilious moderns make a bad blunder in imputing childishness in defence of some things that could only be defended as being in the higher sense childish. It was Cézanne himself who said, "I am trying to recover the direct vision of a child".

It is the same with all the cant phrases already in circulation, for the purpose of defending any eccentricity, even before it exists. Thus everyone is familiar with the phrase that art is not photography, and that only photography is required to be realistic. Everybody is familiar with the phrase, and nobody is familiar with the holes or errors in the phrase. As a matter of fact, nothing is less realistic than photography. At the very start it is cut away from all reality exactly as marble sculpture is cut away from reality, by being conventionally colourless; by divorcing the great optical union of colour and form. But it is not really realistic even about form. The thing it does reproduce more or less realistically is light and shade, and the light often falsifies the form and always falsifies the colour. If we want true form, it must be drawn for us more or less abstractedly by a draughtsman; and when it is so drawn by Leonardo or Michael Angelo, it cannot be dismissed as photographic, any more than as pretty-pretty. The modern artist may have his own reasons for drawing legs as if they were bolsters or sausages; but that does not make the strong sweeping lines, of sloping bone or gripping muscle, in a great Florentine drawing a dull mechanical reproduction, valuable only

as the vulgar snapshot of a trivial fact. Those lines are strong and beautiful, as the lines of waterfall and whirlpool are beautiful. In fact, they are exactly like the beautiful abstract forms, which the modern artist would like to invent—if he could.

III

I have taken only this one type, of the talk about new schools of art, to illustrate what I mean by saying that the world is in such a hurry to be new, that it does not even pause upon the truths of the new school, let alone of the old. Of the million men and women who have heard those two phrases, how many have heard any phrases out of the opposite phraseology and philosophy? I mean any which offer a philosophical defence of the other philosophy? Of all those who have been told (somewhat needlessly) that Epstein does not profess to be pretty, how many have heard that case for civilization, in which its very strength is shown in being able to rear and poise and protect prettiness? The very cyclopean massiveness of the foundations of the city is best proved in the fact that no earthquake can shake the ivory statuette upon the pedestal or the china shepherdess upon the shelf. How many have considered the more ancient argument, of a culture that is sufficiently athletic to be elegant? Or, to take another example, how many have understood the scientific and psychological arguments for antiquity itself? Of all those who can

recall being told to admire a modern picture, merely because it is even more unlike life than a photograph, or being told to admire modern poetry, for no reason whatever except that it is more prosaic than slang—of all those, how many even remember the sound remark made long ago by Oliver Wendell Holmes; that the grand Latin poets actually grow grander by being quoted again and again; that the words actually grow together with time, as do the sections of a seasoned violin? I am not saying that the truth is all on the side of tradition; I am only saying that the publicity is all on the side of innovation. Until the recent rise of the Humanist Group in America, hardly anybody even of the educated classes possessed even the vocabulary for a defence of tradition. The very words in use, the very structure of the sentences, the ordinary tone of the whole public press, prevented men from using the real and reasonable arguments against mere novelty. England, strangely enough, has even less of a working Humanist vocabulary than America. Here also working journalistic ethics have been too much cut down and simplified to a few crude ideas, of commercial activity or continuous reform. I shall be completely misunderstood, if I am supposed to be calling for a return ticket to Athens or to Eden, because I do not want to go on by the cheap train to Utopia. I want to go where I like. I want to stop where I like. I want to know the width as well as the length of the world; and to wander off the railway-track in the ancient plains of liberty.



ONE MAN'S INDIA

By T. EARLE WELBY

To have been not merely born in India but brought up speaking none but an Indian language till nearly six ; to have first learnt to read not in the English mother-tongue but in an archaic Indian epic ; to have entered so far as a child may into popular Hindu religion as an unauthorised worshipper : these are experiences to give an Englishman peculiar insight into the Indian mind. Amplified and corrected by mature experiences in India as a journalist, they have enabled Mr. T. Earle Welby to give us this unconventional view of the country and its people.

I
MAYBE that Byron should be forgiven the insolence of making the sea his private looking glass: it is certain that a nobody could not be forgiven for treating a continent as merely the reflector of his own little personality, and no such insolence is in my intention. I propose no more than the recording of some of the experiences through which as a child and as a man I apprehended whatever of India is mine. Of experiences which happened to be mine in India, but which in essentials might have been mine anywhere, I have nothing to say; and in writing of those other, those relevant experiences, I have kept liberty to reject and to rearrange facts in the interest of expressiveness, that is, of the only kind of truth that concerns me, truth to idea and emotion.

I was born in India at B——, in the north, in 1881. Forty years later, when I was lunching a poet and critic of the 'nineties upstairs in the old Café Royal, he informed me, with a fine old-fashioned decadent relish of the exotic, that the peripatetic supplier of Turkish coffee was a Nubian. "Well,"

I said, "it is very little I know of Nubians, perhaps no more than there came to me in the last decadent poet's simile, 'as Turkis rip a Nubian's womb with damascened yataghans,' but I will wager you the coffee waiter is an Indian, and from the cast of his features was born pretty near where I was born." And presently I spoke to the man in Hindustani and, sure enough, he had been born at B——. All the curiosity my friend the poet and critic had felt about him was at once allayed. In not being Nubian the coffee waiter was nothing; and I certainly did not become an interesting exotic on the revelation that I had been born where he had. Yet, if you come to think of it, for an Englishman to have been born



MR. T. EARLE WELBY.

in India means at least this, that he can never wholly separate his discovery of the world from his discovery of India.

To be sure, how much of India a child discovers will depend very largely on the attitude of his parents, and the most of those British couples who have children in India have to bring them up, till the early age of dispatch Home for education, in a

compromise between two very imperfectly represented worlds. To my father, with his wise dislike of confusion, it seemed well that I should live mentally altogether in the East until I could truly live mentally in the West. And so until I was nearly six I was not allowed to speak a sentence of English even to my parents; so, too, when I learned to read, at perhaps three or four months after the age of four, it was not in English but in an Indian language, and by my father's sagacious choice in an archaic sacred epic, very dear to many of the Hindus of the province in which I was born and in which I spent my childhood. In time, say, six or seven months, I had by heart, probably more from my pundit's recitation than from my slow reading, more and longer passages than years later I could ever acquire out of a compulsory Virgil.

I was in my prime as an Orientalist, I take it, shortly after attaining the age of five, and certainly fell into a serious decline in scholarship not long after my sixth birthday. It was not so much that by then I had permission to talk English at pleasure and had taught myself to read a little English out of anger at my incapacity over pages so much simpler to the eye than the large, character-crammed pages of the *Ramayana*. Spoken English I apparently supposed to be no more than useful; and that printed English had in it anywhere anything romantic in spirit or almost hypnotic in recitation, anything to make a lesson an excitement followed by reverie, I did not suspect then, nor indeed for some years. Not the counter-attraction of English but a change of pundits ruined all.

When we were at R—, I had for an hour or so daily a pundit who could and readily would illustrate the *Ramayana* with a diagram of a Rakshas, of one of the demons who resisted the hero of the epic in the invasion of Ceylon to rescue Sita, varying that illustration with a nearly identical diagram of Hanuman, the Monkey God, who assisted the hero. At C—, to which we were transferred shortly after I was six, my new pundit had no inclination to diagrams of demons or of deities, and

objected on principle to skipping a comparatively dull passage in order to attain to a climax.

I had one other pundit, later on, at N—, but with him I could establish no *modus vivendi*. The anniversary of my birthday occurring providentially when I had accumulated grievances against him, I artfully petitioned my endlessly indulgent parents for the gift of a sword, none of your wooden or other sham affairs, but a genuine if miniature *tulwar*. In that semi-barbaric area, surrounded as we were by Native States and feudal landlords, the Indian nobility and gentry carried swords as a matter of course, and there was no difficulty in getting one of the noted local swordsmiths to make a miniature weapon of authentic sword steel. Provided with this, I awaited the arrival of the first pundit I had actively disliked; and five minutes after his arrival, being as humourless as he was unresourceful, he was running at considerable speed round the garden. As he explained subsequently to my father, I was "too young a gentleman to be entrusted with a sword." That day we read no more. Nor indeed on any day that followed. My last memory as a student of the Hindu epic is bitter-sweet, for if I had had for a few moments the unusual pleasure of pursuing a pedagogue, I was thereafter chastised with some severity.

A hundred things kept me from reverting in later years to any serious study of the older literature of the Hindus, except in translation. I did indeed take up modern Hindi, as I took up Urdu, for a while, after my return from England to India, and made better progress than the next man, being aided by childish knowledge which had been overlaid rather than totally forgotten; but the absence in both languages of any literature attractive to me was very discouraging, and in a year or two I ended what had come to seem a waste of time, and was content with extreme colloquial fluency in Hindustani.

II

BUT if I thus fell away in childhood from the study of old Hindu poetry, I did not lose contact with the Hindu mind, and

indeed was drawn increasingly into Hinduism of a sort, the popular Hinduism of Northern India, a religion far removed from the Hinduism of the Sanskrit classics and even from the Hinduism of cultured Hindus of the upper castes. It is impossible for me now to judge how far I was, as we say, "serious," when I participated in the very simple rites with which two or three of the servants propitiated the deity at the end of the garden, or the other deity whose shrine was under the sacred fig tree on the road leading to our house. It may be doubted whether a child ever is quite serious, in the adult sense of that word, when it occupies itself in things of this kind. How far was Walter Pater merely playing when in childhood he organized ritual and affected a sort of infantile episcopal authority? I certainly liked presenting a garland of marigolds daily to the little idol at the end of the garden, and I found it a good auditor of the kind any lonely child would desire. I do not remember ever having had any awe of it, and indeed it was but a godling and, I understood from the servants, wholly amiable. I certainly never prayed to it for anything I wanted. On the other hand, but I do not know how far this may have been simply out of wish to play a game exactly according to its rules, I treated it with elaborate respect. And then I had a cult of the sacred *Tulsi* plant, and remember going to the length of impressing on my parents that it should never be injured.

Lest any of this should suggest that my parents belonged to that deplorable class of Occidentals whose adulation of the Orient was the greatest modern misfortune the Orient has experienced, I hasten to say that they were neither Theosophists before the event or any other kind of raveners after the isdom of the East. My father, the son of an Anglican bishop, was an agnostic with a profound feeling for the poetry and ethos of Christianity, and my mother, brought up in another Church, had come to occupy, with less irony, more or less the same position. In part they were not aware of my worship of strange gods, if orship it was; for the rest, with their

unfailing imaginative sympathy they refused by prohibition or encouragement to force my immature mind into defining the situation.

After a while my quasi-religious enthusiasm waned, and soon the world was too much with me. The innocence of middle-age can hardly comprehend the iniquity of the child who so suddenly and eagerly threw himself into the ruffianism of quail-fighting, a sport which for the degenerate descendants of the Moguls was the usual induction to the infamy of cock-fighting with enormous sums at stake. The quails were charming creatures, and so readily tamed that within four or five days after being netted they would feed from one's hand and follow one about. The preparation of the cock birds for fighting, however, took quite a long time, the bird under training being carried about by the trainer, myself, in the orthodox muslin bag with a circle of cane stitched into the bottom of the bag, so that it might have the maximum of repose in twilight in the intervals of being made to do a sort of Swedish drill, as one pressed it down with one hand on to the palm of the other to develop the muscles of its legs and to harden its claws.

From this bloodthirstiness I was weaned by the parental strategy which provided first more hens than cock birds among the purchased quail, then by the introduction of putatively militant partridges who were much more amusing when scratching out white-ants' nests than when fighting. Then I had the gift of a few pairs of the Himalayan partridge, which is a fire-eater in quite another sense, being a bird which will immediately rush at and peck to pieces any live coal or small smouldering brand thrown to it. Presently, it was birds of all sorts that occupied my attention—birds and a particularly attractive new pony. As for the birds, I was still in close touch with popular Hindu thought, so that when I cultivated a small skill with the pellet-bow, a much more accurate and lethal weapon than any catapult of the West, and requiring a special knack in the discharge lest the hand holding the bow be injured by the pellet, I always respected

the birds sacred in Hinduism, notably the jay, *nilkanth*, "blue throat," as the god was blue-throated when he saved the world by swallowing all the poison of the sea. And as for ponies, who knew better than I the importance of lucky marks, and the validity of the charm whereby spavin and much else, numerous gods being willing, might be averted? And even as to the gods, though now with the cool detachment to which one may attain as one's seventh birthday approaches, I learned something more as experience was widened by travel and changes in domestic staff, and alteration in the considerable circle of learned, simple, old-fashioned Hindu gentlemen who visited my father.

My two original godlings had seemed to me in my green, unknowing age an adequate pantheon, but now I began to understand that there were major gods, omnipresent, and subaltern gods speeding about in the service of each, and local gods with a very restricted authority. Much was still hidden from me: it was not till a quarter of a century later that, returned from the West and editing a daily newspaper in quite another part of India, I heard the Hindu pantheon was still rapidly in the making. Then and only then was there presented to me the apotheosis of a lately deceased and highly popular municipal authority under a title which may be translated, "Mr. Deputy-Chairman God." Indeed, I remember how taken aback I was as a boy temporarily exiled from India when I found in an English vicarage a work of reference which displayed to me more Hindu gods than I, sometime a worshipper of two and afterwards a good deal exposed to deities, had ever heard named.

And to what, the patient reader may ask, do such trivial reminiscences lead? Perhaps only to this, that a mind which became aware of the world only as it became aware of India, and was in its small way from almost the first privy to part of Hindu India's secret, is not likely to be either quite sceptical on the one hand or to be duped, on mature experience of India, on the other. Even what has been said, how superficially and in no more than the re-

calling of a child's experiences, about the Hindu pantheon, will not be altogether unprofitable if it suggests to a reader here and there the double failure of the subtle and prolific Hindu mind—its failure to define its religious position, and its failure in imagination when it approaches sublimity by a process of indiscriminate addition instead of by a creative act. In the art of a congeries of people to whom I am attached by the memories of childhood and by the sense of obligations in later life (and here I speak as, I believe, one of the first journalists in India to press for the revival of indigenous artistic aims and methods), there is too often a presumption that divine energy shall be conveyed, not as Blake might have conveyed it in the impassioned drawing of the creative hand, but by giving the deity a dozen conceived in cold blood; and on this sort of arithmetical extravagance there attends the usual nemesis, a suspicion of stinginess in prodigality, for if a dozen, why not a score? and if a score, why not several hundred?

III

I MUST say more, though I say it reluctantly, for I am speaking of my foster-mother-country, about the failure of Hinduism to unify the imaginative life of its myriad adherents. Assuredly not as a child, and not till long after my return to India, did I become aware of this, but it was my experience of Hinduism as a child that taught me to see what seems to remain hidden from many Occidentals incomparably more learned in regard to that other India, the India of their scholarly imagining, and not the actual India. For I, who in childhood had known what a child might of the only sort of Hinduism valid for at least ninety-five per cent. of Hindus, could but smile when I found, as I still find, alike in European books the most learned and in outlines of knowledge for the Western man-in-the-street, a Hinduism which either never existed for the great majority of the people or which ceased to exist for them soon after the dawn of history. Even under a purely literary aspect the poetry of the supreme Sanskrit classics

s not only not Indian, but not even broadly Oriental, being the poetry of an epoch when the several future branches of the Aryans were wandering in search of promised or problematical land. As for the religious aspect of the matter, the Hinduism with which I as a child was brought into friendly contact, and in my childhood I knew several of the sites most sacred to Hinduism, was remote indeed from what the professors and the gushers offer us as Hinduism. The smaller towns and even the larger villages in the very cradle of Hinduism had temples or shrines dedicated to one of the principal divine persons, Vishnu, or Siva, but it was not to those distant and uncomprehended gods that the bulk of the people had recourse in any of their ordinary troubles. Rather did they go to some godling. It might be to a godling well advanced in promotion, and arrived either locally or over considerable portions of Hindu India at the dignity of door-keeper to the temple of some very great deity, or it might be to one unknown outside the particular district and unrecognized by most of the local Brahmins. The Dwarapala, or concierge deity, so far as my memory of childish and adult observations now serves, was usually a very minor godling, but I recollect having seen effigies even of Hanuman at the entrance of temples into which they could not be admitted, and I think that in the days of my childhood in Northern India the effigy of Ganesa, a god to be invoked at the inception of every enterprise, was very much oftener outside the entrance to the temple of some greater deity than in enjoyment of any considerable shrine of his own.

The Hindus I knew so well as a child, by no means to be waved away as mere servants for they included many of other classes, rendered but a vague reverence to the deities whom the professors and the gushers present to us as the gods of all Hinduism. When with a child's morbidity I looked out, at a spot sacred to Hinduism, as the corpses went by to cremation, what I heard invariably was not the invocation of the two operative members of the Hindu trinity, but a cry to the hero of that Indian

epic in which I had first been taught to read—*Rama, Rama! Satya Nama!* A cry to "*The True Name.*" The professors can tell us that the North Indian Hindu greeting the sunrise with devotional gestures and the exclamation, "*Suraj Narayan,*" is honouring Vishnu; but a little child who was once in India can lead those misleaders to the truth that the average lower caste Hindu is merely reverting to the primitive nature worship.

It may be that my contact from infancy with Hinduism should have developed a more mystical turn of mind, and I do not think I was an exceptionally unpromising lump to be leavened: at any rate in later life, in our own literature, Vaughan and Traherne and Blake have meant a great deal to me, and I have had my time of curiosity about the two great Spanish mystic poets whom I can read only in translation. But the only mystical experience I can recall out of childhood may be one which would have befallen me anywhere, and certainly it was not directly consequent on anything I had learned from my conscious or unconscious Indian teachers.

I had it first in what the English in India amusingly call "the Hills," referring to the mightiest mountain system in the world. I had it as a child several times; and I had it once, I think less intensely, in maturity, again in the Himalayas. It was the experience, as nearly as I can describe it, of loss of identity, and the first time I had it, it ended with me in a frenzy of terror crying out my own name over and over again, without then knowing why, but as I now suppose in an instinctive assertion of personality. I conjecture the experience to have been always induced by the audible silence so strangely to be found at times among those vast mountains. One moment one is walking along slopes and through woods full of the rumours of bird and animal life, and if it be towards evening probably full of the noise of the great tree-cricket; the next moment, one is in some inexplicably silent fold of the hills, with the effect, at least in my own mature experience, of first finding one's sense of personality extremely sharpened, and then

of feeling the almost physical draining out of personality. Perhaps it was for this as well as for the orthodox reasons that so many of the contemplatives of Hindu India chose or aspired to the mountains, though indeed the genuine adepts among them seem capable of abstraction from self almost anywhere.

Recalling the several childish and the one mature experience, I find myself wondering now, perhaps foolishly, what would have happened if the instinct of self-assertion had not operated? Were I the right sort of writer about India, there would be no hesitation in answering that, as child or as young man, I should have been flooded with wisdom; but in maturity I have seen enough of the wisdom which pours itself into the emptied cup to set no great store by it. Between that passivity and the intense imaginative energy with which the mystical Western artists dear to me have apprehended the other world, there seems to me a difference immeasurable. Is he who merely makes himself tinder to be credited with playing the part of Prometheus?

IV

BUT these are matters much too high for me. The child about whom I am writing, except that he nearly always lacked playmates, and therefore played chiefly with creatures of his imagining or with the dog or the pony, was much as other little boys of his age. What I saw of the gentler wild life of the Himalayas, and you are to figure a child not in some remote camp but in the sophisticated "hill station," was fascinating to me. In particular, I liked the grey, black-faced, long-tailed monkey of the hills far more than the commonplace short-tailed monkey of the plains. The *langur* was a joy as he leaped from tree to tree purposefully, and still more a joy when out of sheer exuberance of spirits he performed acrobatically, unnecessarily turning a somersault or so in the air between bough and bough, or challenging a friend in a race to the top of the tree. And then at lucky moments in the twilight there were flying squirrels, not flying truly but planing, as

we would now say, from a high tree on the upper hillside to somewhere near the base of a tree far down. Once, as my mother and I were being conveyed along a rather lonely road in a *dandy*, a sort of canoe-shaped sedan-chair, a leopard took the road in one bound from the banked-up hillside above us, and I was delighted by its grace, unaware of the slight element of danger. Leopards were fairly common on the outskirts of that "hill station," lurking about on the chance of picking up a dog, and it may be aware that the dogs owned by Europeans were better nourished than those to be had far below on the verge of the incredibly smelly bazaar.

The bazaar itself fascinated me, not as bazaars fascinate the tourist: so far as a child might, I knew the meaning of its many odours, only the heavy perfumes from certain balconied houses shuttered during the day being meaningless to my innocence. Nearly all the smells of Asia were concentrated into those few narrow and winding streets. There was less asafoetida than there would have been further to the north-west, but there was enough; there was a contribution from semi-Mongol traders who preferred anointing themselves to washing, and had done the anointing with highly rancid fat; there was acrid smoke from the fuel characteristic of all that part of India; there was musk, and that aroma of sandalwood which is sacred but bears to the odour of sanctity pretty well the relation that an unfrocked priest bears with us to a good pastor. There were the stench of the narrow obstructed gutters, sometimes clogged still more by an influx of suicidal locusts. Redeemingly, there were wafts from the *hahwai*, the confectioner, benevolently busy in making that sweet of curds which is called the *pera* and the hot syrup crisped into amusing shapes called the *jelavi*. Forbidden delights! But did I not savour you in my childhood surreptitiously, and escape enteric until so very many years later, long returned from England, a perverse Antæus weakened by contact with his own earth, I contracted that disease from pseudo-European food?

There were a few signboards in English

in that bazaar even then, nothing like as many as when I revisited the place some twenty years later, no longer tolerant of smells or avid for Oriental confectionery, and saw that an Indian baker described himself on a signboard as "Best Loafer," and a moment later was constrained to raise my sun-helmet as I passed one whose signboard declared him not only carpenter, ironworker, rickshaw-maker, etc., but "Maker of All Things."

I made as a child some curious friends in that bazaar, in particular a certain worker in wood in whose small dark shop one could spend half an hour very pleasantly watching the progress of his work and listening to his really large repertory of what I must now call folk-tales but then regarded as soberly realistic narratives. My friend the wood-worker, like a good many other Indian connoisseurs of stories, took special pleasure in those tales in which some arbitrary and fantastic condition is attached to the execution of a task in which the hero ultimately succeeds. The conditions were often not only arbitrary and fantastic but the product of a Rabelaisian imagination, yet I cannot think that I came to any harm by being thus early acquainted with the grossness of popular North Indian folk tales. He was a Hindu, and it was only from a few of my Mahommedan friends that I ever had narratives with a tinge of the characteristic colour of the *Arabian Nights*. In a way these latter spoilt me for the *Arabian Nights* themselves, which, when I had come to the eager reading of English, pleased me but little, and to the strange merits of which I did not really become alive until I was mature. As readily as anyone would I subscribe now to Henley's splendid eulogy of that book which, as he says, is hashish made words, that vast extravaganza of buffoonery and poetry, with its abrupt alterations between parvenu felicity on silken cushions and the un-

deserved bastinado. I can see now that nothing even remotely comparable with the *Arabian Nights* could have emanated from the Hindu mind, immensely fertile as that mind is in mythology. For, in the first place, the world of the *Arabian Nights*, so far as it is peopled with human beings, is in its own queer way democratic, with the democracy of Islam, a social system which has never allowed the idea of permanent dominance or permanent subjection to enter it; and in the second place, the Mahommedan mind is religiously precluded from multiplying gods or in any way tampering with the firmly and finally declared celestial constitution, and where the myth-making Hindu mind escapes into a wearisome liberty, the Mahommedan is constrained to invention within decreed limits. Accepted limits, order even in extravagance, the geometrical qualities which are so refreshing in the finest Mahommedan architecture in India, these were the qualities, however dimly felt by me in childhood, which gradually drew a young mind, so pleasantly biased by Hinduism, towards the elements of Mahommedan culture.

Hindu culture or Mahommedan, the point to be made, for what little it may be worth, is that I came to these cultures quite naturally, not as so many of our discoverers of the East come to them in the quest for picturesqueness or for a new religion. I grew up in the country itself, discovering little by little what the spiritual explorers discover suddenly with effects on them and on India, and on the stupider sections of the public in England and America, which are deeply deplorable. It may be I have the right to say it, and at any rate I will say, that even incapacity to feel what is spiritual in India is better than the vague frenzies of those on whom the actual or imputed spirituality of India acts as an intoxicant.

(To be continued.)

RIDING THE WORLD'S LONGEST FENCE

Experiences of a Solitary Camel Driver

By ARTHUR W. UPFIELD

Arthur William Upfield, born at Gosport in 1889, went in early manhood to Australia, where he worked at anything that came to hand. After the war, in which he attained sergeantcy, he returned to the bush in New South Wales, and later, with one companion, drove an Overland car to Perth, 2349 miles across the continent. He then became a Government boundary rider on the No. 1 Rabbit-Proof Fence.

The author wrote his first novel at the age of fourteen. But his HOUSE OF CAIN, the twelfth from his pen, was not published till 1928. Since that date he has been responsible for a novel a year, and many articles for the press.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA, the latest Commonwealth State to be attacked by the rabbit plague, believes mainly, like our foresters, in fencing it out. The No. 1 Rabbit-Proof Fence in this state is without doubt the longest fence in the world, running from Starvation Harbour, east of Hopetoun, northward for 1,139 miles to Banningarra on the north-west coast. Administered by a Government department, it is divided into two sections, each section controlled by an inspector, under whom are the boundary riders who patrol the fence, keeping it in order and repair. The fence is 5 ft. 6 in. high, consisting of small-mesh netting, with two barbed wires above, and supported on rough-hewn poles.

My section of fence, two years ago, was 163 miles in length, the journey each way occupying a fortnight. I used two camels drawing a heavy hooded spring-cart; and, when comparing that job with similar ones in the Eastern States, my solitude was nothing to shout about, for I saw a human being on an average once in six days. In fact, I am beginning to think that if one really desires the blessing of solitude, it

will be necessary to go somewhere outside Australia. Australia is becoming too crowded.

My stores for the trip, my swag, stretcher-

bed, writing box, camera, and myself were transported to the Government farm east of the fence, which crosses the railway one mile from Burracoppin. At the farm was the cart in which the gear was packed after the two five-gallon water-drum were filled. The two camels had to be sought for in a thousand-acre paddock of dense scrub, where their own tracks were so criss-crossed that finding them quickly was quite a matter of luck.



Mr. A. W. UPFIELD

Curly and Belle

Meet Curly and Belle! Curly is a lad

about four years old. He has a wicked, impudent look in his eye, and objects to being nose-lined. An ill-mannered beast, he will bite given the slightest opportunity; so he is put down on his knees near a tree, where his head is secured. Give him a free head, and the time will surely come when he will determinedly attempt to scalp a man. Once he nearly got me, but only the crown of my hat



Rabbit-fencing
in the Desert
Country

suffered. It does not do to take chances with Curly.

You would like Belle, I know. When Belle is being nose-lined she cries, and one sees her back teeth and far down her throat. I am always reminded of a doctor who used to make me say "Ah!" Yet Belle is good. She never attempts to bite. It is advisable, though, to make her lie down before attempting to buckle on or remove her hobbles. I regret to say that neither Belle nor Curly is as well-behaved as are some other camels I know.

Brought to the cart, the two are laid down and harnessed with much grumbling. Curly wears winkers, and the pandemonium of a lion-filled circus accompanies the trick of slipping them over his head. It used to take me half an hour to get the winkers on him, but we understand each other better now.

Brought to his feet, Curly is backed into the shafts, and his harness rigged thereto without loss of time. Belle then is harnessed up ahead of him. Another man is waiting to give me a hand. He takes the brake. It is the point of the outfit most distant from the camels. The gates out of the farm are opened. The way is clear. I take the

chain off the wheel and grab the end of Belle's nose-line.

With a wild rush we start. The wheels are almost locked by the brake. We are forced to run. We swing out through the farm gate, and after several turns proceed north along the netted rabbit fence. Once off the main road, once on the private Government road which follows the fence for hundreds of miles, our excitement subsides. The locked wheels induce the camels to take it easy, and they are brought to a stop; whereupon Curly is most anxious to look back and see exactly what is behind him, whilst Belle yawns and with her brilliant lovely eyes asks: "How did you like that?"

The brakeman is thankful he is going no further. Belle's nose-line is tied back to her harness, and I slip behind to the brake. Curly is trying to form himself into the letter S. The helper and I nod farewell. I whistle to the camels, and away we go, first at a mad rush, but soon at a smart walk, on our long trip, 163 miles north.

To the Nine-Mile Peg

Immediately we leave on the right the farm that abuts on the railway, the bush

closes in upon us. It is bush in the literal sense of the word, low broom-bush and other rubbish set so low as to be almost impassable, with here and there belts of gimlet trees and salmon gums. The fence runs straight; rising slowly to the first mile peg, and when we come to that point the fence takes a slight angle to the north-east and the camels settle down to a steady pace.

It is possible now to climb up into the cart over the tailboard, but one has to be constantly ready to jump out and swing on the brake, should the camels bolt. Camels are slow-moving animals, but when frightened can put forth tremendous strength. A cart like mine could be drawn comfortably by one camel; but camels have more sense than the white man in that they will not attempt to live alone.

At the four-mile peg we pass two farms. The farm-house to the right is close to the road. Belle does not like the house, and never did. Her approach to it is like that of a cat stalking a bird. Her ears protrude diagonally from her head, small cat-like ears. Curly, however, sees nothing wrong with the house. He saunters along, placidly chewing* his cud, and trying to conceal his disgust at not being able to look behind.

Just past the house, Belle can restrain herself no longer. With amazing quickness she leaps into a swift amble. No less quickly Curly is straining at the tug-chains. He himself is not at all frightened—but, oh! for a good old gallop, and to smash the cursed thing behind against a salmon gum. The brake, however, is half-way on two seconds before Belle has decided to lead the gallant charge, and before she gets fairly started the wheels are locked. Dragging a wheel-locked cart, however, is too much like work. Once past farms, the familiar bush surrounds us—at this point quite useless stuff, a thousand acres of which would not support a donkey.

The first day we travel nine miles. We may have had to stop a dozen times to mend a broken wire, renew a broken post, or repair a tear in the netting. The inspector might come along at any time, and he has an eye like an eaglehawk.

At the nine-mile peg the fence crosses a water-gutter lined with a species of wattle, and this wattle proves very attractive to the camels for about half an hour. Now, a horse will eat its fill from grass, a donkey will be content with licking out meat-tins, and a goat will thrive on an old boot; but a camel, like man, cannot live on bread alone. It must have a mixed diet. Grass it will not eat; which is as well, for there is no grass along my section, save at the nineteen-mile. The wattle at the nine-mile creek is the only fodder in that locality, and it is, therefore, a question of eat it or go hungry. And after half an hour the camels will prefer hunger. To let them free, even in shortened hobbles, would mean nothing for them to find, and a ten-mile trek after them in the morning.

There is but one thing to do, which is to rope them each to a wattle bush when unharnessed from the cart; but shortly after the sun has set I serve them a meal of wheat chaff obtained from the Government farm. The chaff is given them in petrol cases. Belle does not care much for it at first, but Curly eats avidly, and when he is finished he invariably picks the box up with his mouth and lays it down again, well out of the way, exactly like a child pushing its empty plate away.

Dinner that night is an aldermanic feast. I dine off half a dozen mutton chops grilled gently over the wood coals, fresh yeast bread, and strong coffee. I have bread enough for two days, but the weather being hot I shall not again taste meat for a month. In the winter one can pack butter easily, but at no time of the year does the man call with the ice.

The camp-chores done, I lie on my stretcher-bed, set up beside the cart, and re-read my last four-week-accumulated mail. And there, under the familiar canopy of stars, I fall asleep, untroubled by bad digestion or worry, and sleep soundly till the alarm goes off just when dawn lightens the sky. It is not a clock-bell that rings, but the camel-bells that clank and clatter violently when the animals simultaneously get to their feet to put in a second half hour on wattle bushes and a little chaff.



Good Pals

Through Enemy Country

We are on the track again before sunrise. It is going to be a hot day, and there are 8 miles before us. The earlier we start the earlier we reach camp, and this is a day of days when we meet numerous enemies.

At the 14-mile peg we crest a long rise and see before us a ten-mile belt of cleared arms running east and west. Ten years before the virgin bush covered that belt, crossing which is attended by some slight anxiety. The camels are prepared to bolt at the slightest provocation, and provocation occurs in the shape of roaring tractors, rumming harvester machines, and three-horse wagons carting water in galvanized iron tanks. One is obliged to walk at the rear of the cart within easy reach of the brake-handle. To meet a team coming along the public road—here a chain east of the fence—is to wager which will bolt first: my camels or the other fellow's horses. The odds are even that both teams will bolt at precisely the same instant, and the opportunity is lost to say "Good day". If there is anything more intense than our dislike of the farmers, it is the farmers' hatred of us.

At the 19-mile there is a standpipe connected with the Goldfields' water supply, and at this standpipe many farmers obtain water for their stock and domestic use.

A complex of animals and wagons at this standpipe on one of my journeys south resulted in a peculiar accident, when camels and horses bolted at the same time, and a white horse became entangled in the fence, obliterating four panels of netting. Plain and barbed wire was half-hitched round its neck and its four legs, holding it more securely than a fly is held by a spider's web. It took twenty minutes with axe and wire-cutters to get it free, and the astonishing fact remains that beyond a few gashes the animal was unhurt, and ere long was able to resume its work of water-drawing.

Sixty-mile Camp

It is evident that both Curly and Belle are pleased when we arrive at the 60-mile salmon gum flats whereon grow currant bush, wait-a-bit, and a kind of blue-bush which they like. Curly loses no time in sampling the varied menu, but Belle requires watching. She has the homing

instinct stronger than a racing pigeon, and she causes me despair. Hardly able to restrain her eagerness to obey the call, she hastily snatches a meal before hurrying to the road and away. Every half-hour I am obliged to go after her with a nose-line and bring her back to Curly, who watches the operation with placid incuriousness. I have allowed her sometimes to get well away, just to see what happens, and it is not long before she is far up the track and unseen by the "lad" who is feeding in the bush. He realizes suddenly that his companion and partner in many glorious bolts has left him. The cat! He bellows like a bull, and goes after her in great lunging jumps, moving both his hobbled forefeet at once.

It is necessary every night to anchor poor Belle to a tree and cut scrub for her to eat during the hours of darkness, for there is not a cross fence between us and her childhood's home. She cries sometimes and gets into a pet when she finds herself a prisoner and observes the gallant Curly at liberty; and at many camps it is advisable to tie Curly to a tree as well, when she resigns herself more calmly to a cruel fate.

Desert and Oasis

We reach the northern edge of the good timber country at about the 68-mile peg. All this country has been surveyed and is rapidly being swamped by the land-seeking army. The 69-mile peg is on a quartz and ironstone ridge on which grows the wattle that flames yellow in the spring. Here we turn east for ten chains, when we reach another small hut and a rock tank at the foot of an outcrop of granite covering many acres.

North of the 69-mile peg the country is undulating—the rises covered with broombush and scrub, the flats supporting gimlet—the rises so far distant that it is sometimes possible to see the locality of the night's camp early in the morning. The fence is always straight; with but few deviations. At long intervals we pass gates, but why those gates are there we do not know, for the tracks through them are very old and

faint. From the crest of one low ridge can be traced the fence and its cut line gashing the bush-covered ridge ten and fifteen miles north. For 27 miles there is not enough edible feed to support a mule. The 82-mile camp—there is no choice now—is situated where the fence flows through a cutting in rough breakaway country, and from the summit of the rocks one looks down on desolation.

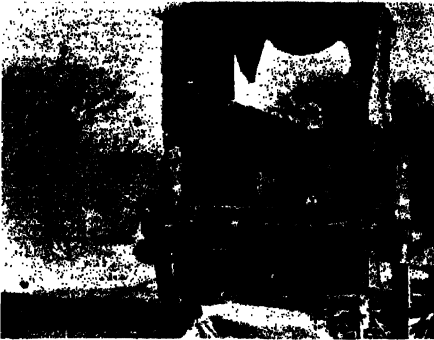
The narrow belt of gimlet and saltbush at the 96-mile is a veritable oasis in the desert. Approximately half-way to the camel station, we take out a day here in lieu of the two Saturday afternoons we have worked since leaving Burracoppin. Here there is a roomy hut and plenty of rain-water in two big galvanized tanks. No less than myself, the camels are immensely pleased to reach this place. Near a convenient tree opposite the hut the team is stopped, whereupon Curly proclaims his impatience to fill a depleted stomach by shuffling his feet and generally misbehaving. Prim Miss Belle regards the saltbush with assumed languor and an expression of infantile innocence.

Immediately she is released from her trace-chains attention has to be given to the "lad". He is in the mood to bite, and bite hard, the midget biped who will not hurry to let him get at that saltbush. And, when finally he is free from the cart shafts, he throws himself down instantly, and bellows a demand to be unharnessed at once.

Belled and hobbled, they are set at liberty. For an hour I may forget them; for experience has taught that they will not attempt to go far until they have removed the edge of their hunger and called back for a drink. It is later, when each has drunk twelve gallons of sparkling water from buckets, that Belle will receive her wireless call from home. Curly watches her start off, contempt for her foolishness in his black eyes. Now and then he looks over at me, wrinkles his nose in a sniff, and says with his eyes:

"There you are, old boy! Women! Ain't they the limit?"

I shout after Belle. She turns right round and pretends to be interested in the



Domestic arrangements in Camp

scenery, but immediately I turn my back he is off again.

Desert Castaways

Reaching this camp once, I found three men in possession. Seeing no car or other mode of transport, naturally I assumed they were tramps. But tramps do not wear good cloth trousers as a rule, and never thin-soled shoes. They were, in fact, desert astaways.

They were coming south in a car from the north, when at the 125-mile the steering ear broke, the car dashed into the fence, destroying four panels, and fortunately kidded off to the track again, when it was brought to a stop. It was in January, and the weather was extremely hot.

The travellers were unaware that off the fence at the 126-mile is a hut by a rock bank, and that ten miles west of this hut is a station homestead, where they could have secured willing and instant help. They had no water other than that in the radiator, and but a packet of biscuits. Another car might come along within the week, or might not. Knowing that there was water at the 96-mile peg, they abandoned the car and walked the 29 miles south during the night.

Obviously a walk of that length is a great undertaking to men unused to walking, and wearing city footwear. Two of them were by no means bright and merry when, fortunately, I happened along. Of course they were welcome to my plain fare of

"tinned dog" and rice, and the following day accompanied me to the 106-mile peg, and the day after were fortunate in being taken on to the station homestead in a chance passing car.

Another time, at the 107-mile peg, where the bush is but two feet high, I saw something light red in colour move at the edge of the track ahead. The reddish object, when now and then it revealed itself, appeared exactly like a dingo's low red body worrying the carcass of an emu, of which at that time there were hundreds along the track.

Dingo scalps being then worth £2 each, I decided to stake a cartridge on the red, as it were; and with the rifle I walked a little way ahead of the team to try my luck at about 150 yards. Having shot kangaroos for a living, I considered my chance fairly good. Sitting down with my back to the fence, elbows supported and steadied on raised knees, I waited to see the dog move again into sight. And presently a man lurched to his feet and walked with a visible stagger to the fence, against which he leaned.

That man's luck! He proved to be a harmless lunatic, a victim probably of bush loneliness, and he confided that he was walking to Port Darwin. He had not followed the fence from the farm country, so had left no tracks for me to see, and he would not be advised to turn back. Later, I heard that he had arrived at Meekatharra, and, like Captain Hatteras, was still walking north.

Journey's End

Day after day we cover from ten to thirteen miles. Rarely do we meet any one, but when a car is seen coming, I halt the team on the track so that the traveller may not pass with a mere lordly wave of the hand. To them I say:

"I have to inform you that you are trespassing on Government property, and are liable to be fined £100, so please give me your names and addresses. That is official. Unofficially, what about stopping ten minutes for a drink of tea?"

So they stay, and we boil the billy, and I do all the talking, because my tongue



Emu coming in to water at the Camel Dépôt

has become stiff from lack of exercise. And when they go every one is happy. So much better than passing me with that feeling of superiority above the wretched boundary-rider. Some are horrified by the loneliness of my life, and fail to understand that to me a far more horrible life is that lived in a factory or an office.

We complete the crossing of the desert when we are 154 miles north of Burracoppin. Jam bush and desert trees give way to broad-leaved mulga growing apart at greater distances and giving living room to saltbush, cottonbush, and tussock grass. It is the southern edge of the pastoral country, and now we sometimes see the bounding kangaroo, and often the waddling monarch iguana. The ground is covered with small pieces of white quartz, reminding one of death and graveyards.

At the 160-mile peg Belle and Curly begin to call for their relatives in the camel station paddocks on the west side of the fence, for we are now nearing the end of the journey. Half an hour later the scrub

on our left seems to lift as though raised by a giant hand, revealing to us a stone-built house with towering wireless masts beside it, and beyond it a low hill, called from its two curved humps Dromedary Hill. Belle cries continuously with a glad note in her voice; Curly tries to gallop. We are "home" at last.

The man in charge of the camel station comes out and opens the gate for us. He and I are bright with smiles, for his life is one of solitude like mine. We talk with eagerness, and the sound of his blessed voice in my ears is no less strange than the sound of my own.

We unharness the camels, and let them go free of the detested hobbles. Off they amble in their rolling stride, bellowing for their friends. We walk into the kitchen and drink scalding tea, and talk as gossiping old women of unimportant incidents that have occurred during the weeks I have been on the track. And at night we tune in on the wireless and listen to the announcer 350 miles away in Perth.

IMPRESSIONS OF MOROCCO

By MARJORIE HUMPHREYS

The writer of this article is one of those adventurous travellers who make a habit of becoming intimate with the life of strange peoples. She has the sense, and the good fortune, to avoid the path of the globe-trotting tourist, with his luxury cruises, palace hotels, and charabancs. Assisted by a French doctor, whose work in Fez has made him famous, Marjorie Humphreys saw things in Morocco that are hidden from most Europeans.

I

SOME recent writers of articles about Morocco have touched so lightly upon a country of such unusual interest that I have realised how, during a stay there in the autumn of 1930, I was given the opportunity of seeing some aspects of Moroccan life more intimate than those which are available to the average tourist. Tangiers, although delightful in many ways, is so easy of access and has become so Europeanised that, apart from the small native quarter and the white buildings of the harbour, it does not yield the atmosphere that characterises the more distinctively Moorish towns. In consequence, since my time was limited, I proceeded by train to Rabat, a journey which occupied the whole of the day. Rather than travel by rail it would be wiser to make use of the excellent service of motor charabancs which run everywhere in Morocco. To do this, however, the traveller must have nerves of iron, think nothing of breakneck speed and be willing, where long distances are entailed, to set out at four or five in the morning.

I arrived at Rabat somewhat late in the evening, and was grateful to a French commercial traveller who had attached himself to me during the last lap of my many train-changes. He presented me with several visiting-cards, a commodity of which any traveller in Morocco requires an enormous supply. Cards are received, and ought to be given, on all likely and unlikely occasions. Indeed, when I had got to know the recipients well enough, I was always having to ask them to let me have my cards back again.

Rabat is the headquarters of the young Sultan of Morocco, and one hears many tales about the beauty of his palace and exceedingly interesting descriptions of the beautiful

Berber boys who are employed there. These boys have the faces of the most delicate girls and wear their hair drawn into a tight plait which sticks out at the back of the head. It is said that their great physical attraction accounts for the prolonged stay of many men in Morocco.

That evening I wandered through the Kasha des Oudaïa which stretches down to the ramparts by the sea. The air was heavy with the scent of jasmine and all manner of flowers from the Oudaïa Gardens; and the voices of the natives, who were celebrating a marriage in a neighbouring house, rose and fell in time to the beating of tom-toms.

II

After spending some delightful days at Rabat and benefiting by the sea-breezes, I captured a front seat on the charabanc which leaves Rabat every morning at five o'clock, and journeyed to Marrakesh. There was only one break—at the gay little town of Casablanca—in the journey of fourteen hours, and the drive would have seemed endless if it had not been relieved by the miles of date and olive groves and by the beautiful lines of the snow-topped Atlas mountains. As we approached Marrakesh, the orange sky of evening intensified the ultramarine blue of their silhouettes.

To arrive in the market-place of Marrakesh is one of the most breath-taking experiences which a tourist could desire. He is suddenly plunged in the midst of what seems to be Bedlam let loose. Thousands of white-robed figures jostle one another in an attempt to attract attention to their wares. Snake-charmers, religious fanatics, sword-swallowers and fire-eaters vie with each

other in collecting circles of onlookers ; and at every few hundred yards negro musicians perform upon all manner of curious instruments. I was particularly intefested by a group of about a dozen exquisitely beautiful Berber boys who were executing what I can most tactfully describe as the "danse du postérieur." The Berbers are famous for their folk-dancing, and come down into Marrakesh from their homes in the small villages at the base of the Atlas Mountains. A little distance away, in direct opposition to this group, was an equally large and not less enthusiastic circle of admirers watching the gyrations of the ever-popular "danse du ventre." The heads of the dancers were encased in gay *foulards*, their bodies in rather cumbersome and gaudy skirts and, as always in this dance, the hips were encircled by an embroidered belt which greatly enhances the rise and fall of the abdominal muscles. Indeed, at the moment of greatest expansion it seemed impossible that the belt should not snap. I have seen this dance performed by naked women without belts and it was then almost entirely ineffective.

One evening an acquaintance took me to see some dancing in the house of a well-to-do merchant. Here, as in most Moorish houses of the same class, the visitor enters through what appears to be a stable and, after groping his way through several dark passages, is admitted through a massive wooden door by an enormous and beaming negress slave. Everyone who can afford to do so has a large staff of slaves who, on the whole, are entirely contented with their lot. If they want their freedom they have only to apply to the local Bureau des Affaires, but they hardly ever do so. Their only alternative to slavery would be to take service in a European household where they would be far less happy than in the familiar atmosphere of Islam.

The Moorish house, with the exception of some in Fez which are higher, is invariably a two-storey building with a flat roof. It is built round a square courtyard or *patio* which is open to the sky ; and the floors and the walls are covered with mosaics. The rooms consist of large recesses that open on to the *patio* and are screened by embroidered



Berber Dancing Girls.

curtains. On the first storey a balcony often runs the whole way round—again with the curtained recesses for rooms.

My friend and I were escorted to the first floor by an incredibly fat slave, and two more slaves came to make for us the mint-tea which is drunk almost continuously on all occasions. Mint-tea is made by putting a handful of fresh mint into a tea-pot, adding several large cubes of sugar, and then pouring boiling water over it. Among the natives this tea is said to be an aphrodisiac, but this is a theory which I am unable to confirm. It was a characteristic room in which we found ourselves. A divan, low and narrow, occupied the length of one wall. It was covered with very beautiful rugs and bestrewn with bolsters and cushions of a varied ugliness. The most popular, it seemed, were of bright pink silk covered with a spotted muslin which was embroidered with coloured wools. The furniture, as usual, comprised as many clocks, from

alarums to grandfathers (imported from Manchester), as the householder had been able to afford.

Presently two of the loveliest young girls I have ever seen came in. After a little, they were persuaded to dance and, having removed all their clothes except the waist-belt, they executed several graceful dances to the accompaniment of a tom-tom. The dexterous play of the hands and fingers—a special feature of Berber dancing—would have given an invaluable lesson to many an experienced European ballerina, and the naive and seductive gestures of these children might have aroused envy in a sophisticated courtesan.

During my stay in Marrakesh I had hoped to meet that interesting and elusive personage of whom so much has been written in the English papers, the Glaoui. However, I was told that he was "En Bled", an expression, originating in the Foreign Legion and now current slang among French poilus, which means anything from "away in the country", or "on business", to "out in the blue". On this occasion "En Bled" signified, I believe, a golfing holiday at a French spa. Through the kindness of our Consul I was able to visit the Glaoui's palace, but not his harem. The palace, like that of the Sultans in Fez, is surrounded by a massive wall and protected at all the entrances by armed sentries. The buildings of the palace are in three parts. Each building is divided by wide gravel paths and numerous flower-beds of a formal type. One building is for the Glaoui's personal use, the second for his harem, and the third for the accommodation of his guests. The guest-palace was furnished in the most odd and elaborate manner, each suite seeming to combine at least five different periods. Victorian and Empire struggled for supremacy with Louis Quinze and Chippendale; but I was most impressed by the fact that in each room of each suite two enormous baths (by a well-known English firm) had been installed. The Glaoui is a man of advanced ideas and considers that it is disgusting to complete one's ablutions in a single bath. Since the Glaoui's return seemed to be indefinitely delayed, I decided

that I should do best to spend most of my remaining time at Fez.

III

It seems hardly possible that at so few hours' distance from France one can be transported into the life of the Middle Ages. Fez, dating from the seventh and eighth centuries, with its mysterious labyrinth of streets in which even the local guides may lose their way, must be unique among the cities of the Near East. The sinister walls that surround the palace of the Sultans were inexhaustibly fascinating: and is it possible to find gardens more enchanting than those of Fez which at all times of the year are lovely with every variety of flower? The myriad tortuous streets are too narrow to admit any conveyance whatsoever; and horses, mules or camels are the only means of transport. I found, however, that walking was the best method of procedure in such congested streets.

It was my great good fortune to possess an introduction to a doctor whose fame is spread through every corner of Morocco. The skill of Dr. C. as a medical man is only equalled by his culture of mind, his kindness of heart and the selfless devotion with which he prosecutes his work. It was seldom that an interesting visitor (and there were many, both literary and political) passed through Fez without calling on Dr. C.: and over the late evening-meal, when work had slackened, interesting and stimulating talk continued for many hours.

To walk in the Medina of Fez with Dr. C. is much like accompanying the Pied Piper of Hamelin. All along our route, grubby children ran out to grasp the doctor's hand, crying "Labes-Toubib" (Bonjour, Docteur), and all manner of shopkeepers and townsfolk would stop to hear his kindly greetings. Great was my relief when we arrived at last at the house of a wealthy cherif whose newly-born grandchild Dr. C. had come to visit. We were received with the greatest enthusiasm: and while we were waiting in the chief reception-room, somebody went away to fetch the sick baby from the harem and slaves brought us mint-tea and small sticky cakes.



Moorish Patient at Moulay Yacoub.

The father, the grandfather and numerous uncles of the baby were conversing in Arabic with the doctor, when a slave came across from the harem with a message for me. The doctor, translating it, said that the baby's mother would be honoured if I would visit her and her mother. The mother, in company with her own husband, who was a rich cotton trader, had made an enterprising journey, twenty years earlier, to Manchester, and since then had not spoken to any European woman. I crossed the *patio*, and the slave drew aside the curtains which admitted me to the harem.

The very young mother of the baby was reclining on a divan, surrounded by the other wives of her husband, by her elder children, by their slave-attendants and by her mother—a wrinkled old lady with humorous eyes. She had not left the seclusion of the harem since her great journey to Manchester, and her memory of that adventure was quite undimmed.

Our conversation was fragmentary, for the old lady's English was only a little less limited than my Arabic. I told them that I had a son of eight years, but I little realised the embarrassing situation which this innocent disclosure would produce. The old lady held an excited conversation with her daughter, and then, grasping my hand, said in halting English, "My daughter she want no more babies. What she do?" I was at a loss to explain. Their mentality was so simple, so incapable of comprehending anything but the taking of some food or drink, that it was impossible to explain the principles of birth-control. The more I tried to evade the subject, the more excited the harem became on the score that at my age I had only one child. How did I explain such a phenomenon? The young mother was becoming frantic in her anxiety for me to divulge my secret, and her old mother was rocking backwards and forwards, repeating over and over again, "My daughter not want more child. What she do? What she do?" Foreseeing that I should not be allowed to leave the harem for hours, I told them that I would ask the doctor to explain the mystery to the girl's husband: and with that, I fled across the *patio* to Dr. C. who was drinking his fourth cup of mint-tea and wondering what had become of me. I tried to explain the tragedy which was happening in the harem; but even his kind heart could not revolutionise or educate those simple daughters of Islam.

IV

The following day I made a most interesting tour of Fez in the company of the Directeur des Beaux Arts. The French Government allowed him a comparatively small sum of money to use at his discretion in repairing and restoring the mosaics of value in the district. His work led him into many strange places where certainly the tourist would be excluded, and I must confess that I was somewhat embarrassed when he showed me some very valuable mosaics in the men's public lavatory.

No less an enthusiast at the Hôpital Cocard than Dr. C. himself is his young assistant Dr. S. This young man, inspired

by the example of his chief, has renounced the mundane life of a Parisian medical student in order to consecrate his work to visiting the outlying villages in the Atlas mountains. Every morning before dawn he leaves the hospital, and sets out for remote places where he installs a dispensary. I was delighted when he asked me if I would go with him and help him in the "Souks".

A Souk was sometimes a tiny outlying village consisting of a few meagre huts. Sometimes there was only one hut—near an olive-grove in a barren stretch of land. Our programme was usually to leave at about five in the morning in an antiquated Citroën car, taking with us two Moors who acted as nurses and chauffeurs. Our equipment consisted of a medicine chest which contained a hypodermic, a small steriliser and the simplest of medical necessities. In addition, there was no possible shelter from the sun, so we took a tent. Every fortnight the doctor revisited each Souk, so that the patients could report their progress: and injections or syphilis increased with each visit. The natives of all tribes could be seen pouring in from miles around to their market; and those who had grievances to air or disputes to settle would attend the Court of Law over which the Caïd presided. The Caïd usually arrived on a beautiful white Arab horse. It was harnessed with an elaborate saddle at the back of which were strapped the rugs that ultimately adorned the floor of his tent. I often sat for a little while with the Caïd and the two native clerks who throughout a long day, would listen with profound patience to the outpourings of those who had come to plead for justice.

After a stroll round the Souk and an exchange of greetings with the Caïd, we would return to our tent, where generally there were a hundred or more patients waiting. The majority of this mixed band was suffering from syphilis, often in an advanced state. Many had malaria: a few had leprosy. The babies, with flies continually settling upon their eyes, were a pitiable sight. The amount of the injections for syphilis were written down on a scrap of paper and then given to each patient. When we returned after a fortnight there

was always much searching in belts and burnouses for these scraps which, by then, were extremely grubby. The natives were said to believe that these injections produced beauty and restored lost youth; and seeing that an overdose might easily have been fatal, we had to keep a very sharp eye open to see that worthless old hags did not steal the "tacas" from young women.

It is a great tribute to this young doctor that the natives have sufficient faith to come many miles for treatment; but although the work done has often encouraging results, I am afraid that very frequently when a cure has been effected, the disease is contracted again. It was at this Souk el Arba des Ouled Djema that I first came in contact with leprosy. I noticed a dignified old man who had been waiting for more than an hour. He had, in fact, continually given up his place to mothers whose babies, after a long wait in the scorching sun and a long journey, were becoming peevish. Eventually, with the aid of a stick, he hobbled into the tent, and the doctor, having examined his arms and legs, asked me to look at him. I saw that the nature of his disease differed materially from any case that I had hitherto seen. The doctor said that it was leprosy, and that he was unable to do anything. He told the patient that it was Allah's will that he should be so afflicted: and the old man wandered outside to rest for a little before returning to his home which was probably many miles distant in the mountains.

The women often showed their gratitude by giving us little presents. On one occasion I was given an egg which I boiled in the steriliser and, after drinking some mint-tea which the Caïd sent, I felt sufficiently revived to walk round the Souk and investigate what seemed to be a great commotion. A young man possessed of the devil was lying flat on his face in the dust, while a holy man beat him on the back with a volume of the Koran, simultaneously chanting prayers in which he was joined by the crowd. The young man was foaming at the mouth and appeared to be on the verge of an epileptic fit. The scene was most eerie and fascinating. I stood watching for nearly an hour,



Berber Women.

and I saw no reason why this séance should not continue throughout the day.

On our return to Fez, our Moors would generally provide themselves with their evening meal. Suddenly, without any warning, the car would stop: one of them would raise his gun and, before I had time to recover from my surprise, would jump out and return with one or two plump partridges. He then cut their throats and threw them on the floor by my feet. By this time, what with the tent, the gun, the steriliser and the birds, I felt somewhat cramped, and after a long day in the boiling sun I was glad to rest my eyes on the exquisite gardens of Fez. As we approached, the buzz of voices from between the city-walls rose and fell like the droning of bees in a vast hive, and muezzins could be heard calling the devout to prayer from countless minarets.

One of the interesting Souks that we visited was on the burial place of the Saint Moulay Yacoub. This small Berber village on a hillside was famous for its hot sulphur springs which were supposed to have effected great cures both spiritual and physical. These springs flow into two large and very primitive stone baths which are surrounded by a parapet, one of them being for men and the other for women. It was most curious

and sometimes rather revolting to see these baths packed with a seething mass of naked humanity, a large proportion of them, covered with repulsive sores, singing their prayers in loud and discordant voices. Those who could afford to do so, brought food with them and spent the entire day in the bath; and I could not help wondering how many of those who entered the bath in a healthy condition escaped infection from the others.

V

Very often wealthy Moors who held important positions in Fez would invite the doctors to a "differa", or evening reception, which was given in honour of the doctors, and during my stay in Fez it was always my privilege to be invited to go with them. The Pasha of Fez and the Cherif Azanoui were two of the hosts at whose houses we spent the most interesting and delightful evenings. On these occasions all the guests, with the exception of the doctors and myself, were Moors. On arrival, generally after what seemed to be a walk of several miles through the now darkened streets, we would be met at the door by our host's major-domo, his chief slave and, probably, his eldest son who would conduct us to where his father was

waiting to receive us in the inner courtyard. We would then take our seats on the low cushions which were arranged round circular wooden tables in the chief reception room. As befitted an Oriental host, he would never sit with us but would stand by the open doors, directing the fat negresses who waddled back and forth across the *patio* with the food. Every now and then we would catch a glimpse of a curtain being drawn to one side on the opposite part of the *balio* and through these curtains the bright, cohled eyes of the women, who were no



Palais de la Bahia, Marrakesh.

doubt agog with curiosity. Two slaves, one bearing an ewer of water and a bowl, and the other a towel and cake of Sunlight soap, would pass to each guest in turn. One washed one's right hand (the left is never used) and the men rinsed out their mouths with much gusto. More slaves would then put a large earthenware dish in the centre of each table.

I am sure that I cannot possibly remember all the dishes that were set before me. No sooner had an enormous pie, stuffed with pigeons and vegetables appeared, than its place would be taken by a great joint of meat boiled in olive oil. Chickens cooked in rancid butter would be followed by a "cous cous", a dish made of flour and then steamed. Only the fingers are used to eat with, and I sometimes found it most difficult to get a good hold with my nails on a greasy joint. Often a neighbour, seeing my difficulty, would dislodge special titbits for me and perch them on the edge of the dish. No drink is provided with these meals until afterwards when slaves arrived with the inevitable mint-tea. After this the bowl, the soap and the towel are again passed round (by this time being badly needed), and the men belch in their best and most audible manner to show their host that his hospitality has been greatly appreciated. The evening would then terminate with talk, and musicians would play native music.

As the time for my return to England drew near, my reluctance to leave this fascinating city increased, and it was not without many sighs of regret that I realised how very soon I should be back in a country where time is of the utmost value and where solitude and the leisure for contemplation are increasingly difficult to acquire.

THE SWISS WAY WITH CRIMINALS

A "Scientific Police" Institute

By JOAN WOOLLCOMBE

Diseases of society, like those of the body, provoke their own remedy; and the threat of the modern criminal has forced Europe, no less than America, to organise a scientific defence against crime. The author of this article has been given special opportunities of studying the methods of "scientific police." She describes here what she saw at the Lausanne Institute.

THE modern scientific criminal is being fought, most vigorously, with his own weapons and with better weapons than he can ever employ. The Swiss "answer" to him (and to her) is in their unique *Institut de Police Scientifique* in Lausanne; one of the most astounding colleges ever attached to any university.

It is entirely independent of any police control and actually provides some of the most unbiased "expert evidence" obtainable: the Director of the Institute puts his students through a grim curriculum of crime, trains them actually in the raw material of their craft and gives the world, eventually, graduates of the newest of exact sciences. Professor Mark Bischoff, who is responsible for this work, looks far too gentle for his formidable reputation—a reputation which extends as far from Switzerland as Siam and Serbia, Poland and Bolivia; and it is here, in the decorous buildings of the University of Lausanne, working like beavers with their batteries of strange modern instruments, that his experts and his students carry on their two-sided work: first to train the crime expert of the future and then to continue a relentless research into the methods of crime detection.

A great deal of the training—there is three years' gruelling work—is extremely grim and the Director explains that it needs a most persistent vocation to survive it, and no small scientific ability. There are very few women who have attempted to pass the ordeal and they are not encouraged, as yet, to present themselves, unless they have a clear call in their own genius. A very high standard of previous education is first demanded and a clear cool brain to avoid at any time the mistake of what has recently



Professor MARK BISCHOFF

so well been described as "ghastly conjecture."

Once admitted, students are bound to secrecy: they learn methods and deal in processes that any forger or coiner would be delighted to obtain; they must maintain the position of their science which is exactly "one better" all the time than its enemies.

The curriculum is comprehensive; too long to detail, but it includes Penal Law and Practice; Legal Medicine, dissection and anatomy; Modern Chemistry; Experimental physics and toxicology; and the Theory and Practice of Modern Photography. Then at the same time the special and concentrated studies of the Institute itself cover technical researches on the scene of the



The famous Museum is housed in the hall of the Institute. Here is the Cold Storage of material for the Student of Crime

crime, whatever it be ; the use of microscope, microphotography ; ultra-violet and infra-red rays ; technical researches into theft, arson, rape, homicide, accidents, damage to property, etc. Then comes the whole complicated business of forgery, false coins, post-office thefts and bank thefts. At the same time the habits of criminals, their identification, classification and the check-up on the ecidivist present a separate and exact science ; as do the various methods of examination, of reporting, of presenting cases ; and this is only some of the material !

The students work first on the material in cold storage—the famous Crime Museum of the Institute—and then on actual raw material as the cases come in for solution. Then, after three years of extremely hard work, they face their six weeks' Finals for the coveted Diploma granted in state by the University.

Deadlier weapon than any other, they have learned to use the microscope ; it is said that the guilty prisoner may as well (and often does) throw in his hand when he sees this and the microcamera of the Institute in action.

At the end of their six weeks' Finals, the students tackle one of the most difficult jobs

of their careers, so far ; for each must solve a specially arranged "crime" complete in every detail (except the actual demise of the victim, for instance) arranged by the Director personally to test their knowledge. He sets the stage and works out the problem "backwards" ; then the examinee must prepare his dossier, plans, photographs, analyses *everything* on his own. It is his first real "case," and for its solution he has all the formidable equipment of the Institute at his prior call.

A VISIT TO THE INSTITUTE

Go round the Institute with Professor Bischoff, and, before taking his visitor through the laboratories, the library, the file room of criminals or showing any of the remarkable "investigations in progress," he will touch a switch in the hallway of the Institute which floodlights case after case of the grimmest of all Museums—weapons and their results—the *Crime Museum*.

It is a most valuable training ground for his students, as it shows crime "in cold storage"—from the duller brutalities of crimes of violence to the more intriguing crimes of forgery and embezzlement.

To the layman there is a certain amount of interest in the varieties of weapons, complete with a great deal of "local colour" that need not be described—the revolver that killed the Soviet Delegate at Lausanne in 1923; a walking-stick that conceals a complete rifle in its slender shaft; an array of knives, hammers, axes, stilettos and bludgeons that is most intimidating. There is the greater interest of those delicate instruments that are used in forgery and for all types of coining, and a case full of the most convincing false passports, cheques and bank-notes. Then, lest the visitor should presume on his or her own immunity, Professor Bischoff will show the "Hotel Door" with a grim smile.

This is a section of just such a door as one may see in any hotel, complete with lock and bolt. With a slender pair of pincers the Professor manipulates the lock you thought so safe and drills a tiny hole above the bolt, which enables him to ease this back with one of the most ingenious instruments ever invented for the thief. It is apparently easy to effect an entrance; and rather disconcerting to watch!

The various exhibits are all material for the earlier studies of the students. "You see where the first blow fell?"—and the Director turns the fragile skull of an old lady over in his hands, to show the deep triangular cleft. "She was sitting up then—until the second blow caught her—so . . ." and he indicates the circular cut, showing how the axe edge fits it. It is the case of an elderly woman, murdered by her servant.

He shows next a severed thumb, in spirits: this bears cuts at the inside of the base, indicating plainly the characteristic wounds of the victim who seeks to defend him, or herself, from the knife of an attacker. Another exhibit is merely a framed postcard showing a few spurts of blood; tell-tale signs of the murder that took place immediately below, indicating the force used by the assailant, and the approximate position of attacked and attacker.

Infinitely more interesting are those cases that contain some of the most spectacular work of the Institute: a few charred

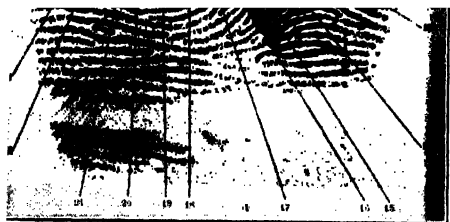


A few only of the weapons that may be used for house-breaking, forcing safes or damaging property

fragments pieced together and mounted on a piece of glass; beside them a microphotograph that shows these fragments to be a "proof" of a fake bank-note, recovered from the grate in a deserted room after a quick get-away by the forgers, and used as invaluable evidence against them after many hours of patient toil and meticulous chemical and microscopic work.

Forewarned and forearmed by their work in other branches the students learn to apply these tremendous resources of lighting and photography. The visitor may see the machines in use and may form some idea of their possibilities.

First, Professor Bischoff closes the door of a small laboratory and shuts out all light; then, from the complete darkness comes the glow of the hooded ultra-violet rays lamp, under which rays the Director puts a series of special exhibits. The chemically treated cheque yields instantly its falsifications; the tampered seal shows its two kinds of wax. A dozen specimens of post-office gum plainly



A finger-print, showing the thirty-one points which identified the owner

now their twelve different "luminosities," and an opened and re-sealed letter is thus easily detected. A criminal, desperately washing and re-washing his stained linen, may think that all bloodstains, or any other stains, are removed; and so they may appear to be to the naked eye. Chemically treated, however, and presented to this lamp, they are again at once apparent; and the Director demonstrates that it is practically impossible ever to eradicate all trace of such stains from a textile.

Adulterated medicines are easily shown up: a recent case of adulterated aspirin with a very dangerous "make-weight" is particularly instructive.

From this room one goes into the daylight of the laboratory that is equipped with a mercury vapour lamp—clear, cold, all-round illumination—where can be photographed such things as the incriminating stub of candle, held in his bare fingers by a stupid criminal and carelessly thrown away. Normally, under sufficient illumination to show the tell-tale finger marks, the wax would blur or melt: the mercury-vapour

lamp, arranged in a hollow square or T-shape, illuminates without radiating heat and is invaluable in such investigations. The Director shows it at work on a screwed-up scrap of paper, rolled up and thrown away, but resurrected to give excellent evidence of the indentations of a written message; a message that is only decipherable when the all-round light has eliminated the innumerable little shadows and creases.

Then, into another small room and again in the dark—the ticking of the metronome measures the seconds for an unseen operator

ment. Magnified, we see the innocent-looking treasury bill reveal itself as a clever (but not clever enough) forgery, and thus provide photographic evidence against a gang recently caught, but not red-handed. Here the Director explains that not only the proof of guilt, but *the proof of the proof* is rightly necessary to convince a jury. Take the case of a recent shooting, in which the help of the Institute was invoked by the police of a certain Swiss city. An empty cartridge case was picked up near the victim and it was necessary for the prosecution to prove that this had been fired from the small calibre pistol owned by the accused; and that the weapon had been discharged from a second-floor window.

It was relatively easy to demonstrate, by the microphotographs, that an indentation in the rim of the little case indicated that it had fallen or been thrown from a height. Then five similar bullets were discharged from the same weapon, and the cases of these were photographed under the same conditions. Each one showed identical markings, which in each case coincided with those on the first photograph of the vital "exhibit." It is, of course, a fact that the hand-tooled detail of a firearm produces marks on the discharged case that are, to the pistol, as finger prints are in the identification of the human. These incriminating details were unmistakably shown in the specially taken photographs and, as a necessary control experiment, a variety of other photographs of discharged cases from other weapons of exactly similar make were prepared. The jury was thus presented with the proof and

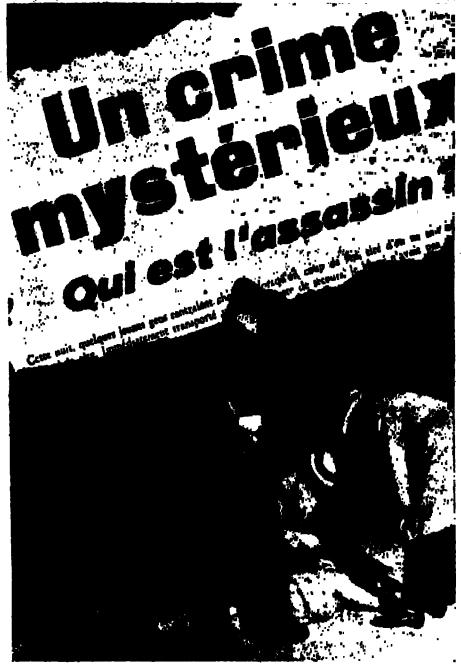
the proof-of-the-proof, and the accused, faced with the formidable dossier of photographs, instantly confessed.

Researches into the possibilities of chemistry yield results that are both useful and spectacular; tests for bloodstains show, as we have said, that it is almost impossible to eradicate them; but although their existence is established beyond doubt, it is further necessary (and perfectly possible) to differentiate between human and animal blood—very pretty little experiments, these; and the experts here are continually extending their sphere of usefulness in this and in similar directions.

The Director will tell the visitor that it is possible to dilute one drop of human blood in a solution of 20,000 of water, and still, from a cubic centimetre of this mixture, obtain what scientists coldly call "a useful reaction."

Very often it is chiefly a matter of deduction. Not long ago the wife of a certain Ambassador received some poisoned sweetmeats from an unknown source and certain suspected persons were held for trial. Actually during the trial she continued to receive strange parcels, but only filled with earth and rubbish and leaves! One of the accused (then under question by the Juge d'Instruction) had a garden, and analysis of the soil of his garden showed the contents of the strange parcels to be the same. But this was not sufficient, nor the evidence that the leaves coincided with those of a relatively rare plant growing there; the final touch was the fact that this plant alone suffered from a plant-disease which was also found in evidence on the leaves. The sending of the parcels designed to prove an alibi therefore served to convict the prisoner. And, in the face of these careful researches into simple crimes, it is interesting to remember that a very few years ago cases were chiefly solved by deductions from inspired guesses.

Less spectacular, but none the less vital,



Finding the body

are the various systems of classification of data and of photographs, which enable Professor Bischoff not only to keep his Institute's information instantly accessible, but to reorganize and to plan the records of various police centres. And, although he is absolutely independent of Police control, he and the police chiefs work together in the continual and relentless researches into methods of crime detection, the latter providing a supply of raw material that is invaluable to the scientist. Meanwhile, crime experts from all over the world visit the entirely unadvertised work that is going on in the attics of the School of Chemistry; and the would-be forger, coiner, murderer or writer of anonymous letters would do well to remember that Professor Bischoff and his scientific "sleuths" are always just one move ahead in the most difficult game in the world.

FILM TOPICS

Kamet Conquered

TO see *Kamet Conquered*, now being shown at the Polytechnic Theatre in London, is to see how far the travel film has progressed in the last few years.

Travel films, so-called, are almost as old as the films themselves. We all have depressing memories of those commonplace inanimate views of the Town Hall at Rouen or the Bay of Torquay. But with the general improvement of film technique the travel film has improved too, until today it is often a film whose interest is first-class quite apart from any "educational" or other extraneous purpose it may have.

The improvement began after the War, when, with the stimulus given by world conflict to interest in the world outside, we began to have pictures of new places, taken from the then fashionable "new angles", and it reached its apotheosis, one may suggest, in Mr. Ernest Schoedsack's *Grass*.

Grass was human. Its background was Persian mountains, and they were its first quality. But the mountains were given meaning by the story of the Bakhtyari, the nomadic tribesmen who go each year with their families from the mountains to the plains in search of pasture for their flocks.

Notwithstanding the misapplied boosting which now so often threatens to turn a great part of mankind from anything good, *Kamet* is not the equal of *Grass*, nor, for that matter, of the film made by the British Arctic Air Route Expedition whose leader died so tragically young last month.

But *Kamet* is human, in much the same way as *Grass* is human. It tells a thrilling story, and, with an exception to be mentioned later, tells it well. And, as pure entertainment, it will stand comparison with all but the very finest of the "general" films produced to-day.

LAST year, it will be remembered, Mr. F. S. Smythe, a young English mountaineer who had made his name in a Kanchenjunga expedition, took a party of five other young Englishmen to the assault of Kamet, the highest peak in the Himalaya. After months of preparation and labour they achieved their aim, and thus gained the distinction of treading higher than the foot of man had ever trod before.

That is all the story. With no "love interest" in it, it might seem little for a public which has grown accustomed to see at least two pretty faces to every film. But what is lacking in human

beauty is made up in natural. The magnificence of Mr. Smythe's photographs of Himalayan gorges is such that one can only wonder how British film companies, notoriously inept as they are, could ever have thought that "the public would not like it".

And to give significance to this natural beauty, there are all the adventures of an arduous journey—dodging avalanches, swinging across raging torrents on a rope, climbing step by step on the last lap to the summit. They have the excitement of incidents in a Harold Lloyd acrobatic comedy, and to a greater degree since here there is the knowledge that no rope, painted out in the film, will save the climber should he make a false step.

That, indeed, is the supreme attraction. Just as it is idle for film "magnates" to pretend from the remoteness of their Wardour Street offices "that they know" what the public likes, so would it be idle for one amateur of films, even though of fairly varied film experience, to say that everyone prefers reality. But the audiences at the Polytechnic Theatre, a rather out-of-the-way institution, give at least a strong presumption that a large part of the public likes reality some of the time, while the success of such films as *Kamet*, *Chang*, and *Africa Speaks* suggests that this part is larger than the "magnates" believe.

Especially is this preference apparent when the reality partakes of the nature of romance, and the romance is not only of great achievement, but of strange lands, and strange peoples glimpsed by the way. *Kamet* combines all these virtues.

There is incident, of life and death. There is the drama, naively and therefore in this case excellently expressed, of the climbers gasping painfully for breath as they stagger up the precipitous mountain side in the rarefied air of twenty thousand feet above sea level. There is the attraction of strange peasants and priests met on the road to Kamet.

ONLY one serious fault is to be found, but that, unfortunately, a fault which *Kamet* shares with almost every other British film. The spoken narrative which accompanies the film is bathos in comparison with the film itself.

For some as yet unexplained reason every British commentator in films, whether his subject be news or natural history or a true tale of adventure,

seems convinced that he is a humorist, and that no opportunity of making a joke should be missed. The result is, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the most appalling collection of feeble puns, heavy facetiousness, and would-be-wisecracks.

Mr. Smythe is better than most of them. At least he has none of the vulgarity which distinguishes so many British film commentators. But he too suffers from the disease, and can rarely resist the temptation to feeble jokes, with results

which in the circumstances can only be described as awful.

It is to be hoped that his film may be purged of such excrescences before it is generally released. For there are few things in the world more exasperating than a work of art which just misses being perfect. And *Kamel*, despite sometimes obviously amateur photography, is for the rest so sincere and moving as to be very near perfection.

W. H. H.

Film Notes

MARBLE ARCH. *Congorilla*.

A big-game sound film, the first to be made entirely in the African jungle. It has many of the virtues to be found in *Kamel*, with even more varied excitement, and it suffers from the same facetiousness in commentary. But it is quite the best of the already numerous jungle films.

REGAL. *Indiscretions of Eve*.

A British film, on a smart Continental line. Some good tunes, some good fun, and, occasionally, some good photography, but, alas, also the eternal vulgarity which is what the British film producer

thinks the British public likes. Fair entertainment.

PLAZA. *Sinners in the Sun*.

A chauffeur, rejecting love in a cottage, plunges with a wealthy girl into what is described as "the hectic gaiety of the reckless rich". The richness is Hollywood's, which is dreadful, and the recklessness likewise. But there is a gusto about the worst American films of this type which makes them tolerable. British producers could learn something from the speed at which they move.

EMPIRE. *Diamond Cut Diamond*.

Another British film, though with an American star, and a mixture of British and (apparently) Continental direction. The crook story which is its foundation is not brilliant. But the farce accompanying it is good in parts, while Miss Benita Hume (British) and Mr. Adolphe Menjou (American) can make bricks out of very poor straw.

PLAZA (in the same bill as *Sinners in the Sun*). *The Dark Horse*.

A crook film with a different kind of crook—the American political campaigner. There are many delightful election stunts, and some sidelights (not, perhaps, to be taken so seriously as the English newspapers seem to take them) on the methods of American State Government. Worthy to be classed with Marie Dressler's *Politics*.

ACADEMY. *The White Hell of Pitz Palu*.

Revival of another film of the mountains, this time the Alps and this time with a slight love story attached. The story can be forgotten—in fact, the director of the film seems soon to have forgotten it—and the mountains enjoyed. There are some wonderful shots of a search over a glacier by torchlight, and some good aerobatics over the Alps by a German "ace".

W. H. H.

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BOOKS OF THE MONTH

THE QUEEN WITH TWO FACES

QUEEN ELIZABETH. By Mona Wilson. (*Peter Davies. 5s.*)

(By Helen Simpson)

"The present sketch", says Miss Mona Wilson, "is intended for the general reader". That individual is pleased, though the statement surprises him less than it might have done fifty years ago, when his intellects were the battleground of warring historians, each beating his own drum of prejudice. Going away with Miss Wilson's Queen Elizabeth under his arm, the general reader puts himself through a short examination of conscience. How much does he really know about the greatest English queen?

The result is humbling. He knows about the Armada, and the politic encouragement of privateers which delayed its sailing and at last, with the help of a high wind, defeated it when it set forth. He knows of the coquettings with various suitors, the two thousand rich dresses. The execution of the Queen of Scots appears to him the merest feminine jealousy, which the portraits of the two women very easily explain. He knows something of the favourites Leicester and Essex, thanks to Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Strachey. One or two of the sayings he remembers, and from his Kipling carries some recollection that the Queen was an amazing dancer. She was brave, she swore, she spoke Latin, she loved Falstaff and hated Spain. And there is the general reader's sketch completed.

It is a sketch only, right as far as it goes, but empty. Along comes Miss Wilson and, despite a disclaimer in her preface, fills it in, gives authority for the legends, touches the Queen to humanity. The puzzling twists of policy, which the general reader is too apt to leave aside as inexplicable, all are shown to have a feminine mixture of instinct and reason behind them.

"Anyone who will carefully compare the ups and downs of the courtship (Alençon's) with a timetable of political events in Spain, France, Scotland, and the Netherlands, and consider the effect, or possible effect, on England, will realize that none of her vacillations or delays lacked motive. Her contemporaries had not this retrospective advantage, and only another woman could hope to follow the bewildering intricacy of her moves: Catherine de' Medici was probably seldom at fault."

Miss Wilson, too, is seldom at fault; and she explains to the general reader—who is usually,

owing to his choice of fiction, a Marian—the situation with regard to Mary Queen of Scots so fairly and yet so cunningly that he cannot but believe her. For instance, he had forgotten that in 1586 the Queen of Scots disinherited her son, bequeathing to Philip of Spain her claim on the two crowns. Surely in these circumstances the Parliament was right which insisted to Elizabeth that "whilst she shall live the enemies of the State will hope and gape after your death." The business was ugly and the Queen knew it; necessary, and the Queen knew it. If she did her duty and tried to escape the odium by a show of tears, no woman in the world will blame, and perhaps no man understand her.

This is how the book goes, illustrating, supplementing the average reader's half-knowledge. Leicester—a brief letter is given which shows better than a whole novel of Scott's how the relationship stood between him and his mistress. Essex—a note by Harrington after his death to the effect that she was neglecting her dress and her temper was vile. "She walks much in her privy chamber, and stamps with her feet at ill news, and thrusts her rusty sword at times into the arras in great rage." Dancing and vanity—a delightful interview with Sir James Melville who, when asked if his mistress Mary played the virginals well, answered "reasonably, for a Queen." Courage—a story of how once a bullet missed her and struck one of her watermen; she bandaged his wound with a scarf of her own, and "continued her entertainment of the Ambassador, as though there had been no such matter."

This is, no doubt of it, a book that was wanted. It is brief, and knowledgeable, and it allows contemporaries to speak for themselves. Where Miss Wilson must interpret, she does, compactly; but for the most part she is content to marshal her facts and let them tell the Queen's story. One thing astonishes, laying the book down: how in the world the mocking English synonym for stale news came to attach itself to the cloddish personality of the last reigning Stuart instead of the last Tudor. "Queen Anne is dead"—who cares? But "Queen Bess is dead" must have raced round England on the beacons within twelve hours, and struck sparks from hoofs, and set all the bells tolling south of Trent. She was a great Prince, and greatly loved by the common people. It is a tribute to Miss Wilson that her brief book allows the greatness to come through.

THE EVERYMAN OF GERMANY

HITLER. By Emil Lengyel. (Routledge. 7s. 6d.)

(By Alan M. Wells)

To the Englishman the most amazing thing about the career of Adolf Hitler is that Adolf Hitler should have had it. According to his public acts and speeches and to all that is generally known about him, he is an ordinary political agitator, violent, irresponsible, inconsequent, having none of the qualities necessary for statesmanship and without even those of a capable organiser. As Herr Lengyel points out, the abortive putsch of 1923 was abortive precisely because Hitler failed to provide anything in the nature of an efficient organisation or programme. He had ranted his speeches in the Zirkus Kroppe, and then set out upon his march to Berlin, apparently expecting the walls of the modern Jericho to fall before him. Yet today he is at the head of 13,000,000 of the most serious and hard-working nation in the world, and there is a considerable chance that before these words are in print he will have displaced the present Government and be himself at the head of the whole German nation. On the other hand he may have faded away as completely as if he had never existed, killed by his utter unfitness to take the place which he has won for himself by force of—what? The latter alternative is, of course, what half Germany and almost all the rest of Europe would prefer. Is it likely? Herr Lengyel's book answers the first of these questions and goes some way towards providing an answer for the second.

Adolf Hitler was born in an Austrian village, the son of a minor Austrian customs official, and his Czech wife, who spoke only broken German. Reacting against the Teuton racial pride of his schoolfellows, Adolf showed the weaker of the two possible reactions. Instead of developing, as a more admirable character might have done, a pride in his Slav blood, he developed an intense reaction against accepted opinions and at the same time a great pride in his membership of the Teutonic race, a factor which may have been responsible for much of his later disregard of essential truth. After his parents' death he became a builder's labourer in Vienna and, reacting according to his already formed habit against the accepted opinions of his fellows, in secret a violent anti-socialist. At the same time he disliked the mildness showed by the Press in Vienna in their attacks on the socialists, and accounted for this by adopting the anti-Semitism always current in Central Europe, since many of the newspapers were owned by Jews. Later he migrated to Munich, and served afterwards in the War without

displaying any particular ability, rising only to the rank of lance-corporal.

After the war he was not anxious to re-enter the ranks of labour, and started to try and find a niche for himself in one of the numerous political organisations of the post-revolutionary period. He worked for several at one time or another. Meanwhile circumstances had been preparing the German people for the ready acceptance of his prejudices as a new gospel. They felt that the Teuton race had been unfairly humiliated, and were prepared to blame anybody else for it, including the victors of Versailles, the communists who had administered the famous "stab in the back" in the hour of Germany's need, and of course that ever-handy scapegoat, the Jew, and the bad type of capitalism represented in the popular mind by him. Adolf Hitler found a party, consisting then of seven people, upon which he could engraft his prejudices. He discovered in himself the power of oratory. Already, born demagogue that he was, he had studied during the War, the art of propaganda, then in its finest flower. Under the influence of these twin arts the party soon grew, and almost as soon lost all its original leaders except Adolf Hitler. By 1923 he was, or imagined from his partial success that he was, ready for his march to power. It failed and he was incarcerated, though in the mildest possible way. By the time he emerged his movement, though it still existed in various forms, was no longer under his control, and was no longer in tune with the minds of the German people, who were fascinated by the streams of American gold then pouring into Germany, and intent on getting the most of the fictitious prosperity created by this gold and imitation of American methods of rationalisation. We all know how since then this boom has progressively broken down, and the mind of Michael Spiessbürger, the German Everyman, has turned again to Hitler and his scapegoats. His prejudices have been elaborated into a programme, with the aid of some laughable economic theories which enable him to appeal to the economic underdog without running the danger of ever having to enact socialism and thereby offending the industrialists who supply him with funds. He has applied the arts of publicity and oratory in the completely cynical manner expounded in his autobiography; and today we have the Nazi reign of terror.

Two more questions require an answer. What would Hitler do if he came into power tomorrow, or rather what will Hitler now be doing if he has attained power by the time these words appear? It is safe to say that nobody, not even Hitler himself, can answer that question today. Secondly,

what conditions are necessary for the disappearance of Hitler and Hitlerism? We may answer that in the words of Herr Lengyel, that what will defeat Hitler is the reality of which the appearance before almost led to his disappearance. "Let Germany see that the end of the world has not yet come, and Hitler will be a national God on half-pension". Hitlerism, in other words, is the violence of despair. Let Germany see reason once more to hope for the return of prosperity, and of her dignity as a nation, and Europe need no longer fear Hitler. (But somebody in Europe or elsewhere will have to make some sacrifices first.)

Herr Lengyel has all the vices of a fashionable German biographer, but he has also keen perceptions and sound powers of analysis. He has written a profoundly interesting book, and has been well treated by his anonymous translator.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE. By André Maurois. Translated by Hamish Miles. (*Cassells*, 7s. 6d.)

(By Francis Watson)

In England, M. Maurois has an established reputation as a biographer, and more particularly as a biographer of Englishmen. Too few people, however, know him for the excellent novelist that he is, and it is to be hoped that *The Family Circle*, his latest and best essay in fiction, will do something to remedy this position. *Climats*, another fascinating novel, was somewhat unfortunately translated under the title of *Whatever Gods May Be*, but Mr. Hamish Miles has made a thoroughly good job of the present work, and it should command wide attention.

It is the portrait of a woman, whose life, through childhood to marriage and beyond, is bounded by the turning circle which links her to her mother. The little town in Normandy in which Denise Herpain spends her early years during the war and immediately afterwards is described with all M. Maurois' charming yet at times devastating insight into provincialism. But far more striking than the *mise-en-scène* is the presentation of the character of the girl, who, deeply affected (at an age when children are commonly supposed "not to notice") by the unfaithfulness of her mother to her father, lives to find herself deceiving her own husband and to be driven to temporary delirium by the consciousness of what to her had been the "unforgivable sin". The sympathy with which the author follows the development of Denise through the disturbing circumstances of post-war life is communicated immediately to the reader, and in the end, with no surprise, we watch the family circle claim her again as she

returns to the scene of her troubled childhood with a quiet understanding of the mother whose hypocrisy had driven her out into the world. Those who know M. Maurois' earlier works of fiction will recognize in this book one or two characters who have appeared before, and those who are making their first acquaintance with him as a novelist will be stimulated by *The Family Circle* to extend it.

THE FORTRESS. By Hugh Walpole. (*Macmillan*, 10s. 6d.)

(By Helen Gosse)

In this, the third but not the final volume of Mr. Walpole's history of the Herries family—*Vanessa*, the fourth and last volume, will, it is hoped, be ready to appear in autumn next year—there is the same spacious grandeur of Cumberland lakes and mountains, the same brilliantly mirrored reflection of English life and scenery teeming with beauty and humour, drabness and suffering. Living, as we do, in an age of sketchiness, when surface-brilliance is the order of the day and a pleasing manner is too often considered sufficient to render acceptable the completest poverty of thought, we should be doubly thankful for a writer of Mr. Walpole's massivity of conception and thoroughness of workmanship. He is obviously one of the greatest among the novelists of the present day and his Herries books stand out as a monumental achievement among the host of ephemeral clevernesses and longwinded dullnesses of which contemporary English literature is so largely composed.

If I found the Herries themselves lacking in some of their former strength and fascination, it is perhaps due to Mr. Walpole's constant reiteration of these characteristic traits—or perhaps to the mere increase in numbers of the persons whom his canvas includes, for in this volume it becomes even more difficult to remember which Herries, Newmark or Rockage, is which, despite the potent aid of an extensive genealogical tree, which together with two maps is there again as in former volumes to help out the reader mazed with the mass of names both personal and topographical.

The Fortress is the house which Walter Herries built on High Ireby to overlook, spy on and overawe his unfortunate cousins in Uldale, in pursuance of the quarrel between himself and Jennifer, now ably supported—or rather led—by Judith Paris. Judith is now an old lady—the last chapter tells of her hundredth birthday—but she is as full of vitality as ever and dominates her family with characteristic vigour. The family feud is brought to an end in a way which to my mind seriously

mar an otherwise very fine piece of work. With the greatest respect for Mr. Walpole's judgment and insight into the inner workings of his own creations I was unable to convince myself of the reality of the tortured twistings of Uhland's mind or of the murder in which they culminated. There is here a lack of plausibility which unfortunately impairs the verisimilitude of the whole chronicle.

Just as Judith Paris was a less vigorous character than the Rogue, so also in this third book John, Uhland and Elizabeth are pale creatures when compared with Judith. Is this intentional on Mr. Walpole's part? Is humanity really becoming a weaker pot of tea, and the glamour of the Herries—"horse-faced and vain"—and their like fading from the land?

The impression which remains after reading *The Fortress* is not so much that of a particular story well told, but rather of isolated passages, of incidents significantly illustrative of the life of the time brought into high relief, such as the vivid scenes of the prize-fight and of the opening of the Great Exhibition. Indeed it is not, I think, as a history of individuals that these books should be judged, but as a series of illuminating pictures of the flux and change of two centuries of English life.

THE GEORGIAN HOUSE. By Frank Swinnerton.
(Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.)

(By V. S. Pritchett)

Mr. Swinnerton is always a competent novelist and the ingenuity with which he builds his plots, the coolness with which he manages a large canvas are very satisfying to those who enjoy the architecture of a novel as much as its story. On the other hand the material of his new novel is a literary convention and one that has nothing more to say. The small Sussex town in which, his intrigue takes place, in spite of concessions by observation to romance in the form of motor cars and wireless, is such a convention; and so are the Georgian house in its main street, the Lion inn, the dying reprobate with his unsigned will, the villainous clerk, the priggish and misunderstood young man, the mysterious young housekeeper in an equivocal situation, the young people gently rebuked throughout for being something known as "modern", and the wise old lady, so tolerant and sympathetic who understands all and does not divulge the vital information about the secret panel until the last minute. There is hardly a line of this but has been derived not from provincial towns but from other novels about them. (Did it all begin with "John Halifax, Gentleman"?) The literary geography of England is, at any rate, full of such places. Of course, all literary conventions dispense with certain aspects of reality and this we cheerfully accept. It is when they begin to live on themselves that we become suspicious, and an attempt at rejuvenation by introducing garages and discussions about the errors of the young always fails. Even the young know that what they think they think is nothing like as important as what they do.

Mr. Swinnerton's virtue is his observant thoroughness. He builds brick by brick and there is something pleasant in the ring of his trowel in his descriptions of people and places. He is skilled in finding the particular in the ordinary. But the brick by brick method is unsuited to the highly dramatic events in which he involves his characters. The drama around the old man's will, his supposed relations with his housekeeper and her relations with his heir and his nephew, are presented with no tightening of emotion nor quickening of tempo. The danger is that we shall be bored by the quiet parts and incredulous of the dramatic ones. He wishes to show ordinary people becoming implicated in crime and passion. Do they not then cease to be—in the quiet-provincial-town sense of the literary convention—ordinary people? That is Mr. Swinnerton's difficulty: they would break his convention. They must be kept ordinary at all costs.

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THE PLAYS OF W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM.
Vols. III and IV. (Heinemann. 5s. each.)

Mr. Somerset Maugham has an acute sense of the theatre, and of the foibles of fashion in his time. He has a sense of type, but not of individual character, with its inconsistencies and general insistence on not running true to the rules of dramatic technique. It is, therefore, to be expected that his plays should date, and they do, though some of his critics would do well to reflect that this, a defect after ten years, may be a virtue after one hundred. The difficulty, of course, is to keep them alive through the interval, and there is little in them to help in the task. Farce is nearly always boring unless it is topical, and these plays seldom, never wholly, rise above this level. That which comes nearest to it is, perhaps, *Our Betters*, and there is in this, too, at least one character, though a minor one, who emerges to some extent from type. His other work perhaps justifies Mr. Maugham's publishers in this collected edition of his plays, but there is nothing in the two volumes under review which, or so I should think, anybody would want to read again.

A. M. W.

ESKIMO, by Peter Freuchen. (Jarrolds. 7s. 6d.)

This is an interesting revelation of the physical and spiritual life of a primitive people, of whom the author, a Dane who marries an Eskimo wife, speaks with both knowledge and insight. But as a work of fiction it is much too long and its style is sometimes offensive to English taste, though for this the translators should probably be held responsible.

Mr. Freuchen has given us an extraordinarily vivid description of the Eskimo people, their stylised behaviour, their code of sexual morality (which is illuminating in the extreme), their remarkable callousness to physical suffering—due, no doubt, to the relentless rigours of the climate—and above all the tragic discontent and its consequent demoralisation which followed the advent of the white man. The Eskimo cannot answer a simple question simply. He has a strange obliqueness of mind. Asked whether he has many

reindeer, the Eskimo will reply at length, recalling the skill of the reindeer in evading slaughter, depreciating his own strength and position in his tribe, and in general indicating the improbability of so poor a hunter having killed even a single reindeer. In this strange fashion he will have made it quite clear to his audience that he is possibly a chieftain and certainly possessed of great store of reindeer. And their meals! The icy climate has endowed them with an unrivalled absorptive capacity for food. Each chapter contains repulsive yet fascinating details of meals consisting of such delicacies as fetid liver, putrid meat and entrails torn still warm from the hunter's prey.

On the whole *Eskimo* is a book I am glad to have read.

H. G.

THE GLEANER

Of the 2,384 novels due for publication next month, twelve are by writers who have no connection at all, whether as reader or reviewer, or adviser, with any publishing firm; 2,381 of them are "psychological studies"; 2,104 deal with incompatibility of temperament in marriage; 1,368 are forceful pleas; 2,384 are masterpieces; 2,103 are by young women. They are all vital, enthralling, human, and powerful.—*Beachcomber*.

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Books to Come

Much the most interesting volume of reminiscences so far announced for the early autumn is *Memoirs* (Faber & Faber, 18s.), by Sir Henry Newbolt. The publishers insist on Sir Henry's wide range of experience as a poet, an historian, a barrister, an educationalist, a man of affairs; the book will certainly have the claims they thus make for it, but also I hope the interest belonging to the record of a very remarkable, intellectual and artistic development. Though Sir Henry Newbolt has had forty years of an honourable popularity he is still but little understood. To judge from his poetry, he set out and long continued with no equipment beyond that of the perfect public school boy: then, with *Songs of Memory and Hope* came the revelation of a far more sensitive and subtle and austere artist. Will his "Memoirs" show us that development?

* * *

The second instalment of the *Journals of Arnold Bennett* is announced by Messrs. Cassell. It may be remembered that in a rather early passage in the first instalment Arnold Bennett mysteriously complained of mild martyrdom as a disciple of the Goncourts: except for one trick of observation his fiction never bore the slightest resemblance to the work of the brothers, and his *Journals* are utterly unlike their notorious and endlessly entertaining *Journal*. And I fear that, honest as Arnold Bennett was, neither the second nor any other instalment of his *Journal* is likely to exhibit to us the secret of the placidity with which Arnold Bennett passed from the production of fine, in one instance perhaps great fiction, to the production of the usual stuff for the usual people. But certainly the new instalment is not to be missed.

* * *

It would appear that some Swiss investigator has put to a large number of persons the enquiry, "From what did you most suffer at school?" When that I was and a little tiny boy the answer would have been, "School". But we live in a more complicated age, and no doubt the variety of the replies brought together will be appreciated. The book is due in September from Messrs. Allen & Unwin and will bear the title *Dark Places in Education*.

Mr. Felix Morley, sometime a Rhodes Scholar and well known as a journalist at Geneva, has written in *The Society of Nations* (Faber & Faber, 18s.) an unusual study of the League of Nations, concerning himself not so much with what it does as with what it is. Here the reader will be given a careful account of the origins, the structure, and the fundamental theories of the League. The book, which has a preface by Sir Eric Drummond, the first secretary-general of the League of Nations, should be available to readers about the time that these words are in print.

* * *

It would be disingenuous of me to say that I now learn that Miss Rose Macaulay, departing from all the subjects and settings she has hitherto dealt with, has ready for us a novel of the seventeenth century, in which the satirical poet John Cleveland is a character. It happens that some months ago I wrote an article about John Cleveland, a very neglected writer, and evoked from Miss Rose Macaulay a public refusal to believe that he was the author of that wonderful epitaph to Strafford. I understand she continues obdurate in the matter, though Cleveland is to be in some sort one of her heroes. But I continue obstinate in my opinions formed years ago, simply because no one else at that time could have felt quite the same disillusioned pity for the great victim.

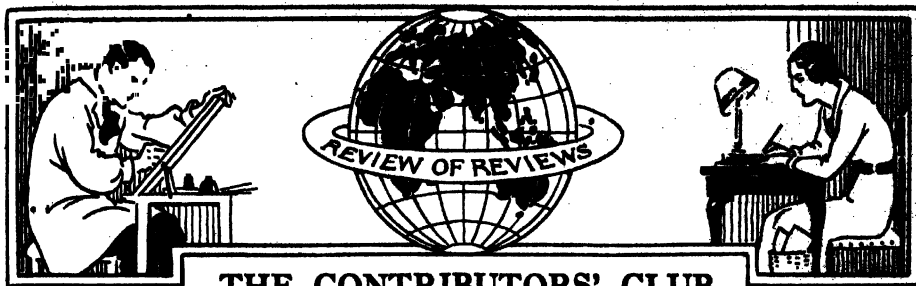
* * *

Mr. Clifford Bax's *Collected Poems*, due from Messrs. Lovat Dickson, are reported to have a preface in which he paradoxically maintains that poetry belongs to a long-past stage in human development. Nobody will mind Mr. Clifford Bax having his fun so long as we get his poems.

* * *

In *The Wife of Rossetti*, which is to be published by Messrs. Lane, The Bodley Head, Mrs. Hueffer will give us the first adequate account of the luckless woman of genius who had so brief and tragic a married life with D. G. R.

T. E. W.



THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

OF the five artists whose work is reproduced in the Contributors' Club this month, one is a barber's assistant, one a clerk, one a shipyard worker, and one a young South American who is studying in Paris. The fifth contributor is "Rix", whose "biography" has been given in an earlier issue of the magazine.

Our purpose in this Club has always been to attract attention to the work of those young artists who only need an opportunity to establish themselves successfully in the work which they pursue under such difficulties at the moment. How immense these difficulties often are we discover only when we obtain the biographical details

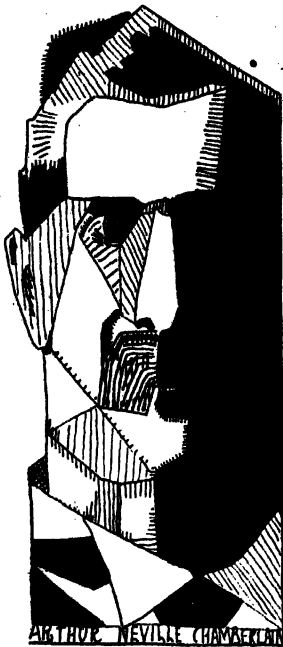
that we publish with these drawings each month. Consider, for instance, the case of Alex Grant, who is the author of the humorous cartoon, "Personality", in this month's pages:

"I am a shipyard worker, a plater, and have been unemployed for years. I have always been able to draw but I never had any lessons or attended any Art Schools. About eight or nine months ago an artist, a Mr. Nairn, saw some of my drawings and got me an introduction to the Editor of the *Glasgow Evening News*. He gave me a sporting cartoon to do and I have kept myself, wife, and two children off the "dole" since. I also did a strip cartoon for *Forward* for four months, but I would like to feel more secure now I have taken the plunge."



[For the Contributors' Club]

PERSONALITY.



Caville]

[For the Contributors' Club

Not all have to struggle as hard as Mr. Grant. But Arthur C. Caville (who has done this month the striking study of Neville Chamberlain) has only his spare time in which to practise caricature. He is 15 years old, and is at present in the hairdressing trade in Plaistow. Drawing has always been his hobby, and, although he has had no training, he looks forward to a career in this direction.

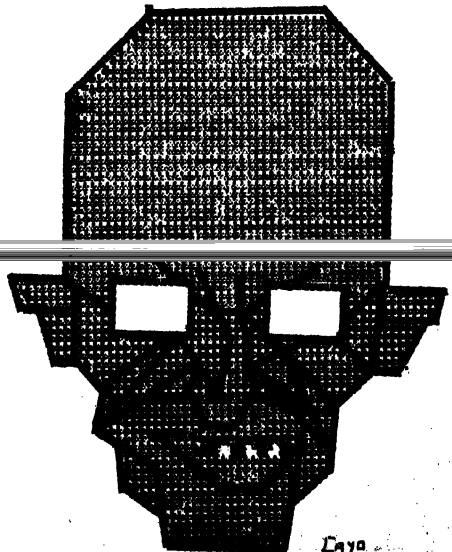
D. Donald (the author of "Olympic Games and Games", and "The New York Times") has no training, but he is a clerk, and caricature at the moment is only his hobby. His inclination is towards black and white work of a humorous or satirical type.

A SPECIAL interest attaches to the sketch of Gandhi by Cayo Medina, for this drawing has been produced entirely on a typewriter. Here is an account of the way the work is done. You want, first of all, a lot of patience, and a good typewriter. Then, with question marks you can provide

the hair of a Lloyd George or a Hindenburg, and with "equal" signs the moustache of a Hitler. Working the various other signs, with infinite patience, you can portray the stern face of Hindenburg, the smiling face of Tardieu, or the toothless visage of Gandhi. Of the examples this young South American artist has sent us, we can reproduce only one here, but it is one that illustrates particularly the chief qualification for this work, an infinite and untiring patience.

MYSTERY surrounds the origin of the full page caricature which we publish this month. The drawing came to these offices, unaccompanied by any letter or means of identification other than the signature on the drawing. Even this we may have misinterpreted.

"Which?" is a cartoon of exceptional merit. The world pulling against the weight of Mars typifies the circumstances of the moment, and the representation is made more forceful by the free yet vigorous lines of this cartoon which help to convey the sense of strain. We should be glad to hear details of this contributor.



Cayo]

[For the Contributors' Club

GANDHI.



Mac

[For the Contributors' Club

WHICH ?



Riz]

[For the Contributors' Club

Lady: "Beer bottles! Do I look as if I drink beer?"
 Ragman: "Well, any vinegar bottles, ma'am?"



D. Donald]

[For the Contributors' Club

"The Olympic Games."
 (Can youth win the race?)

It was impossible to find space for the many essays and poems, and for the large amount of correspondence which reached the Contributors' Club this month. Now that the Competition is closed, all contributions to the Club will be paid for at editorial rates. We shall continue to give biographical details of new contributors, since we believe that these will be of interest to our readers and will help to draw public attention to the authors. All contributions to the Club should be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, otherwise their return cannot be guaranteed.

In the October issue the results of the Competition will be announced. We intend to hold other competitions of a similar nature throughout the year, and meanwhile we should be glad of correspondence from our readers with suggestions as to how these may be varied, or what new features might be introduced.

THE EDITORS.



D. Donald

[For the Contributors' Club

"EXODUS."

1890

To the Publishers, REVIEW OF REVIEWS,
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Please send me **The Review of**
Reviews regularly, as issued, for
months, for which I enclose.....

Name

Address

In September 1931 we celebrated our 500th number.

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THE EDITORS.

To Messrs.
Bookseller, Newsagent,

Name

Address

Please send me **The Review of**
Reviews monthly, until further notice.

1932

AN IMPORTANT INNOVATION IN THE POTTERIES

Developments in Towns Gas Firing

Though the present is a time of discouragement and disappointment it is nevertheless a time full of remarkable opportunity for those who have the foresight to take advantage of it. British industry has reached a turning point of the utmost importance and its future depends largely on whether it takes the chance that is being given to it now. The pessimist will ask, "Where is the chance in a world where trade is almost at a standstill?" The British industrialist certainly has few orders and little work to do. But his foreign rival is, generally speaking, even worse off; so that, relatively, he is not losing ground, and yet he has time and opportunity to be honest with himself, to put his house in order and to bring his methods up-to-date. All the circumstances are favourable if he will only act wisely now. There is a wave of public opinion tending to favour his goods in preference to foreign ones. Let him then examine his methods critically and honestly in the light of the latest research and practice. Let him be ready to scrap all obsolete plant immediately and install efficient modern plant of the latest type so that when confidence returns he may be the first to profit by his foresight.

An Ancient Craft

No trade has more excuse for conservatism than the pottery trade, the traditions of which go back as far as history, and the processes of which are not fully understood even by the chemist of to-day. Pottery firing has always been more a question of experience and rule of thumb than of scientific calculation. But even the pottery industries must now make a radical change in their methods if they are to survive intact. A good start in the right direction has been made by the Stoke-on-Trent Corporation Gas Department, which set out some six years ago to carry on intensive research work on the application of towns gas to the manufacture of pottery. Not only do the "five towns" depend almost entirely for their material wealth on the pottery industry, but they depend largely for their health on the smoke or lack of

smoke arising from the kilns. With the present methods of coal-firing, health and wealth are mutually destructive, since the more business there is, the smokier is the atmosphere.

A Question of Costs

But, while the effect of smoke on public health is well known and everywhere deplored, the industrialist's first consideration is the measurable success of his factory rather than the immeasurable improvement of public health and economy in the maintenance of buildings. The successful use of gas will depend, therefore, almost entirely on the economies it effects in manufacturing costs. The improvement in public health, important though it is, will only be incidental.

Raw coal is very cheap to buy—a fact which has prevented many manufacturers from realizing how expensive it is to use. Towns gas is more expensive to buy but cheaper to use—and it has the inestimable advantage of simplifying the manufacturing process and of producing a better article at lower cost. Costing consists, after all, not in comparing the cost of two competing fuels per potential heat unit, but in comparing the whole cost of the manufactured article made in two different ways with two different fuels. Thus every costing problem is an entirely original one and it is impossible to generalise with any accuracy.

Economies of Pottery Firing

In firing pottery the actual fuel cost does not amount to very much (e.g. for tiles it is about 7½%—10% of the total cost of production). A far greater proportion of the cost is represented by labour and materials prior to firing. The proportion of rejects and second-quality ware due to faulty firing is, therefore, as important as fuel cost in the final cost of the article. A high grade, flexible, easily controlled fuel like towns gas can obviously be made to produce a far higher percentage of first-quality ware than raw coal, so that, even if

the cost of gas used were greater than that of the coal, this would probably be more than counterbalanced by the higher first-quality throughout.

There is however a further important consideration which greatly diminishes the quantity of fuel required with gas, so bringing even the actual fuel cost of gas below that of coal in many cases. Sulphur dioxide in excess of 0.1%, and carbon monoxide and other reducing gases to a less extent, are deleterious to glaze during firing. Consequently, when coal or oil firing is used, the ware must not come in contact with the products of combustion. For this reason it is generally packed in round fireclay boxes known as "saggers." These are comparatively costly, are easily broken and only last about seven firings in any case. Moreover the weight of packing and saggers together is usually about ten times that of the ware itself. Yet all this material requires fuel to heat it up. With towns gas, on the other hand, ware may be direct-fired and requires only supporting material weighing about as much as itself. The cost of the saggers and of much of the fuel and loading labour is therefore saved, to say nothing of the time saved. Further, the simplicity and speed of gaseous combustion render it comparatively simple to maintain an even temperature throughout the kiln. This results in fewer rejects and lower refractory maintenance costs than with coal or oil firing. The thermal efficiency of a modern regenerative

town's gas furnace is in the neighbourhood of 30%, as compared with about 5% in the case of coal-fired kilns. Among other advantages of gaseous firing may be mentioned the general speeding up of the process, resulting in decreased overheads, and the possibility of performing the two operations of "baking the biscuit" and "firing the glaze" in some cases in one stage, thereby saving time, labour and fuel.

The use of towns gas for firing pottery is still in its infancy, although it has been resorted to for some time in the United States. Rapid developments are therefore probable. Owing to their large thermal efficiency and low labour costs continuous tunnel kilns are likely to be used in the future where the load is sufficiently constant. Where this is not the case—as it often is not, since pottery is generally made to definite order only—semi-continuous furnaces of the regenerative type are being successfully used having the load on a truck twice the length of the furnace so that one end is unloaded and reloaded while the ware on the other end is fired. Otherwise ordinary intermittent furnaces are used.

In this country the pottery industry is fortunate in being highly localised so that it is in a good position to replace haphazard competition with the new business ideal of planned co-operation, which is gradually emerging from the present industrial chaos.



The Stoke-on-Trent Gas Department has a very proper regard for the importance of the pottery industry to the city and is pursuing an enlightened policy of research. To this end a new laboratory has been fitted up with a number of different types of furnace so that manufacturers may have at their disposal accurate information on both small and large scale tests before incurring any capital expenditure on new plant. On the left of the illustration is a small muffle for preliminary tests and on the extreme right is a full-sized regenerative furnace for full-scale tests.

THE TRAVEL SUPPLEMENT

By HAROLD J. SHEPSTONE, F.R.G.S.

Our Extended Summer Season—Cruising Holidays—Glories of the West Indies—Charms of the Islands Bahamas and Bermuda—Round the World.

ARE our summers being prolonged? I believe they are. Many have probably noticed that in recent years we have had fine and bright weather well into October and even the early days of November have been far from dull. Indeed, right on to Christmas the weather has not been at all bad and travelling about the country has been very pleasant. I discussed the matter with one of our expert meteorologists the other day and he agreed that our seasons were slightly changing, summer and autumn showing signs of extending farther into the year. An extended British holiday season is all to the good.

Northern Scotland may be a little chilly by mid-September, but there are the resorts on the east and south coasts, the Isle of Wight, the west country, Sicily and the Channel Islands, Ireland and Wales, as well as the recognised spas like Bath, Cheltenham, Malvern, Buxton and Matlock, where the air will be found bracing, the sun warm, and the skies bright well into October and even later. I know, of course, that many of the places indicated are regarded as winter resorts, and so they are. But all the delights of summer may be experienced till quite late in the autumn, and considering the ease and comfort by which they can be reached, both by rail and coach, the attractions they offer, and what those in authority are doing for the enjoyment of the holiday seeker, they are deserving of our patriotism.

Some, however, may prefer to go farther afield, and His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, was right when he declared that travel should be "both ways." To-day one can journey to distant shores by British boats and thus ensure our shipping companies reaping the advantage. Furthermore, never in the history of travel have fares been so low, while the latest and most up-to-date of the liners have been set aside for cruising purposes. It is possible to-day to visit the West Indies, those romantic and charming islands set in sapphire seas, bathed in brilliant sunshine, and festooned in luxurious vegetation, for as low as £45. This, too, is first-class and voyage out and home occupies between five and six weeks. The Union Castle Line will take you to Cape Town and back for £90, first-class; £60, second-class; and £30, third-class. In the first-class one enjoys all the amenities of hotel life of the most luxurious standard about which in the



"Lady Drake," one of the steamers of the Canadian National Railways off the coast of Jamaica



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Bermuda

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For full particulars write to the **Pacific Steam Navigation Co.**, Goree Water Street, Liverpool; **Elders & Fyffes, Ltd.**, 23 Bow Street, London, W.C.2; **Furness Withy & Co., Ltd.**, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.3; or **The Bermuda Trade Development Board**, 329, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

Third-class one is travelling in a well-appointed home. This is the time of the year to visit South Africa. I notice, too, that the P. & O. are making a feature of round voyages, which occupy about three months, and passengers may live aboard the ship at the various ports of call.

I particularly wish to deal with the British West Indies which are so well served not only by British, but by French and Dutch lines at most reasonable fares. The magnificent vessels of the Harrison Line call at Antigua, Barbados, Grenada, Trinidad and Demerara, in British Guiana, on the



Yachts moored in Puget Sound, Bermuda, yachting being one of the favourite sports of the islands.

South American coast, representing a six weeks' round trip for the sum of £58, including certain excursions ashore. The Fyffes Line will carry you to Jamaica and back, the largest of the islands, and provide accommodation and excursions ashore for as low as £45. The same line also announce five to six weeks' round voyage to Bermuda Jamaica, Barbados, Trinidad, Venezuela, Panama, Colombia, and Honduras.

On both these lines passengers may break the journey at any of the ports of call and continue the tour by a subsequent steamer. Furthermore, tickets on the Harrison Line



One of the attractions of the Bermudas is an excursion over the kelp beds in a glass-bottomed boat to view the aquatic forests of seaweed and the gorgeously coloured fish.

are also available for return by the steamers of the Fyffes Line. This is a very admirable arrangement as it affords a unique opportunity of seeing a number of the islands, for each possesses charms and characteristics of its own.

The vessels of both these lines embrace in their shipboard life all the amenities of first-class hotels. A life in which amusement is equally well-organised so that the voyage is rendered enjoyable and interesting for all types of holiday makers. Deck sports are in operation soon after the Channel is left behind. Concerts, dances, card games, the cinema, wireless, all contribute to enjoyment in the evenings. For those who wish to get fitter than when they embarked, or to keep the fitness upon which they have good cause to pride themselves, there are the means of doing so in the well-designed gymnasium and the swimming bath. Boredom can never come upon a voyage such as is offered by a cruise to the West Indies.

It is interesting to note that the islands among which the cruise is taken originally constituted a continuous piece of land, the West Indies of to-day being the summits of a mountain chain of a submerged country.

upon as a pedestrian's paradise, the only means of transport being the horse and the bicycle. With the coming of the railway all this has changed. It runs from Hamilton, the capital, westward to Somerset, and from Hamilton eastward to St. George, a total distance of about twenty-two miles. At eleven different points the railway crosses sea inlets, from island to island, by means of bridges. The charms of the islands are its lovely climate, beautiful flowers, white coral roads, caves and sea gardens.

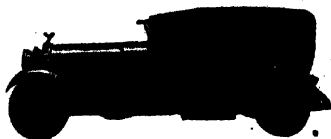
In November next the *Empress of Britain*, the world's wonder ship—the largest built in Britain since the war and the largest vessel ever to encircle the globe—will leave Southampton on a grand cruise round the world. Perfect in every detail, decorated by some of the world's most famous artists, equipped with every comfort and refinement that human wit can devise, the *Empress of Britain* is indeed the ideal vessel for such a voyage to lands of enchantment in sunny climes—including many plates off the beaten track. The carefully planned itinerary provides for visits to some twenty-three countries at the best time of year for each. The wonders of the *Empress of Britain* and the

A picturesque city of white houses is Hamilton, the capital of the Bermudas. All the buildings are of white coral, including the roofs. Hamilton boasts of its cathedral and the second oldest Parliament in the World.



Some of the lines in their West Indies tour include various points on the South American coast and the Panama Canal, as well as the Bahamas and the Bermudas. Hitherto the Bermudas have been looked

places of historic interest and scenic beauty visited on the cruise are described in a beautifully illustrated brochure which may be obtained from the Cruise Department, Canadian Pacific, 62, Charing Cross, London, S.W.1.



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POWER BOATING

"Automatic" Yachting

By EDGAR N. DUFFIELD

I HAD NO SOONER written my August notebook than I was told that my best hope of curing a persistent bronchial catarrh with a touch of asthma—just as troublesome, from May to July, if not as dangerous, as from October to January—was to give myself fourteen days of salt air, with a spell of island atmosphere in between the two boat-rides. I never thought liner cruising quite "up to the label," personally, because I am only a mildly gregarious animal; but the medicine-man knows his job, and it was clearly mine to do as bidden.

I accordingly made the best reservation I could, through Cooks in Berkeley Street, paid out what seemed only a reasonable amount of money, and in due course took possession, with my wife, of a favourably located stateroom in a 13,000-ton boat sailing Southward. She was scheduled to steam some 1,300-odd miles, at the end of which we were to disembark on quite a nice island. We could loaf there for either two or nine days, and then get home on a sister-ship of that used for the outward trip.

All worked according to plan. We were "tabled" with the chief engineer and a very companionable young Aberdonian—just a

foursome. Chatting as we progressed, the chief and I talked of ships and trips and ways and means, as old fogies will. The chief was genuinely surprised, apparently, to discover that the transportation and accommodation of my wife and myself was costing us £2 10s. per day apiece at sea. I was equally surprised, on working it out. I had gone into Cooks' prepared for anything—in a hurry to get away on the first boat with an attractive schedule. I had thought the charges eminently reasonable; but I had not bothered to work them out at so much per day.

We had a tolerable but tight-fitting stateroom, with two bunks and a settee-berth, a single toilet-cabinet, good artificial lighting, and a fan for use as we progressed Southward. We had an outside cabin, on the starboard fore-end of a block on the upper deck. We were cool. There were only a promenade deck and the boat deck above ours, and as I had made our booking only on the Tuesday before we sailed on the Friday, I had certainly got from Cooks the best accommodation to be had, at so late a date.

WELL, IN DUE course we made our outward landfall, and settled down to enjoy

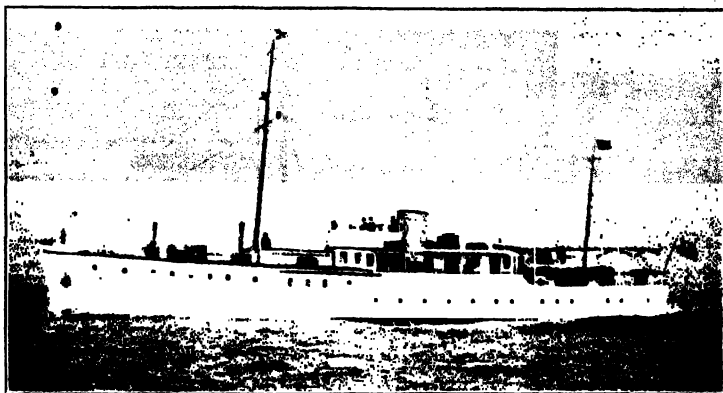


A 52-ft. cruiser recently completed by John I. Thornycroft & Coy., Ltd., at Hampton-on-Thames. She is powered with two Type RD-6 engines developing 75 b.h.p. apiece, which give her an average speed of 11½ nautical miles per hour.

the amenities of a really good hotel in a volcanic island whose people live much as they did a thousand years ago, although the principal avenida of the island's capital was double-lined with Austen Sevens, some 100 to 150 of them, at least, on hire. A weird contrast of old and new, of mule-sleds and bullock-sleds and motor cars, of priests and peons, lizards and radio sets—one which must be highly diverting to people visiting such places for the first time. Incidentally, Cooks had asked whether I wanted to make a reservation at the best hotel or a really good hotel. Of course I voted for the "really good", and found it all that could be wished, except by people out to spend money to indicate that they had money to spend.

Of two things one: Either we should have paid much less for the accommodation on the outward trip, or much more for that on the run home. I don't care which; I have no complaint whatever of the total cost of the cruise, of the food, of the tariff concerning beverages and smokables, of the attention and service; but there is something wrong in a state of affairs under which one pays the same price for the use of a stateroom with either 120 or 80 square feet of floor-space. To my wife and myself the matter was trivial. We spent as little time below, and as much on deck, as we could. But to ailing, elderly or infirm passengers the roominess, airiness and amount of daylight available in a cabin can be extremely important.

Mr. George Paxton's "Braemar," one of several craft, successively growing in dimensions, carrying the same name. She was built by J. S. White, of Cowes



I visited the best hotel, at which our young Scots shipmate had booked, similarly through Cooks, to find it merely more expensive than our own, more elaborately furnished, and that much less airy, morning, noon and night.

To get my grumble over, we made the return trip in a 20,000-ton boat. Our stateroom was a full one-third larger than that on the 13,000-tonner on which we had travelled Southward. It had two toilet-cabinets. It had two bedsteads. It had much more of daylight, though in a position identical with that of the cabin on the outward boat. But its use and our food cost us precisely the same £2 10s. per passenger per day at sea!

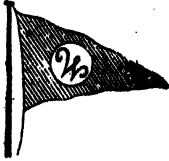
To me the "treatment" was infinitely more important than the money spent upon it. Let that be clear. But I am thinking of folk to whom every shilling spent is important, and I am convinced that there should be more discrimination than there is in this matter of charges for accommodation. Also, it strikes me as ridiculous to charge people £2 10s. per day, to nauseate them, almost, by the lavishness of the catering, the supply of bouillon at eleven o'clock, the provision of tea, milk, sandwiches and other stuff within a couple of hours of a fairly solid dinner—and then to charge them 2s. 6d. for the use of a deck-chair.

I WAS SURPRISED to find how little of shipping, of any sort, one met in 1,300-odd

miles, following a busy steamship route. In Southampton Water we were deafened and dazzled by "speed boats" buzzing pany were called upon to lower (but not to launch) all boats on the starboard side, and to make sail upon all those on the port side.

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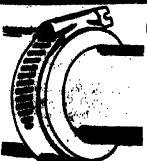
spectacular standpoint—is a joke in the worst possible of taste. Such a thing is either to be approached in the deadliest of earnest or is an altogether indefensible breach in the peace of a pleasant afternoon's reading.

ONE THING MORE: Games! I was neither an invalid nor a cripple. All I wanted was anchorage for two half-crown deck-chairs. But to permit games anywhere but on a games deck is quite wrong. My observation suggested that a considerable majority of the first-class passengers were people of from 45 upward, whose ideas seemed to end with a little strolling, a little sea-gazing, a little dozing, and a lot of reading, or maybe letter-writing. It is quite wrong that such folk should be sub-

jected to noise and disturbance because a minority of overgrown schoolchildren want to play cricket, hockey, deck quoits, and the like. Practice putting is O.K. But hockey played with putters and regulation golf balls is not a bit funny, except to the players.

One bright youth (wearing the colours of a school with which I hope he never had any connection, unless as a scullion) drove his ball so near to one of my shapely ankles that I beckoned him. He came.

"Boys", I said, "will be boys, we are told. Errand boys on holiday will, therefore probably be errand boys. But if you allow that ball to clip me on the ankle, next time you knock it this way, I'll come after you and rub your nose into this deck until you look just like a Gentile. See?" And



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whatever else could be said of that lad nobody could call him other than gey gleg in th' uptak'.

TO RESUME MY chronicle, England still seems to make less use of power boats than does any other country. I am not naming the few in whose waters we anchored because I do not wish to identify the steamship company some of whose little peculiarities I have mentioned; but it was amusing to me to see people who could speak neither French, German, Italian nor Spanish, and only surf-boy, bum-boat English, using marine motors of less than five years of age. The hotel in which my wife and I stayed so very enjoyably between our two steamboat-rides was represented by a bran-new 36 to 40 ft. launch with a big Thornycroft engine, a big four (of, I should guess about 18 to 24 h.p., because she travelled from ship to jetty at a good 8 to 10 miles per hour, filled with passengers and their baggage). Her hull was clearly not of local construction, yet it was not up to the standard of Hampton-on-Thames.

Her engine was a peach, though. It started on a single pull. It was as near noiseless as made no odds. And the goat-thief who skippered this launch could make her behave like something bewitched. His manœuvring into our accommodation ladder, and out from it, through a welter of other launches, miscellaneous small craft, and the boats of vendors of anything and everything imaginable as attractive to white-skinned visitors, was perfectly wonderful. He was well-dressed. He was a chauffeur when not skippering this biggest and best of the half-dozen power boats belonging to the hotel. He could speak a little bullock-English, but either could or would not speak Spanish, Italian, French or German. One did not expect German. One knew that people who use Portuguese are not keen on Spanish. But apparently he knew Portuguese (of which I landed with never a word) and such scraps of English as nobody could avoid collecting, in service as a launch-man and chauffeur.

He drove a car—as I was to learn—admirably. But he handled that boat to perfection, really to perfection, because, I

suppose, his island breeding had made him a swimmer and a boatman of sorts almost as soon as he had learned to walk. Some people have *all* the luck!

MR. W. J. L. WATTS, of "Little Ship Charters" fame, has sent me a set of pictures indicating the extent and nature of his recent developments at Wallasea Bay. I forget the total area of the land he has acquired, but these pictures suggest that it is a very large tract. Mr. Watts has apparently mastered the fact that a good, clean, hard road is essential to the conduct of any business in which the client has to visit the conductor of that business, and every one of the pictures he sends me gives ample evidence of his realisation of this very important fact. Sailing folk are not squeamish; but they do not really enjoy sloshing around in mud and sand. They need do none of it at Wallasea Bay. From one end to the other of Mr. Watts' "station" are clean, hard concrete roads, apparently wide enough to allow any two vehicles of ordinary dimensions to pass, although every few hundred yards he has provided bays, or sidings, for the convenience of drivers of vehicles which it is desired to leave stationary. His "temporary" landing stage is very much more permanent-looking than are many used by far older and bigger folk, and from the shoreward end of the actual staging runs a concrete track right inland, to his offices.

I do not reproduce any of the pictures, because the process of development is still in progress; but they give ample evidence of an intention to do things in a really business like fashion.

From the time the visitor sets foot or wheel upon, or ties up to, Mr. Watts' property, there is already every provision for his or her comfort and convenience. All that remains to be done is decoration, furnishing, the addition of the finishing touches.

BROOKE MARINE MOTORS, LTD., inform me that the price of their 2.5 h.p. single-cylindere two-stroke Dingymota, with clutch, fuel tank, silencer, shafting, stern gland, propeller, exhaust piping and skin-fittings, has recently been reduced from £33 16s. to £29 17s.

MOTERING OF TODAY

By EDGAR N. DUFFIELD

[LEFT LONDON in the third week of July, to return early in August, thus missing the "release" of the new Lanchester Ten, the Daimler Fifteen, the new Singer models, and other harbingers of 1933. I could not, in fact, have been sent away at a less convenient juncture; but I had to go, being still regarded as "worth more alive than dead", strange as that seems to me, odd mornings.

Anybody who wishes to dodge newspapers has only to take a fortnight's sea trip. Truly, he can crick his neck-muscles and test his spectacles by rubbering at the radio news-bulletins; but the good folk who compile the news they contain do not concern themselves with new motor cars, even of such interest as those mentioned, and I found myself back in Southampton Water as ignorant as I had been three weeks before. Blissful in the ignorance, because it enabled me the better to enjoy the marvel of what had in the meantime been made manifest.

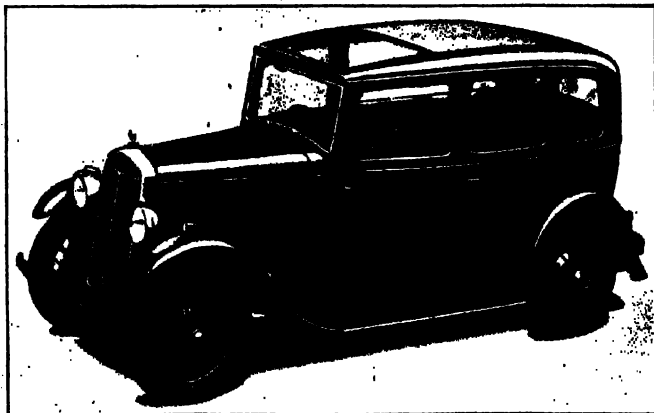
Wonderful things, you know! Mr. George Lanchester and I had often discussed the "market" awaiting a really small-engined Lanchester; but always prior to the linking-up of the Lanchester and Daimler interests,

so that the lowest price discussable had been one round about £600—now that of the 15-18 Lanchester Six.

Here is a 10 h.p. Lanchester, four-cylind-ered, but a car whose design reveals no scamping of anything, anywhere, to save cost—one, indeed, on to the design of which have deliberately been grafted costly components like the Daimler fluid flywheel, and a four-speed epicyclic and pre-selective (or self-changing) gear-box—mounted with a really impressive, roomy and nicely finished saloon body, for £315. Why, £315 was the price of the old 13-9 h.p. four-cylind-ered B.S.A. of 1912 (a car, incidentally, which should never have been allowed to fade, as it was during the earlier years of the War).

The new Lanchester has a mushroom-valved motor, but nobody is going to be shy of it on that account. It would be more "popular" with a six-cylind-ered engine, of course, in days when everybody but the minority who know anything about motor cars will tell us that we *must* have at least six cylinders; but exactly as it is, it is at £315 the most staggering quality-for-money production ever offered by an English constructor. The longer one looks over its

The new Lanchester Ten with its standard sunshine-saloon body at £315: The door-lights are fitted with the fashionable "pelmet" draught-excluders. Note also the sensible design of the wings.

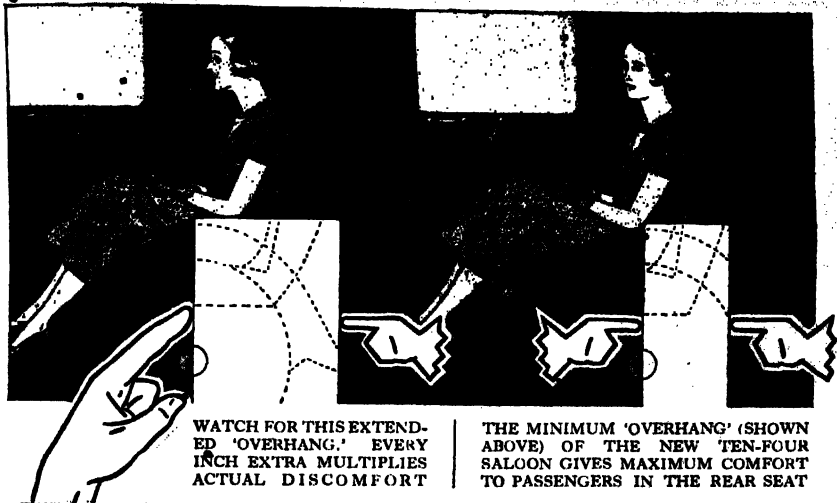




own, their family canoe, as they had so manfully paddled it since 1895 or so.

I REJOICE to welcome this Langchester Ten far more because it has a four-cylindere engine than because it has the Daimler transmission. This latter is a proven, established success, I know ; but its employment is of substantially less interest to me, technically, than is the fact that in 1932 two savants of the standing of Laurence H. Pomeroy (managing director of the Daimler

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IT CONCERNS YOUR COMFORT. Examine the coachwork of the Austin Ten-Four . . . Here is an example of body 'overhang' reduced to a minimum to ensure the greatest riding comfort. For the body is expressly designed to bring the rear seats well forward of the rear axle so that the passengers are seated *within the wheelbase*—not behind it. The further forward the seats are planned the less noticeable is the rise and fall of a car on its spring . . . that is the secret of the unusually comfortable riding of the Austin Ten-Four.

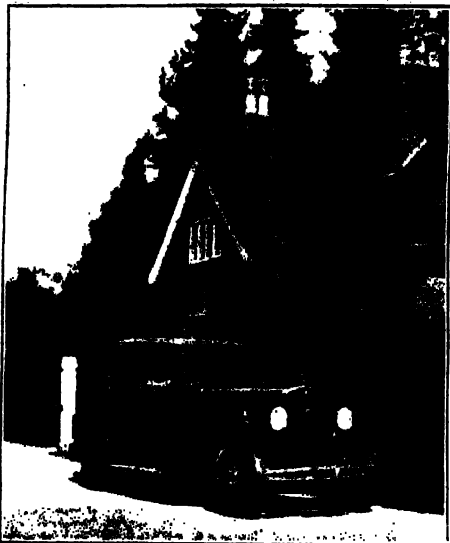
The

AUSTIN

Ten-Four Saloon



The Austin Motor Co. Ltd., Birmingham. Showrooms, also Service Station for the Austin Seven and Ten-Four: 479-483 Oxford St., London, W.1. Showrooms and Service Station: Holland Park Hall, W.11



Despite the popularity of the Twelve Six, and—latterly—Ten Four, the Austin Twenty, particularly as a Whitehall saloon, is a model very numerous in production, and comes second only to the Seven in overseas demand, from purchasers who want to carry big parties over arduous gradients.

Because of its intrinsic interest I am begging unusual license in the matter of pictures of this car. Let the reader look them over, and tell me if he can imagine a more appealing production, built anywhere, in any numbers, at £315? I regard it as nothing less than colossal money's worth. One can buy bigger motor vehicles for smaller sums of money; but not of Lanchester breed, not

real motor cars, instinct with the tradition of thirty-seven years. There were Lanchesters, let us remember, before there were Daimlers—*English* Daimlers, anyhow! Frank, Frederick and George Lanchester were actually building motor cars in 1895—original motor cars, of their own design, and (by the same token) cars embodying design-features which have since become standard practice right round the world.

A friend who has just peeked over my shoulder says "Tradition! People don't buy tradition, nowadays, my dear fellow! They want *performance*. They buy cars for what they *are*, and not for what they *were*." Unfortunately there is much truth in what he says; but we may be perfectly sure that this Lanchester Ten offers both performance and tradition. It has been timed to do a flying-start half-mile on the railway straight at Brooklands at 62 m.p.h. Using the gear-box, one can accelerate from a standstill to 50 m.p.h. in 30 seconds. And that sounds to me very like "performance" for a 10 h.p. car with a cylinder-capacity of 1203 c.c., and a really roomy four-seated six-windowed saloon body, a car probably weighing 20 or 21 cwt.

We shall see. Meanwhile I regard this Lanchester Ten as the most interesting English car "released" during 1932.

ANOTHER OF GREAT technical interest is a New Daimler Fifteen, six-cylindere, but with a mushroom-valved motor. That fact alone is signal. It was I think in 1907 that

Folk who like long bonnets and scuttles will be edified by this picture of a 40-50 h.p. Daimler double-six recently built to the order of Mr. A. Webber, of Wandsworth, by Martin Walter, Ltd. The chassis is a standard job, except for the length and rake of the steering pillar and length of the pedal-arms.



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Daimlers switched over to the sleeve-valved motor of Charles Knight. They justified their departure, technically and commercially. They have, of course, developed the design, as it originally was, very materially. Only a few years ago they took to the use of steel, as against iron, valve-sleeves, hereby increasing enormously the crankshaft speeds comfortably maintainable, and giving to Daimlers something best described as "sports" performance; but if anybody had told Ernest Instone, a year ago, that just after his death Daimlers would market even one model with a mushroom-valved engine, he would have ridiculed such a suggestion; and when I was told by somebody newly down from Coventry that the new Daimler was to have a poppet-valved

motor I decided that the sooner I was rolling down to Rio the better for my mind, if not also for my body and estate.

Here we are, however, with two marvels from one stable, as it were—a real, live Lanchester at £315, and a mushroom-valved Daimler. There is nothing of surprise remaining, and we can sit down to read our Bibles and smoke our pipes with quite unprecedented concentration.

THE AUSTIN MOTOR COMPANY, LTD., have recently opened a school of salesmanship at Longbridge Works, Northfield, one organised in conjunction with the Institute of Motor Salesmanship (which I believe is run by Mr. Sydney Broad, a prominent motor vehicle distributor in the Midlands until a few years ago). Obviously such a development is of



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much more interest to Austin distributors and dealers than to Austin owners; but descriptive matter forwarded to me suggests that the instruction given is planned on extremely sound lines, and shows appreciation of the fact that the motor vehicle salesman of today and tomorrow can make good use of technical information, relating to the manufacture, as well as the maintenance, of the cars which he has to sell. Readers interested in such matters are invited to apply to Northfield for information; but this paragraph must *not* be misinterpreted, by even the most superficial of younger readers, into a suggestion that the Austin Motor Company are inviting applications from would-be salesman-demonstrators. They are not.



The new 14.9 h.p. Ford as a Tudor saloon, £180 at works, Dagenham: With a 24 h.p. motor this model costs £10 more. The 8, 14.9, 24 and 30 h.p. (eight-cylindred) Fords were all in smooth, steady delivery early in August.

SINGER & CO., LTD., announced their 1933 programme on July 29th last. It comprises five "car" (as distinct from commercial service) models, nominally of 9 and 12 h.p., four-cylindred, of 14 h.p., six-cylindred, a two-litre six, and a Kaye Don "silent" six. Prices range from £159 to £365. Why the saloon and coupé at the higher figure are called "Kaye Don silent sixes" I cannot say, and I see no useful purpose that can be served by calling three chassis by their R.A.C. ratings, one by its cylinder-capacity and another by the name of a "speed king"; but in the particulars forwarded are some extremely interesting details relating to

steering, gear-boxes, a flexible-centred clutch, the standardisation of mechanical and enclosed propeller-shaft couplings, hydraulically operated brakes, and so on, and so forth.

The only criticism possible in the case of the last Singer I tried was of the excessive amount of chromium plating hung upon it. Excessive shininess suggests vulgarity to me. There are apparently people who like as much of chromium as they can possibly get for their money, people of the type who (and whose womenfolk) endure grievous discomfort in their endeavour to carry as much of jewellery as possible—usually upon very short, fat, stubby, carrot-like fingers, by the bye, fingers which one would expect to be the very last things to which their

owners wished attention directed!—and while there are these ingenuous savages among us, with money to spend, it is I suppose legitimate commerce—if questionable psychology—to cater for them. I was closely associated with fire-fighting apparatus for four years. Since those days I have always shunned glitter when and where I could; and when I tried that little Singer Nine a few months ago I decided, first and last, that it was deplorable to have handicapped so good a little car by bedizening it with so much of chromium plating.

ONE OF THE principals of a well-known firm of car distributors sent me recently

two pictures of a new Model 105 Talbot built for his own use. This car was afflicted with chromium-plated brake drums, brake lever, steering column, and door-mouldings. What could have been a very pretty motor car had, in other words, been made something which I should consider appropriately used only by a kinema-industry "magnate" or a film "star". This man is quite an abnormally brainy motor trader. I know that, from personal contact with him. But he would seem to suffer from this sort of metal-polish complex, and to encourage its development in others. But I have to return the excellent pictures he sent me, because. . . . Well, chromium-plated brake drums strike me as dreadful—simply dreadful! Why not have the whole car chromium-plated, inside and out?

THE STANDARD MOTOR COMPANY, LTD., recently built a recreation pavilion for the use of the staff at their Canley, Coventry, works. It was formally opened on July 12th by H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester, who had travelled to Canley on the date mentioned to take delivery of a 1933 Standard Sixteen six ordered on his behalf by Major Ronald Maude, of The Car Mart, Ltd. Welcomed by Mr. R. W. Maudslay, the chairman of the Standard company, His Royal Highness made a commendably modest and level-headed speech in declaring the pavilion open. Incidentally I was pleased to note that at the luncheon preceding the ceremony principals and prominent executives of a number of motor manufacturing concerns (some in very close, keen competition with the Standard company) were present—a fact typical of the open-minded fashion in which Mr. Maudslay and Capt. John P. Black regard their competitors.

THE RALLY organised by the Royal Scottish Automobile Club, and contested on July 4th-9th last, attracted 164 entrants,

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starting from London, Droitwich, Harrogate, Edinburgh, Glasgow and Aberdeen. Drivers of cars whose cylinder-capacities did not exceed 1499 c.c. had to average 22 m.p.h. to qualify for awards. Those whose piston-displacement exceeded 1500 c.c. were required to travel at 25 m.p.h. There were individual tests of acceleration, braking, stopping and restarting, and also in the matter of halting at a prescribed position, in relation to a kerb.

The highest marks in the under-1500 c.c. class were awarded to Mr. G. F. Dennison, on a Riley Nine, Messrs. Victor Leverett (Riley) and N. Garrad (Crossley) gaining equal marks, so that they tied for second award. Control-prizes, for the best per-



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formances made from individual starting points, were won by Victor Leverett and G. F. Dennison. Mrs. Raymond Gough, on a Riley Nine, took the Ladies' Prize in the under-1500 c.c. class.

In the Concours d'Elégance, the first prize in the class for open cars not exceeding £350 in price was won by Mr. F. A. Thatcher's Triumph, and another Triumph owner, Mr. J. Templeman, took first prize in the class for closed cars not exceeding £250.

On the conclusion of the Rally, Messrs. Thatcher and Templeman drove through to Coventry, to attend the first gathering of the newly-formed Triumph Owners' Club. Two hundred odd of members had gathered to inspect the works at Stoke and in Coventry, proceeding to the Triumph Sports Club for tea. The Rt. Hon. Lord Leigh, chairman of the Triumph Company, welcomed the

complex trains of gear-pinions or of chains which are out-of-line.

It is not too much to say that this invention is the most important, can easily prove the most far-reaching, that has ever been applied to pedal-cycle transmission. And despite all the growth in the use of motor cars and motor cycles, Colonel Claude Holbrook tells me that the Triumph Company have never in any previous year sold as many push-bikes as they have sold, at home and overseas, during the past twelve months!

THIS YEAR'S International Alpine Trial, starting at Munich on July 28th, and concluding at San Remo on August 3rd, furnished a very telling demonstration of the dependability of British cars. The Coupe des Alpes, which was the manufacturer's team prize for cars exceeding 2000 c.c. in cylinder-capacity, was won by



The first rally of the Triumph Motor Club, held at the Triumph Company sports clubhouse, near Coventry. Over 200 Triumph "fans" mustered for this gathering.

visitors, and Mr. S. Bettmann responded to the proposal of a vote of thanks to his co-directors and himself.

By the way, a young English engineer on the staff of the Triumph Company has perfected an invention which gives three separate, direct-driven gear-combinations to any pedally-propelled cycle to which it is fitted. We all know three-speed hubs, as used on pedal-cycles; but we all know that they are weighty, and that their use involves the mastery of considerable friction. This new Tri-Velox gear, manufactured by the Triumph Company for use on Triumph cycles, gives—as I say—three gear-combinations, with perfect alignment of the chain on all three gears, so that the rider has not to combat the resistance, either of

the team of Talbots entered and skipped by the Hon. Brian Lewis. The Glacier Cup, open to individual competitors, was secured by Mr. C. Needham, on an Invicta.

The section of the Coupe des Alpes for cars not exceeding 1100 c.c. was won by Mr. Victor Leverett's team of Riley Nines, and Rileys also secured the first four placings, in their class, in the competition for the Glacier Cup.

Mr. Donald Healey broke the record for the ascent of the Stelvio Pass, and Mr. Jack Hobbs, on a Riley, made the fastest ascent in his class.

Five Ford cars were entered, by Continental owner-drivers, two of whom had secured their Ford V-8's only on the eve of the Trial. They secured three first-class and two second-class awards, in the "over 2000 c.c." categories.

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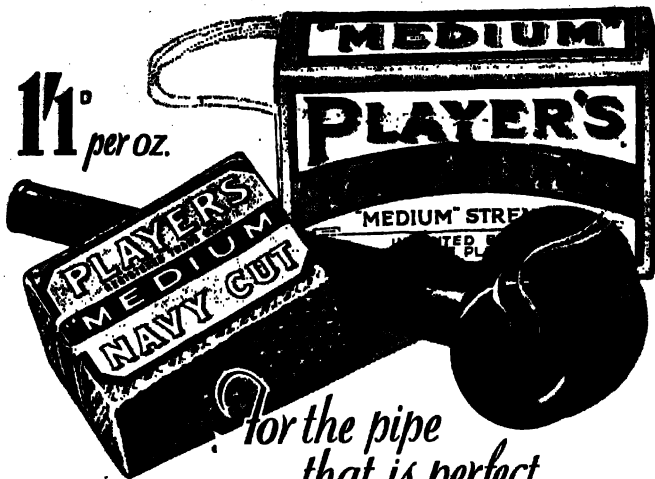
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INCORPORATING

WORLD TODAY

London, October 10th, 1932

THE NARRATIVE OF THE WORLD

BRITISH NATIONAL GOVERNMENT

At the first Cabinet meeting since before the Ottawa Conference three Liberal Ministers proffered their resignations to

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald:

Lord Snowden, Lord Privy Seal.

Sir Herbert Samuel, Secretary of State for Home Affairs.

Sir Archibald Sinclair, Secretary for Scotland.

His Majesty the King accepted these resignations, and approved the following appointments:

Mr. Stanley Baldwin (Lord President of the Council), Lord Privy Seal.

Sir John Gilmour, Secretary of State for Home Affairs.

Major Walter Elliot, Minister of Agriculture.

Sir Godfrey Collins, Secretary of State for Scotland.

There was also a number of resignations from outside the Cabinet, notably that of Lord Lothian, Under Secretary for India.

It had been expected for some time that the "Samuelite", as distinct from the "Simonite", Liberals would soon find they could no longer "agree to differ" and yet remain in the Cabinet. The point in dispute was, of course, the National Government's Fiscal policy, culminating in the decisions of

the Ottawa Conference. The Ministers concerned have been accused of merely submitting to pressure from that section of the Liberal Party which is opposed to the Government; but one may take it that their action was due to sincere conviction, not necessarily based upon the so-called sacred principles of Cobdenism.

The Conservative Press argued that these Ministers had deserted the ship of State at a time when the crisis which had brought into being the National Government was still in existence. They were blamed for choosing party politics before national interest.

Liberal papers complained that the Ottawa Conference was a Tory betrayal of pledges. The Tories, it was said, had taken the opportunity to impose food taxes and a drastic scheme of Protection, which would make impossible a revival of trade and the success of the World Economic Conference.

The following summary, published in *The Times*, of a few different points of view will be read with interest:

Daily Telegraph.—If anything is likely to suffer it is the standing of the seceding Ministers in the general estimation. They were considered by most of their countrymen to have shown real public spirit and courage in attaching themselves to a cause which the most vocal section of their party never approved, and in continuing that

association when the tariff issue was definitely raised. . . . Their action has been decided, then, by disagreement not on a policy, the principle of which they accepted, but on a matter of degree

in the application of that policy.

Morning Post.—These tariffs, as we all know, were imposed, not only to protect our industries, but because there were no other resources. The burden of the war, and the extravagances of successive Administrations—especially the Socialist—had exhausted every other source of revenue; the balance of trade had, besides, turned against us. Even the free-traders could suggest no other way of squaring accounts. What do Sir Herbert Samuel and his colleagues propose as an alternative?

Manchester Guardian.—Given the opportunity, as the price of maintaining its "national" character, of postponing legislation on the Ottawa agreements until after the World Economic Conference, the Cabinet refused. It chose, and chose deliberately and after due warning, the path of Nationalist Imperialism rather than that of leadership in world recovery. It was, as the Liberal letter points out, the first time the Conservatives had been asked to make a sacrifice for "national unity." The request was rejected. We are not told whether it had Mr. MacDonald's backing. The Prime Minister cannot have it both ways. He cannot reconcile the declarations of political independence quoted by Lord Snowden with merely passive acquiescence in the Protectionist policy of his Government.

Daily Herald.—By breaking with the "National" Government now, Viscount Snowden and those who resigned with him do not discard the consequences of their own folly. More than any other single individual, the Premier included, Viscount Snowden is responsible for the creation of the present Conservative majority, and he cannot escape a full share of responsibility for the errors upon which he now pours scorn. His disgust with the Government is shared, we feel convinced, by a majority of the electors. That will be made plain at the next appeal to the country.

This much, at least, is certain. No one—perhaps not even Lord Snowden—to-day regards Free Trade and Protection as absolute, incompatible principles. Public opinion is probably justified in thinking that the only practical test is the one of results. Trial—with, let us hope, but a small margin of error—is the most reasonable policy in a changing world.

MANCHUKUO AND THE LEAGUE

On September 15th, the Japanese Government officially recognized as an independent State, Manchukuo, that part

of China beyond the Great Wall hitherto known as Manchuria. The Treaty was signed in Changchun at the Palace of Pu Yi, the former "boy Emperor of China", by Chang Hsiao-hsu, the poet Premier, and General Muto, the Japanese envoy from Tokio.

Subterfuges apart, [wrote the *Manchester Guardian*] Japan has torn a piece out of the living body of China. She has done this by a violence which she refused to call "war" though it was war, breaking thereby the treaties which both she and China had signed: the Covenant of the League; the Kellogg Pact, which says that "the solution of all disputes or conflicts of whatever nature or of whatever origin they may be . . . shall never be sought except by pacific means"; and the Nine-Power Treaty of 1922, in which the signatories promised to respect the sovereignty and integrity of China and in which they agreed "to provide the fullest and most unembarrassed opportunity to China to develop and maintain for herself an effective and stable Government.

This represents the point of view, in Great Britain, of those who can see nothing but the worst sort of imperialism in Japan's behaviour, and believe that the Powers not only cannot stand aside from trouble in the East but must invoke and apply against Japan the treaties and covenants she has signed. The situation is an extremely delicate one, particularly for America, where in August Mr. Stimson, Secretary of State, delivered a speech setting forth the policy of the U.S.A. with regard to the Kellogg Pact. The report of the Lytton Commission, which has been investigating affairs in Manchuria, was issued at Geneva on October 2nd. It will not receive judgment by the Council of the League until the middle of November, by which time Japanese opinion will probably have hardened against interference. But this crisis—and it is nothing less than that—must be faced by the League, and who can tell whether a compromise, which may be wisdom or weakness, is possible?

Commenting on the recognition of Manchukuo, the *Evening News* said that "it does not seem to matter very much what the rest

of the world thinks about it", and went on :

Still less does it seem to matter what the League of Nations may have to say about it and least of all, for very obvious reasons, does it matter what China thinks about it.

If this is the case, what, one may ask, was the purpose of the Washington Treaties of 1922, the Kellogg Pact, and the Covenant of the League? *The Times* wrote that until the report of the Lytton Commission, and the Chinese and Japanese arguments, are presented at Geneva, "public opinion in this country will be wise to suspend judgment." That paper pointed out, however, that critics of Japan are sometimes too eager to apply an arbitrary standard of judgment :

It can be argued with some force that the rules of conduct which the League lays down are not equally applicable in every part of the world ; but the point is apt to be ignored in the Assembly, where all States are in a general way presumed to be equal, and all members are assumed to have reached approximately the same stage of evolution. The Japanese frequently argue in their own defence that they only wish to do in Manchuria the civilizing work which Great Britain has accomplished in Egypt ; and historically they may claim that they are also following the examples, in other parts of the world, of the United States, of France, and of other Powers.

Sir Frederick Whyte, K.C.S.I., who contributed an article on "The Insurgent East" to last month's *Contemporary Review*, had some original points to make on this question. "We are liable," he wrote, "to regard the militarist revival in Japan as primarily an aggressive movement with dangerous designs on the continent of Asia ; and we regard the statesmen whom it has displaced as wiser guides than those now in power." But it is, he said, for reasons of national politics—the complaint that Japanese Cabinets from 1922-3 were the agents of a corrupt system—that there has been a "so-called militarist reaction" in Japan.

Nevertheless, the militarist party is making a grievous mistake in international politics :

Until the Japanese Government realize that they must put themselves right on the greater issue of the Covenant and the Washington Treaties, they cannot expect an impartial judgment on the lesser issue of Manchuria in which they have



Kinderradatsch

[Berlin

The Japanese wild-cat (with its teeth in the tail of the Chinese dragon) ; "I wonder if it will be wise to go any further?"

substantial rights and (apart from military adventure) a strong case. If they will accept the decision of the League on the principles and facts involved, which must be pronounced when the Lytton Commission reports, they can rely on just treatment ; but if they deny the *locus standi* of the League they may succeed in their present *Machtpolitik* in Manchuria, but they will heavily mortgage their own future at a price beyond their ability to pay.

Sir Frederick Whyte believes that the effort of Japan to sever Manchuria from China "is vain, and time will defeat it."

SIR RONALD ROSS

"The greatest figure in British medicine", was the tribute of *The Times* to Sir Ronald Ross, who died on the 16th of last month. "King Edward's phrase : 'If preventible, why not prevented?' was constantly on his lips and in his mind", and may be said to have been the dominant principle of this great man's career.

His name is popularly associated with the discovery that the parasite of malaria fever

is carried by the female anopheles mosquito ; and this was the work that must secure him a place in history. But Ross was also a poet, a novelist, and a man who, as surgeon in the Indian Medical Service, had struggled with almost insuperable handicaps of climate and officialdom. *The Times* obituary notice contained this reference to his character :

Ross was a man of unusual type, who might be described as an amateur who happened to be a genius. He had no specialized training in biological research, and yet, working without the encouragement of enthusiastic colleagues or the equipment and opportunities of a modern laboratory, he solved a problem of extreme complexity, and deserved the highest scientific honours, apart from the circumstance that the solution brought an enormous benefit to suffering humanity. He was not a trained mathematician, and yet his mathematical work was original and ingenious. His excursions into philosophy and psychology revealed a sane purpose struggling in the meshes of disorder. The *Memoirs* told the story of his life and work with direct vigour, and, although he girded at the unnecessary difficulties put in his way by dull authority, he gave generous acknowledgment to all who had helped him.

Ronald Ross, eldest of the ten children of General Sir C. C. G. Ross, was born in India on May 13th, 1857. In early youth he showed a taste for music and writing verse, but eventually, after training at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, he qualified for the I.M.S. and became garrison surgeon at Bangalore. Here he was confronted with the malaria problem, and when home on leave in 1894-5 he wrote a Prize Essay on the subject. He also came in touch with Dr. (afterwards Sir Patrick) Manson, who was of considerable assistance to him, and with whom he later corresponded voluminously from India.

Laveran, a French army surgeon, had discovered malaria parasites, which he named *plasmodia*, in the blood corpuscles of human patients, and he supported the mosquito theory of infection. But it required proof. Ross determined to find the *plasmodia*—in the mosquito.

The story of Ross's labours and final success may be found in his *Memoirs* and in an account of his life by R. L. Mégroz (*Ronald Ross*. George Allen and Unwin, Ltd.).

After returning to India in 1895, for two and a half years he carried out experiments with mosquitos, birds, and human beings. His problem was to find the mosquito, among the many types of that insect, and the parasite. On August 6th, 1897, Mohamed Bux, his Indian assistant, brought him about a dozen large anopheles mosquitos of a type he had not dissected before. They were fed on a malarious patient and put each in a test tube.

Some of the mosquitos died, and at 1 p.m. on August 20th he set to work on the last anopheles. "He was sweating with the heat," writes Mr. Mégroz, "his eyes were tired, the eye-piece of the microscope was cracked". This is how Ross described the last phase in his *Memoirs* :

The dissection was excellent, and I went carefully through the tissues, now so familiar to me, searching every micron with the same passion and care as one would have in searching some vast ruined palace for a little hidden treasure. Nothing. No ; these new mosquitoes also were going to be a failure : there was something wrong with the theory. But the stomach tissues still remained to be examined—lying there, empty and flaccid, before me on the glass slide, a great white expanse of cells like a large courtyard of flagstones, each one of which must be scrutinized—half an hour's labour at least. I was tired, and what was the use ? I must have examined the stomachs of a thousand mosquitoes by this time. But the Angel of Fate fortunately laid his hand on my head ; and I had scarcely commenced the search again when I saw a clear and almost perfectly circular outline before me of about 12 microns in diameter. The outline was much too sharp, the cell too small to be an ordinary stomach-cell of a mosquito. I looked a little further. Here was another, and another exactly similar cell.

The afternoon was very hot and overcast ; and I remember opening the diaphragm of the sub-stage condenser of the microscope to admit more light and then changing the focus. *In each of these there was a cluster of small granules, black as jet, and exactly like the black pigment granules of the Plasmodium crescents.*

After this discovery, Ronald Ross had to meet with official apathy, and the claims of rival scientists. Eventual public recognition and the award of the Nobel Prize did not perhaps entirely compensate him for the knowledge that his work ought to have been

better appreciated, and made use of. "If preventable, why not prevented?" Yet we have the fruits of that work, and the Ross Institute and Hospital at Putney. "His name," wrote *The Times*, "will live as long as the names of Harvey and John Hunter, of Jenner and Pasteur and Lister, of Manson and Bruce and Leishman."

HOOVER OR ROOSEVELT? The American *Literary Digest* makes a practice of conducting a poll to forecast the result of the Presidential Election, and the first returns, published on September 24th, showed a small majority in favour of President Hoover.

But the Republicans are much less confident than they were a few months ago. The recent election of Louis Jefferson Brann to the Governorship of Maine, hitherto a Republican stronghold, and the defeat at Wisconsin of Governor Philip La Follette, have been severe blows. Wall Street betting, at the end of last month was 5 to 4 on Roosevelt, due to the excellent reception he had received in his tour of the West, including California. It was reported by the *Manchester Guardian* that Mr. Hoover had decided to "take to the stump" and tour the country on his own behalf.

The Election will take place in November, and the chief points in Democratic and Republican programmes are as follows:

DEMOCRATS

1. PROHIBITION.—The Eighteenth Amendment to be repealed; the Volstead Act to be modified immediately to permit the sale of light wines and beers.
2. TARIFFS.—A tariff for revenue. Reciprocal tariff agreements with other nations, and an international economic conference, designed to restore international trade and facilitate exchange.
3. FOREIGN AFFAIRS.—Arbitration in international disputes; adherence to the World Court; the Kellogg Pact "to be made effective by provisions for consultation and conference"; international agreement for the reduction of armaments. "We oppose cancellation of debts owing to the United States by foreign nations."
4. CURRENCY.—An international monetary conference to consider "the rehabilitation of silver and related questions"; the "preservation at all hazards" of a sound internal currency.

5. UNEMPLOYMENT.—Extension of Federal credit to States for unemployment relief; Federal expansion of public works; spread of employment by shorter hours of work; unemployment insurance by States, and old-age pensions.
6. COMMERCE.—Drastic regulation of banking, stock exchanges, and public utility corporations doing inter-State business.

REPUBLICANS

1. PROHIBITION.—Each State to decide for itself its own rules for the regulation of the liquor traffic, and the Federal Government to assist in enforcing whatever rules each State may make.
2. TARIFFS.—Continuation of the existing protective tariffs, with increases on articles affected by currency depreciation, and the extension of protection to "natural resource industries, with compensatory duties on the manufactured and refined products thereof."
3. FOREIGN AFFAIRS.—The settlement of "international difficulties by conciliation and the methods of law"; adherence to the World Court; the Government to call or join an international conference "in case of any threat of non-fulfilment" of the Kellogg Pact. "While we shall continue to exert our full influence in the cause of the reduction of arms, we do not propose to reduce our navy defences below that of any other nation."
4. CURRENCY.—Participation in an international monetary conference; no currency inflation.
5. UNEMPLOYMENT.—The Republican party endorses the policy of temporary loans from Federal to State authorities for unemployment relief, but "is opposed to the Federal Government's entering directly into the field of private charity and direct relief." "We favour the principle of the shorter working week and day."
6. COMMERCE.—"More stringent supervision" of banking; Federal Power Commission to fix charges for electric current transmitted across State lines.

The Election is producing the usual crop of stories and sensations. "President Hoover is an Englishman" was the accusation of the magazine *Plain Talk*, according to the New York Correspondent of the *Evening Standard*. This, he wrote, is the culmination of a "whispering campaign" such as often accompanies an American Presidential Election.

The so-called proof includes the facsimile of a letter stated to be from "the Town Clerk of the Royal Borough of Kensington," with a document purporting to be a copy of an election register

showing that President Hoover qualified as an English voter from 1911 to 1915.

During this time President Hoover is stated to have owned a house in Hornton Street, Kensington, W.

Then, quoting the British Representation of the People Act, which stipulates that only British subjects should have a vote, the magazine contends that the President was either an imposter in England or is so in the United States, as he could not legally be a citizen of both countries.

This propaganda is being seriously believed by some people, especially those who are looking for a good excuse to vote against the President.

NUDISM AT BAY

Mr. A. P. Herbert, that versatile entertainer of the public, is also a champion of human rights; and this past summer his attack on D.O.R.A. and Mrs. Grundy took the form of a defence of "the manly chest" when bathing. For some days *The Times* correspondence column was thrown open to writers arguing the pros and cons of "slips" or "university costumes". Some town councillors hardened their hearts; others, proud of their modernity, gazed with fatherly benevolence at the exposure of male chests and female backs upon their beaches.

It was not long before a champion of women's rights appeared to answer Mr. Herbert with a feminine logic and humour:

Sir,—Fair play for women! If the manly chest, then the womanly chest too. The womanly variety is obviously considered the socially smarter, as it is now permitted after 7 p.m. (5, if the opera is on), and the manly is, during these etiquette-ruled hours, more rigorously protected than ever. The women of England will never consent to see Mr. Herbert sitting on beaches in a slip while they are swathed in a club swimming-suit.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

ROSE MACAULAY.

This letter to *The Times* may be compared with an article written for the *News Chronicle* by Mr. Clifford Sharp, formerly editor of *The New Statesman*. It appears that the whole continent of Europe was almost as much concerned with the serious problem of nudism as with War Debts, Reparations, and Hitler. In France, Hun-

gary, Italy, and Austria, the authorities strove in vain to suppress not only nudism proper, the cult of nakedness, but bathing dresses that are held to be "indecent". In Belgium two German bathers, clad in slips, were taken to prison and kept there for some days, being unable to find money for bail. Even in Germany, the proper home of nudism, a decree was signed by President von Hindenburg, authorizing the Prussian State Commissioner, in the words of *The Times*, to eliminate real "excrescences" from the life of the country; though it appears that such "excrescences" are chiefly confined to indoor, public displays such as cabaret turns, as distinct from outdoor nudism.

Mr. Sharp took as his text the report that "all nudist movements had been suppressed in Germany". This, though not strictly true, is beside the point. Mr. Sharp was not concerned with "the manly chest":

The question of male bathing costumes [he wrote] seems to me to be merely a matter of personal taste and choice; it has no moral or social significance whatever. But the question of woman's costumes is profoundly and altogether different.

It was the women sun-bathers whom he criticized, for æsthetic, not moral, reasons, although in his view, "in all social gatherings, by the seaside or elsewhere, that permit of semi-nudity, we all know that broadly speaking the men go to see, the women to be seen". A question of sex-appeal, in fact; but the wrong way of appeal, according to Mr. Sharp, who believes that

The perfectly formed young female figure is the most beautiful natural object the God has so far chosen to create; but the average female figure is definitely displeasing for one reason or another—as was pointed out more than one hundred years ago by Schopenhauer, who thereby incurred the eternal resentment of the sex.

Women not perfectly formed must clothe their average figures, says Mr. Sharp. How would Miss Macaulay reply to him, and to Schopenhauer? Perhaps in the words of another *Times* correspondent: "La décence commence où la beauté finit".

TOPICS OF THE MONTH

GERMANY DEMANDS EQUALITY

Disarmament and the League at Stake

"WE shall re-arm 'in any case'", said General von Schleicher, the strong man of the German Government, and those last three words of his were at once given prominence throughout the press of Europe. Spoken in reference to the German memorandum on disarmament, they well expressed, if not public opinion in Germany as a whole, at least the policy of the Nazis and the von Papen Junker Cabinet.

IT had long been obvious that Germany would soon bring forward the question of her status under the Treaty of Versailles; and here, before reviewing events that were prominent during the whole of last month, it may be well to quote certain passages from that treaty.

In the Preamble to Part V the reason for Germany's disarmament is given in these terms:

In order to render possible the initiation of a general limitation of the armaments of all nations, Germany undertakes strictly to observe the military, naval and air clauses which follow.

Again, in reply to a comment made by the German delegation on Part V, the Allied and Associated Powers said that their requirements in regard to German Armaments were not made "solely with the object of rendering it impossible to resume her policy of military aggression", but that such requirements

Are also the first step towards the reduction and limitation of armaments which they seek to bring about as one of the most fruitful preventatives of war, and which it will be one of the first duties of the League of Nations to promote.

Article 8 of the Covenant of the League sets forth the terms of this duty:

The Members of the League recognize that the maintenance of peace requires the reduction of national armaments to the lowest point consistent with national safety and the enforcement

by common action of international obligations.

The Council, taking account of the geographical situation and circumstances of each State, shall formulate plans for such reduction for the consideration and action of the several Governments.

Such plans shall be subject to reconsideration and revision at least every ten years.

After these plans shall have been adopted by the several Governments, the limits of armaments therein fixed shall not be exceeded without the concurrence of the Council.

FOR six years the Preparatory Commission on Disarmament "formulated plans". For five months, beginning last February, the Disarmament Conference considered these plans, including the Hoover Plan, without tangible result, except a provisional agreement for an Arms Convention (not signed by Germany, Italy or Russia) to be studied by the Bureau before the re-assembly of the Conference in January, 1933.

There is a strong body of opinion in Great Britain and France which believes that the delegates have been wasting their time. The Government of Germany, at any rate, decided early in September to express its impatience, and addressed a memorandum to France, of which the chief points were these:

(1) Germany did not sign the Geneva Convention on Disarmament because it did not fulfil the relative clauses of the Treaty of Versailles.

(2) Germany demands that other countries should reduce their armaments, with due regard to special conditions in each country, to conform to the special conditions imposed on Germany by the Treaty.

(3) Germany, refusing to be treated as a second-class State, would be content at first with a small increase in her armaments, believing that a second disarmament Convention, as between the highly armed nations, might result in greater justice being done to her.

(4) Germany claims the right to revise her system of defence, in accord with the economic

and social needs of the country; to change the period of service and the structure of the forces; and to train a special militia for the maintenance of law and order at home as well as for frontier and coastal defence.

FRANCE expressed surprise less at the nature of this demand than at the manner of its presentation.

In any case [wrote the *Matin*] France cannot, juridically or practically, assume alone the right of altering the Treaty. The question must be submitted to all the signatories, who should consider it and frame an answer.

In Great Britain public opinion, taking a moral rather than a legal view of the case, seemed on the whole to be favourable to the German attitude. It was reported in the *News Chronicle* that Mr. Lloyd George had written an article to the *Berlin Stock Exchange Courier* in which the following phrase occurred:

As one of the two survivors among the four statesmen primarily responsible for the Versailles Treaty, I share the German view that the victorious nations have been guilty of a shameful breach of good faith in the matter of armaments.

"Germany's claim to equality of status, to have her armaments limited on the same principles as other States, is irresistible", said Viscount Cecil—meaning irresistible on grounds of justice, one imagines. Commenting on Mr. Arthur Henderson's statement that "the withdrawal of Germany from the Conference would be the worst possible road that Germany could take at this moment," *The Times* wrote:

Nobody can deny the truth of Mr. Henderson's assertion that there is an enormous volume of opinion which desires the success of the Disarmament Conference. But the leaders of many important countries have a feeling of responsibility to their own citizens which forbids, for the present,

her unless she intends to be a loyal member of the League and to abide by the doctrines for which it stands. If some reasonable proof can be given that Germany really intends to do her part in promoting her ideal of European solidarity, it should be possible to agree to her possession, in a limited degree, of all those weapons which other countries retain. Germany might be placed upon an equal footing, and the galling differentiation be abolished, if she on her part would undertake to maintain the principle of limitation and keep it at a low level—to which the fully armed countries would undertake to approximate within a given number of years. The renewal of unlimited competition would wreck all hopes of the peaceful development of the post-war world; and the British public will expect the National Government to take its full share in averting this imminent danger.

The world had not long to wait before the British Foreign Minister drafted a reply to the German Memorandum.

MEANWHILE, the French reply was published on September 12th. Its most important points were:

(1) No Convention reached at the Disarmament Conference can supersede the provisions of the Treaty of Versailles.

(2) France will go further in disarmament as she finds more guarantees in the general organisation of peace—that is to say, for security.

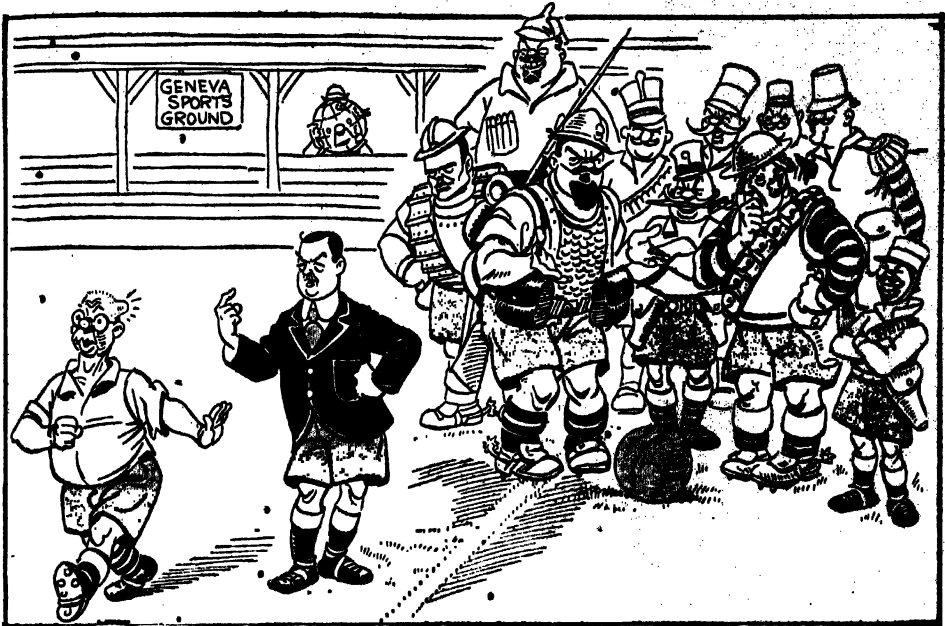
(3) Germany's demand is for re-armament. This would mean a similar extension to Central and Eastern Europe, and a general race to re-arm.

(4) The question must be referred to the League of Nations.

The reception of this note in France was favourable, though the Socialist *Populaire* argued that French disarmament proposals ought to have been specified. Perhaps the core of French opinion was expressed by M. Paul-Boncour, the Minister of War, at a ceremony commemorating the battle of the Marne. He was reported by *The Times*

no small measure due to the activities of wide sections of the German people, who openly boast of their military instincts, and to the defiant speeches of one of the leading members of the Nationalist Government which is putting forward the claim to equality. Germany cannot properly demand the equal rights to which membership of the League of Nations undoubtedly entitle

The victory of the Marne did not merely represent the end of the offensive by the German Army. It was an entire political system that collapsed. The militarism that had had its successes at Sadowa and Sedan had found its match on the Marne. The men in the trenches had fought, not for a precarious peace; they had fought in order that the war might be the last.



Strube in the Daily Express

[London]

THE LEAGUE CRISIS.

Referee : "Come, Fritz, let's talk over that foul you appealed about five years ago."
 Germany : "Too late, mister, I haf transfers—auf wiedersehen!"
 Referee : "Who have you signed on with?"
 Germany : "Mid der Arsenal—Steelhelmeters United."

France had suffered tragic hours, and had consented to make unprecedented sacrifices, not only for her own freedom, but also for the freedom of the world. She would not allow herself to be deprived of the weapons she justly needed to defend her frontiers and place her territory beyond the risk of devastation anew. France was not going to allow herself to be deprived of her victory, nor would she allow its meaning to be falsified. France was determined to uphold peace, but would not suffer other nations to re-arm and put her under the obligation of re-arming herself.

The French passion for "security" has been severely criticised in this country. But, as the *Manchester Guardian* pointed out, it is exactly the French conception of security (failing international guarantees) that Germany is now determined to attain.

A WEEK after the publication of the French reply to the German memorandum, a Statement of the British attitude was issued by the Foreign Office.

The Statement began by suggesting that in view of the present world economic situation, and "the concessions so recently granted to Germany by her creditors", the German demand "must be accounted particularly untimely."

It then pointed out that the object or reason of Part V of the Treaty of Versailles was to "render possible the initiation of a general limitation of the armaments of all the nations." But, "to state what the object or aim of a stipulation is, is a very different thing from making the successful fulfilment of that object the condition of the stipulation." Furthermore, it would be incorrect to deduce from the Treaty that the method of disarmament must follow the same as that by which German armaments have been limited. Great Britain believes that the Treaty can only cease to be binding by agreement.

The Statement admitted the force of the

contention that a general limitation of armaments among the Powers was intended to follow German limitation. But "it is the hope of the United Kingdom Government that there may result from Geneva . . . a really valuable measure of disarmament in which each nation will bind itself to a strict limitation both in the kinds and the quantities of its weapons of war."

As regards the question of status, it proceeded,

The United Kingdom Government therefore conceives the object of the Conference to be to frame a Disarmament Convention upon the principle that each State adopts for itself, in agreement with others, a limitation which is self-imposed and freely entered into as part of the mutual obligations of the signatories to one another. There will thus be, as the result of the Convention, no distinction of status; everyone's armaments will be controlled by the same process; and limitations which have already been prescribed by existing treaties—such as the various Peace Treaties or the Naval Treaties of Washington and London—will, save so far as they are modified by mutual consent, reappear in the voluntary and comprehensive compact about to be negotiated at Geneva. It will then be this last-named document which is the effective obligation binding upon all.

Finally, questions involving "considerations of national pride and dignity which deeply touch the heart of a people" should be disposed of "by friendly negotiation and agreed adjustment not involving either disregard of treaty obligations or the increase in the sum total of armed force."

It will thus be seen that the British Statement reproved Germany for her action at such a time, pointed out the legal errors of her claim, and encouraged her to put faith in the will of the Powers to make justice prevail at Geneva.

GERMANY received this Statement with surprise and anger, though the parties of the Left said "We told you so." The analogy between German public opinion of England last month, and after August 4th, 1914, occurs to the mind, but it is one that sensible people will not press too far. The *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, representing the German Government's attitude, wrote:

The English Government has handed to Germany and the other Powers a note on the disarmament question whose denial of Germany's claim exceeds even that expressed in Herriot's memorandum. England denies Germany's rights and demands from us a fresh signature to the disarmament paragraphs in the Versailles Treaty unless it is revised by the consent of all parties. This is the gist of the English memorandum which ignores, plainly, and here and there in very severe language, all Germany's claims. The Foreign Office, with its lawyers led by Simon, has won a victory over MacDonald and the whole of English public opinion, which latter did at least acknowledge the German demands to be fundamentally and morally justified.

The *Berliner Tageblatt*, a paper of Jewish and Social Democratic sympathies, made a similar criticism of Sir John Simon:

Sir John Simon is a great lawyer, an ornament of the English Bar. He has obviously carried the day, for Mr. MacDonald has allowed himself to be persuaded that it is necessary to point out to Germany that she must first recognise the seriousness of her obligations—then one can see what is to be done. "First knock him down and then ask him what he wants," the old English motto.

The *Kölnische Zeitung*, after a long and on the whole fair-minded criticism of the British Statement, concluded that "in order to avoid the tragic absurdity on which, not through Germany's fault, the conference threatens to wreck, the Nations which have not yet been willing to disarm must at last remember their duty."

The *Frankfurter Zeitung* contrasted the German memorandum, "sent out by our Foreign Minister von Neurath to bring about a better understanding", with British diplomacy which it criticised most bitterly:

The English memorandum is even less pleasing for Germany than the French reply, and it is particularly the unpleasant schoolmasterly tone of the Foreign Office officials which has given offence. "Diplomatic initiative must not remain in Germany's hands". This, in the words of *The Times*, is the real meaning of the unmannerly note. Our own gesture seems to have given offence and we really ought to leave the matter alone now, for in this spirit we shall get no further. English diplomacy is not well served by the use of this legal phraseology; rather has England found in the past that she achieves happier

results by the use of political elasticity. Obviously the English thought they owed it to France to set up a barrier against Germany. We do not think it necessary to complicate matters by sending a reply.

COMMENTS in the press of Great Britain disclosed that there are various schools of thought on this European dilemma. They vary according to whether people regard the legal, or the moral, aspects as of most importance, or even think there can be no solution at all by international agreement.

The icy legalism of the British Note [said the *Evening Standard*] does not solve the difficulty. It merely consigns the real problems to the sixty-four States at Geneva—where it has been before . . . The British Note looks forward to a Disarmament Convention, with no distinction of Status. "Everyone's armaments will be controlled by the same process." Does anyone believe this prospect will be realised?

The *Daily Express*, describing itself as "the organ of peace", wrote that

The British public say that the Treaty means what it says, and that the British nation is not going to get at odds with the Germans for the sake of the French, who want to maintain their military domination of Europe.

The Star criticised the British Statement in terms that were almost as severe as those used by the German papers, and called attention to an article in the *News Chronicle* by Sir William Robertson, formerly chief of the Imperial General Staff, who had said that "the time has come when nations should cease to regard each other as potential enemies rather than as effective friends whose interests are intimately and irrevocably bound up with their own"—a sentiment that is probably shared by the majority of men and women in this country. Even *The Times*, asking whether the Statement would be "effective in promoting the policy of settlements by agreement", sounded a note of doubt:

It must frankly be confessed that the present German Ministry, which is less sensitive to foreign opinion than any which the country has possessed since the war, might have been more impressed by a document that gave clearer indication of



Horabin in the New Leader

[London

If only these could go to Geneva

action than this British memorandum. In its opening paragraphs the British Government refers to its contents as "observations" and "comments"; and the truth is that in this urgent matter—for one party has unfortunately the power to give it urgency—reasoning and exhortations to patience may have little influence upon the present rulers of Germany. The practical matter which the non-German Powers have to decide is whether or not a system which fundamentally differentiates against Germany and the other vanquished States is going to be maintained.

"The practical matter" has surely been obvious for some considerable time. It had to be faced by the Bureau of the Disarmament Conference when it met at Geneva on September 21st.

MR. ARTHUR HENDERSON, Chairman of the Conference, had already received a letter from Baron von Neurath to the effect that the German Government had decided not to be represented at the meeting of the Bureau, for reasons that must already

be clear. After reading this letter, and his reply, to the delegates, Mr. Henderson said :

We are nearing the cross-roads at which the fatal decision must be taken for peace and disarmament or for a renewal of mad competition in armaments and ultimate war. I am certain there is no representative of any Government here that would lightly assume the responsibility which is ours. That is why I still hold to the belief expressed two months ago, that this second phase of the Conference which we are now beginning would effect a great gathering in of concrete results. That is why I feel confident that neither the Conference as a whole, nor any of the national delegations represented on the Bureau, will regard it as other than their highest duty to make a supreme effort to achieve the full purpose for which the Conference was brought together.

But these estimable sentiments may be compared with an authoritative report written from Geneva by Mr. Wickham Steed, and published in *The Sunday Times*. After stating his belief that the crisis in the Far East overshadows the one in Europe, Mr. Steed said :

I betray no secret in saying that some of the most ardent and responsible British advocates of Disarmament (men, moreover, who have publicly supported the German claim) are now convinced that the present purpose of the German Government is to re-arm at all costs, and that this purpose is already far on the road to fulfilment.

Nor is it a secret that a positive accord, which may amount to an alliance, has been concluded between Germany and Italy.

The German equality claim is a tactical smoke-screen.

None would be more vexed than General von Schleicher were it granted on the only conditions under which it could safely be granted—that other armaments should gradually be reduced to the real (not the ostensible) German level, and that all should then discharge, with full equality of status, their sole lawful function of upholding international peace and resisting breaches of international law.

Mr. Steed affirms that "the crisis of the League of Nations is at hand." Quoting Carlyle's version of Goethe's lines—"choose well; your choice is brief and yet endless"—he added that the nations must choose now between anarchy and respect for international law.

RESPECT for law and "right" is, the French would claim, a basic article of their faith. But the French conception of *droit* is not every man's, and it is hardly surprising that Germany was roused to fury by a speech of M. Herriot's at the end of the month, in which he referred to the German demand for equality of status. Herr von Papen replied to the speech in the form of an "interview" with the chief editor of the semi-official Wolff Agency. After stating once more the German point of view, the Chancellor attacked M. Herriot for his use of the phrase "teaching children the art of killing," and said that in France the military preparation of youth had been carried on "in grand style" for years. M. Herriot later announced that he would deliver an answer at the final session of the League Assembly.

This long range bombardment of invective only stirred people into thinking of military preparation instead of disarmament. France is disturbed over the superior "man-power" of Germany. In both countries the traditional hatred has revived.

It is probably true that the "National Athletic Board" promoted by the German Government encourages the militarising of German youth. It is not so certain that it deserves all the anathemas hurled at it by M. Herriot and the French press, which accuses Germany of arming secretly for a *rèvanche*. Germany must keep order at home. The French Prime Minister claimed that for Frenchmen national defence was "no more than a form of civic duty". "But does that maxim," asked *The Times*. "apply only to Frenchmen?"

The two countries, on whose collaboration alone European peace can be securely based, seem to be drifting steadily further apart.

Events seem to have moved with the ominous perversity of a tragic drama, the actors themselves alone being ignorant of their predestined doom which to the onlookers seems plain and inescapable.

It would seem to be an unavoidable duty for Great Britain, and the United States, to attempt to compose this racial conflict: for it is a conflict that cannot be isolated from the rest of the world.

THE INDIAN PROBLEM

The Struggle for the "Untouchables"

IN order to understand recent events in India, it is necessary to know something of the conditions of life of the Depressed Classes, for whose sake Gandhi entered upon his "fast unto death". The Simon Commission estimated that the Depressed Classes constitute twenty per cent. of the total population in India, and thirty per cent. of the Hindus. They are, in the words of the London *Times*, the lowest sections recognized as being within the Hindu religious and social system. The Statutory Report gives this description of them :—

Their essential characteristic is that, according to the tenets of orthodox Hinduism, they are, though within the Hindu system, "untouchable"—that is to say, that for all other Hindus they cause pollution by touch and defile food or water. They are denied access to the interior of an ordinary Hindu temple (though this is also true of some who would not be classed as "untouchable"). They are not only the lowest in the Hindu social and religious system, but with few individual exceptions are also at the bottom of the economic scale, and are generally quite uneducated. In the villages they are normally segregated in a separate quarter and not infrequently eat food which would not be touched by any other section of the community.

Two most widespread difficulties that arise are in connection with water and schools. It is in many places customary for the untouchables to be denied access to the wells or tanks used by the other castes, and great difficulty has often been found, when a new source of water supply has been provided from public funds by local authorities, in arranging for the untouchables to have use of it. If any village draws its water from a river the untouchables will be required to take their supply from a different point, lower down. In many places the children of untouchables are either excluded altogether from ordinary schools, although provided in whole or in part from public funds, or else required to sit apart.

FOR an Indian view of the "Untouchables" we may turn to a book recently written by an Indian, Dr. G. S. Ghuyre, who is a reader in Sociology in the University of Bombay. His book, *Caste and Race in India*, describes the deplorable state of degradation in which the lives of the "Untouchables" are passed. At the summit of the system stands the Brahman, who proudly monopolizes the priesthood and gives religious sanction to his position. At the bottom are the Sudras, whose very touch pollutes the Brahman. A Sudra may not use the village well or even live in the village. He is less than the dust under the Brahman's feet. Even eternity holds little hope for him.

So rigid [writes Dr. Ghuyre] are the rules about defilement, which is supposed to be carried with them by all Brahmans, that the latter will not perform even their ablutions within the precincts of a Sudra's habitation. Generally the washerman and barber that serve the general body of villagers will not render their services to the unclean and untouchable castes. Even a modern Brahman doctor, when feeling the pulse of a Sudra, first wraps up the patient's wrist with a small piece of silk so that he may not be defiled by touching his skin. . . .

All over India the impure castes are debarred from drawing water from the village well which is used by the members of other castes. In the Maratha country a Mahar—one of the untouchables—might not spit on the road lest a pure-caste Hindu should be polluted by touching it with his foot, but had to carry an earthen pot, hung from his neck, in which to spit. Further, he had to drag a thorny branch with him to wipe out his footprints and to lie at a distance prostrate on the ground if a Brahman passed by, so that his foul shadow might not defile the holy Brahman.

In the Punjab, where restrictions regarding pollution by proximity have been far less stringent than in other parts of India, a sweeper, while



MAHATMA GANDHI

walking through the streets of the larger towns, was supposed to carry a broom in his hand or under his armpit as a mark of his being a scavenger, and had to shout out to the people warning them of his polluting presence.

IT was a recommendation of the Simon Commission, and it has been since the endeavour of the British Government, to ensure for these Depressed Classes separate representation in the electoral system that is to be set up as a first step in the establishment of a self-governing India. At the Round Table Conference in London strong claims were put forward on their behalf, but Gandhi answered these attempts to improve the condition of the "Untouchables" by saying that he would resist with his life the granting of separate representation to them. This attitude on the part of one who has always championed these unfortunate people is at first sight confusing. But the paradox is explained by Gandhi himself.

Writing from Yeravda Central Prison to Sir Samuel Hoare five months before the Government Communal Award (the terms of which were described in the *REVIEW OF REVIEWS* last month), Gandhi, while admitting the ill-treatment of the Depressed Classes at the hands of the higher caste Hindus, claimed that as far as Hinduism is concerned the grant of separate electorates to the "Untouchables" would simply "vivisection and disrupt" it.

For me the question of these classes is predominantly moral and religious. The political aspect, important though it is, dwindles into insignificance compared to the moral and religious issue. You will have to appreciate my feelings in this matter [he addressed Sir Samuel Hoare] by remembering that I have been interested in the condition of these classes from my boyhood, and have more than once staked my all for their sake. I say this not to pride myself in any way. For I feel that no penance that caste Hindus may do can in any way compensate for the calculated

degradation to which they have consigned the Depressed Classes for centuries. But I know that separate electorate is neither penance nor any remedy for the crushing degradation they have groaned under . . .

BUT the British Government, to whom this note was indirectly addressed, could not believe that the Depressed Classes would be represented in the new Indian legislatures, unless special measures were taken on their behalf. For this reason the Government's Communal Award allowed for a number of special seats to be assigned to the Depressed Classes for a period of not more than twenty years, by which time, it was hoped, they would be far enough emancipated to vote in the general constituencies.

THE day after this award was made public, Mr. Gandhi wrote a letter to the Prime Minister, which was telegraphed at his request. In the letter he stated that he would resist the decision in regard to the Depressed Classes with his life :—

The only way I can do so [he announced] is by declaring a perpetual fast unto death from food of any kind save water, with or without salt and soda. This fast will cease, if during its progress, the British Government, of its own motion or under pressure of public opinion, revise their decision and withdraw their scheme of communal electorates for the Depressed Classes, whose representatives should be elected by the general electorate under a common franchise, no matter how wide it is.

The proposed fast will come into operation in the ordinary course from noon of September 20th next, unless the said decision is meanwhile revised in the manner suggested above.

After appealing for early publication of the correspondence, so that public opinion might be affected by his letters, Mr. Gandhi added :—

It may be that my judgment is warped, and that I am wholly in error in regarding separate electorates for the "Depressed" Classes as harmful to them or Hinduism. If so, I am not likely to be in the right with reference to the other parts of my philosophy of life. In that case my death by fasting will be at once a penance for my error and a lifting of a weight from off those numberless men and women who have a childlike faith in my wisdom. Whereas if my judgment is right,

as I have little doubt that it is, the contemplated step is but the due fulfilment of the scheme of life which I have tried for more than a quarter of a century, apparently not without considerable success.

MR. MACDONALD, in reply, denied that the Government intended to do anything that "would split off their (the 'Untouchables') community from the Hindu world". In awarding special seats to the Depressed Classes, it had been the intention of the British Government only to ensure that the Depressed Classes should return "a certain number of members of their own choosing to the Legislatures of seven of the nine Provinces, to voice their grievances and their ideals and prevent decisions going against them without the Government and the Legislature listening to their case—in a word, to place them in a position to speak for themselves, which every fair-minded person must agree to be necessary".

But Mr. Gandhi was adamant. To him the question was one of "pure religion."

You will please permit me to say [he wrote to Mr. MacDonald] that no matter how sympathetic you may be you cannot come to a correct decision on a matter of such vital and religious importance to the parties concerned. I should not be against even over-representation of "Depressed" Classes. What I am against is their statutory separation, even in a limited form, from the Hindu fold, so long as they chose to belong to it. Do you not realize that if your decision stands and Constitution comes into being, you arrest the marvellous growth work of Hindu reformers who have dedicated themselves to the unlifting of their suppressed brethren in every walk of life?

THE son of one such reformer living now in London wrote to *The Times* a few days after the publication of the correspondence between the Prime Minister and Mr. Gandhi. Sir Albion Banerji, in spite of Mr. Gandhi's flattering remarks about Reformers, found it "difficult to understand the motive underlying Mr. Gandhi's latest move". He believed that :—

It is obvious that the present social laws among caste Hindus will place the Depressed Classes for many years to come at a disadvantage, and the Prime Minister's Award only meets this

point in their favour in a manner to which no right-thinking Hindu, be he orthodox or reformer, can take legitimate exception. . . .

As an Indian who was connected during his young days with the great work of uplifting the Depressed Classes, begun by his father in the early 'seventies in Bengal, and also as an administrative officer in many districts of Southern India and the States of Mysore and Cochin, where the conditions of the Depressed Classes is particularly deplorable, I make bold to state that the only satisfactory arrangement for the representation of the Depressed Classes in the new Constitution, which will be to the ultimate benefit of the great Hindu society and conserve rather than disrupt Hinduism, is the one conceived in the Prime Minister's Award. In fact, Mr. MacDonald is more than correct when he stated in his telegram to Mr. Gandhi that the scheme will maintain the unity of Hinduism.

I have often been asked by my friends in this country what constructive work is being carried out by high-caste Hindus for the social amelioration of the Depressed Classes: Mr. Gandhi no doubt refers to "the marvellous work of Hindu reformers who have dedicated themselves to the uplift of their depressed brethren in every walk of life." But is there a single high-caste Hindu of note who has an important position in the political life of the country among the present generation and who has made this his life's work? Is it not a fact that there has been bitter opposition from the bulk of the Hindu community to any attempts towards progress in the moral and material conditions of these people? It is well known that the early reformers, including my father, were bitterly persecuted, and the Brahmo Samaj movement, from which these reformers for the most part came, has now no following or support among the educated classes. To be frank, neither the structure of the Hindu society nor its unity can be maintained in its old form in this twentieth century. If it has withstood every reform from within during the past 100 years since Ram Mohan Roy first attempted to modernize its concepts and its precepts, it has to face in the near future a social revolution from the masses, among whom there are no fewer than 70,000,000 who constitute the Depressed Classes to-day.

PUNCTUALLY at noon on September 20th Mr. Gandhi began his fast. In preparation for it, Reuter tells us, he enjoyed a last, and for him, luxurious meal consisting of wholemeal bread, dates soaked in water,

tomatoes, oranges, curd, and lemon juice mixed with soda water. Rising from this repast, Gandhi declared that his fast had begun, and kneeling with Vallabhai Patel, the Nationalist leader, and his secretary, Mahadia Desai, he prayed for the cause, for which he was fighting.

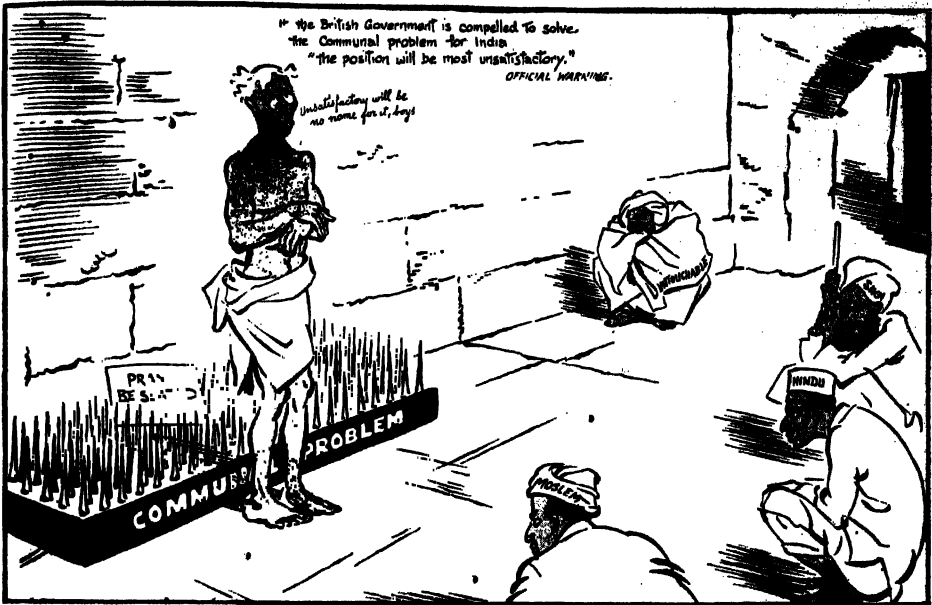
Later that day the representative of the London *Daily Herald*, which is sympathetic to Gandhi's attitude, secured an interview with the Mahatma in Yeravda Prison, and cabled to his paper this report:—

I am anxious to live. God will keep me if he wants me. But I felt impelled by a voice within to fast unto death—to offer resistance with the whole of my being.

My fast has no connection with politics in any shape or form. Certainly it may produce a great political effect, but the fundamental thing is its religious and moral aspect. I take my "religion" in its broadest sense, because I am tackling Untouchability at its very root. The issue is one of transcendental value, far surpassing Home Rule. The political constitution would be a deadweight if hope was not engendered in the breasts of down-trodden millions that the burden of Untouchability was going to be lifted. It is because the British official cannot possibly see this living picture that he sits in ignorant self-satisfaction in judgment on questions affecting the fundamental beings of millions of Untouchables. I want Untouchability to be eradicated root and branch—but it must be by a living pact among Indians themselves.

ALL reports appearing in London papers were not as sympathetic as this, although nearly all comment was fair and impartial. But there were efforts to minimize the crisis. The London *Star* headed its message from India "Gandhi's Fast Life", while the New York *Herald Tribune* could see "neither reason, justice nor much importance" in the issue over which Gandhi was methodically preparing himself to starve to death. It was one of those things, concluded this American paper, that made other nations profoundly thankful that it was the British who conquered India.

Certainly the British and the Government in India had reason to be embarrassed by the turn which events had taken. If Mr. Gandhi were to remain in gaol, there was every likelihood of his dying on the Government's hands. If he were to be removed



Low in the Evening Standard.

London]

from gaol, there was every likelihood of civil disturbance through the great pilgrimages which his presence in freedom anywhere would be bound to attract from all over India. The London *Daily Telegraph* pointed out that his position in the world of Hinduism was such that his death, "occurring as a result of a disagreement on principle with that Government, might react disastrously on the prospect for the task of statesmanship to which it is committed, and even endanger the peace of India."

BUT at least Mr. Gandhi's efforts to die had the effect of bringing to reason the conflicting elements among the Indians themselves. Representatives of the caste Hindus and the Depressed Classes met at Bombay to see if some compromise could not be reached to settle the problem and to save Mr. Gandhi from death. As the situation was urgent, the leaders transferred themselves to Poona, and there sitting by the recumbent Gandhi* in the yard of Yeravda Gaol they debated for long periods the problem which had brought about the crisis.

On the fifth day of Mr. Gandhi's fast an agreement was reached between the caste Hindus and the Depressed Classes which met with Mr. Gandhi's approval. The terms of the agreement were immediately cabled to London for Mr. MacDonald's approval, for Mr. Gandhi insisted that he must obtain this before he would consent to break his fast. The agreement reached at Poona was made public in the press on September 27th, when it received the British Government's approval. Under the terms of this agreement, 148 seats in the Provincial Legislatures are to be allocated to the Depressed Classes, as against the 71 seats proposed in the MacDonald Communal Award. But these seats are not to represent special Depressed Class constituencies, as the MacDonald Communal Award of August had laid down. Instead, they are to be special seats reserved for members of the Depressed Classes in the general Hindu constituencies.

THUS both Mr. Gandhi and the British Government gained their end: Mr.

Gandhi in ensuring that the Depressed Classes should not be broken off from the Hindu caste; and the British Government in ensuring that the Depressed Classes should have adequate representation in the new system of Legislature.

By his fast Mr. Gandhi had forced the hand, not of the British Government, but of the leaders of the warring elements in Indian life, and had brought together for the first time the caste Hindus and the Depressed Classes.

CAPITALIST—OR SOCIALIST?

Mr. Cole Puts the Question

LAST month Messrs. Gollancz published a remarkable book at a remarkable price. For five shillings the "intelligent man" is offered in more than six hundred pages a diagnosis of the world's economic crisis and a review of the alternative cures, between which, we are told, it must choose. Mr. G. D. H. Cole, the author of *The Intelligent Man's Guide Through World Chaos*, is probably the only person in this country who could have written such a book. There may be others who have been thinking, writing, and speaking on economics and politics for twenty years; there are none to compare with Mr. Cole in knowledge of economic and political theory combined with practical experience of Labour problems, or in brilliance of clear exposition.

DEMOCRACY is based on the belief that most men and women have within them the capacity and the will to think about these problems. But democracy, as we know it, does not work in this way. If, however, their belief, rudely shaken of late years, is not to be shattered, the number of intelligent people for whom Mr. Cole writes must be increased. In the first chapter of his book Mr. Cole says:—

The world no longer looks forward with confidence to a prosperity that will come to it of its own accord; it recognizes that the foundations of prosperity will have to be deliberately laid,

and that every part of the economic system, national and international, will have to be subjected to the closest scrutiny if the difficulties in which all countries are now plunged are to be successfully surmounted. The belief that recovery can be automatic, or that the slump will of its own momentum generate in due course a boom no less considerable, has completely disappeared; and men are more than ever ready, in face of their recent experiences, everywhere to reconsider those economic doctrines and policies which they have hitherto for the most part regarded as axiomatic and unquestionable.

The trouble is that most of us are usually so immersed in earning our own living that we have neither the time nor the energy to understand the complexities of industrial civilization. We feel that something is wrong; we would welcome a leader confident of being able to put things right. Yet leadership is of no avail without intelligent co-operation, and so the effort to understand must be made. In Mr. Cole's book the "intelligent man" will find a clear, intelligible picture of the post-war economic world and its disorders. Whether he will agree with the self-confessed and natural bias shown by the author in his conclusions is another question.

NINE-TENTHS of the book is devoted to an analysis of the growth and present character of the economic system, and to the

various alternative systems, either in being (as in Russia), or on paper. There are chapters on the Economic Consequences of the War; Two Centuries of Economic Growth; the Economic System in Theory and Practice; Prices and the Price Level; Money, Credit, and Capital; Unemployment and Industrial Fluctuation; Foreign

Trade and Fiscal Policy; Public Finance and Taxation; Economic Organization; The Challenge of Russia (Mr. Cole is partial to Russia); and Alternatives to Capitalism. But whatever knowledge people may have of these subjects, the first question they will ask is: What does the author suggest we should do? Has he a plan, revolutionary or reformist, and if so, will it work?

Mr. Cole meets this question in his last chapter, "The World Outlook", by balancing against each other two alternatives—the Restoration of Capitalism, and the Supersession of Capitalism.

THE occasion, though not necessarily the fundamental cause, of the present crisis was the Great War.

The War, in fact, provided the most convincing demonstration of the enormous growth in man's

command over nature and of the huge increase in output which the centralized control of the national life everywhere made possible.

But the war-time productive system was radically different from the one that preceded it, and after the war the attempt to return to "normalcy" took no account of the conditions of the post-war world market.

Added to this, "all over Europe the Peace Settlement created new small States at a time when the progress of the world economic system called emphatically for larger areas of free exchange." The older exporting countries "had rebuilt their economic systems on the basis of an improved technique which could only operate economically if they were able greatly to extend

their exports of manufactured goods." Yet they found their markets closed to them by a rise of new tariff barriers and similar obstructions in the way of trade.

War Debts, Reparations, and international debts incurred during the period of post-war reconstruction aggravated this trouble, and the attempt to stabilize currencies made it worse.

By the almost universal return to the gold standard the nations succeeded in stabilizing for a



Dyson, in the Daily Herald

[London

The man from Mars: "Is the man mad, or am I?"



Wahre Jacob]

[Berlin

The Machine Runs away with the Master.

time the relative value of their national moneys; but they did this only at the cost of causing a progressive fall in the world level of wholesale prices. For, in tying their currencies to gold, they made themselves dependent on their ability to acquire and to retain in their banking systems an adequate quantity of gold. But this it was impossible for them to do in face of the necessity to make debt payments which they were not in a position to meet, or were not allowed to meet, by the export of goods to the creditor countries. For in the absence of an export surplus gold was bound to flow from the debtor to the creditor countries unless the export of capital in the reverse direction continuously pumped it back. There arose accordingly, if not a shortage in the total world supply of gold, at any rate a maldistribution in the available supply among the different nations; and this maldistribution had precisely the same effect that an absolute shortage would have had in forcing down the level of world prices.

It soon became clear, though the statesmen at Versailles had failed to grasp it, that "the Germans could in the last resort pay only in goods"; but it "took much longer for men to understand that what was true of German Reparations was true fully as much of other kinds of international debt."

Economically, the war was a disaster. And Mr. Cole believes that the "sort of peace which followed" was hardly less so.

The creation of the new States was in some cases defensible on nationalist grounds; and up to a point it could hardly have been avoided. But the fact remains that the consequence of the war was to accentuate nationalism at a time when nationalism was becoming increasingly inappropriate as a form of either political or economic organization for the modern world. For the conception of the modern Nation State involves economic as well as political self-determination and ultimate sovereignty; and this, as we have seen, has meant an inevitable raising of new barriers in the way of intercourse over territories which are sorely in need of economic unity. The creation of the League of Nations has been so far a quite inadequate counterpoise to this development of nationalism based on the multiplication of Sovereign States; for the League has had to work hitherto within the limits set by the conception of State Sovereignty, and has been unable to bring about any effective unification across national frontiers.

THE first and most obvious remedy for this chaos is a settlement of War Debts and Reparations, followed by the "unification of world finance" designed to raise prices "by increasing the amounts of money in circulation and by the granting of credits more freely in all countries for the work of economic reconstruction". But this cannot be done, says Mr. Cole, "unless Governments in all countries take effective action to secure that the additional money put into circulation is actually used for the promotion of economic enterprise". World prices cannot be raised without "a policy of rational development in each country financed with Government aid and under Government auspices"—in fact, by "a considerable infusion of Socialistic measures".



MONEY TALKS

Thomas Derrick, in *Everyman*]

[London

MR. COLE thus believes that Finance is the key of the problem, and that Capitalism, if it is to survive, must submit to the basic demand of modern Socialist theory—Government control of the banks. Yet there will remain in being, he says, “the inherent tendency of Capitalism to generate out of prosperity the conditions of collapse”. Why is this so? Briefly, because wages lag behind prices, and, owing to the unequal distribution of wealth, consuming power is not in proper relation to producing power.

For, even during the present slump while world production has been going down, the ability of the world to produce goods has been increasing faster than ever; so that any restoration of

business confidence is likely to lead to an enormous outpouring of additional goods and to investment of capital on a scale hitherto unknown in the history of the economic system. If, under these conditions, the product of industry continues to be divided in the proportions in which it was being divided between capital and labour during the boom which preceded the world slump of 1929, it will not be long before the world is faced with a new slump fully as bad as the last. It will only be possible to preserve equilibrium even for a brief period by means of lending on a colossal scale by the more advanced industrial countries. The burden of debt will begin to pile up again; and the failure to raise wages to adequate heights will engender a deficiency of consuming power which will speedily make many of the new instruments of production unusable at a profit.

Mr. Cole thinks that a rise in wages on an adequate scale can only be brought about by "some sort of international convention . . . as a logical sequence to the attempt to raise the world price level by international action". As to the possibility of this, he is not encouraging. In any case, "whatever is to be done must be done quickly if it is to be done at all".

MR. COLE argues that most of us are so accustomed to the present social and economic system that if we plan measures of reform, they are usually palliatives, which fail to strike at the root of the trouble. He confesses that

It is the greatest weakness of British Socialism to-day that it has not hitherto succeeded in looking competent to carry out the tasks which it has set itself to accomplish. It has fumbled and seemed far more confident in its denunciations of the existing order than in its adumbrations of the future. This is largely because it has failed to make use of the large resources of technical and administrative ability among its own followers.

Those who believe that "it is not possible to bring about a restoration of Capitalism, or not worth while to attempt it", must "force this one really vital problem of our day and generation into the forefront of political life", but by other means than those employed in Russia.

The British people neither wants revolution to-day nor can be made to want it by any kind of propagandist appeal. If British opinion is to be converted to the need for really fundamental change, this will be done not by the advocacy of forcible revolution, but by the working out and setting before it in the clearest possible terms both of the structure and operation of an alternative Socialist system and of the means by which it is intended to bring about the change. For British opinion will want to know both that the proposed alternative has been devised with adequate technical and administrative competence, so that it is likely to work when it has been brought into being, and that the steps towards it have been so planned as not to involve an intervening period of chaos, disorder, and misery, and perhaps the threat of starvation for large sections of the people.

IN the explanatory part of his book Mr. Cole preserves an admirable and detached

impartiality. But by the time we reach page six hundred and fifty the Socialistic trend of his mind becomes apparent. He warns the reader early that this will be so; we have no right to expect anything else from a man who has never shrunk from proclaiming his political convictions. He weighs Capitalism and Socialism in the balance; he reveals, if he does not say so directly, that in his opinion Capitalism is past recovery and that Socialism must be attempted.

But what sort of Socialism? How complete must be the break with the old order? There can be no doubt, in Mr. Cole's view, that it must be drastic. His last chapter but one, "Alternatives to Capitalism", gives a clear account of what is involved. But now that Mr. Cole's personal convictions are in question, there may be some advantage in quoting from a recent article of his in *The New Clarion*, where he sets forth "Labour's Twelve Points", a summary of his new *Outline of Socialist Policy*.

(1) **SOCIALIZE FINANCE.**—We must bring both the Bank of England and the Joint Stock Banks under complete public ownership and management, in order to get control of the credit system, and have the means of financing the Socialist planning of industry.

(2) **SOCIALIZE LAND.**—We must take over the land, in order to put the agricultural industry in order and to increase production for home use.

(3) **SOCIALIZE TRANSPORT AND POWER.**—We must socialize the railways, road transport services, shipping and airways, and also the supply of electrical power, with due provision for workers' control, in order to create a unified transport system that will properly serve the needs of industry.

(4) **SOCIALIZE THE VITAL INDUSTRIES.**—We must unify the coal industry under public ownership, and re-organize cotton, iron and steel, and other vital industries under publicly-owned corporations, with due provision for workers' control, in order to protect the workers' standard of life.

(5) **SOCIALIZE INHERITANCE.**—We must ensure that all large fortunes pass to the State at the death of their owners, subject to such life annuities to their children as it is reasonable to allow, as the means both of wiping out the National Debt and of taking the first step towards the complete socialization of the means of production.

(6) **ABOLISH UNEMPLOYMENT.**—In order to

absorb the unemployed, and increase production for our own use, we must set on foot a National Plan of Economic Development, financed and controlled by the State through a National Investment Board.

(7) RESTORE WAGES AND SOCIAL SERVICES.—In order to undo the injustices done by the National Government, we must restore wages and social services at once to what they were in 1929, abolish the Means Test for the unemployed, and develop education and housing under a national scheme. But we must also point out to the electorate that no large development of the social services is possible until the measures outlined under the previous headings have been carried into effect.

(8) REFORM PARLIAMENT.—We must abolish the House of Lords, and make Parliament a businesslike institution instead of a debating shop. We must also make full use of Emergency Powers on the lines followed by the present Government and under the D.O.R.A. during the war.

(9) GET RID OF TARIFFS.—In order to protect the consumer and re-organize international trade on a basis of organized world co-operation, we must set up State Trading bodies to control imports and exports, and thus make tariffs and capitalist Free Trade alike obsolete.

(10) MAKE PEACE WITH INDIA.—We must stop holding the Indian people down by coercion, and grant them full self-government. Similarly, we must put a stop to the oppression of native labour in Kenya and other Colonies. If the Empire can hold together as a free federation of self-governing peoples, well and good; but we must make no exclusive Empire bargains that will stand in the way of the closest co-operation with other countries.

(11) DISARM.—Without waiting for other countries to do the same, we must drastically cut down our armaments, which the reform of our Empire policy will make far easier.

(12) MAKE A WORLD ALLIANCE FOR SOCIALISM.—We must be ready to ally ourselves closely for mutual help with any other country in which Socialism is in power. Accordingly, we must co-operate closely with Russia, both economically

and politically, and do all we can to strengthen Socialism in other countries.

IT would be unwise to advance here a personal or party criticism of Mr. Cole's views. The brilliance and value of his book has already been referred to. This much, however, may be said with regard to his proposed solution of the world crisis: First, he believes that "a considerable section of opinion among the technical and administrative personnel of the present order" is already on the side of Socialism. What sort of Socialism? The "Socialism-in-our-time" plan that has been outlined above? How many responsible, experienced men of affairs—those in whose hands the future lies, under any circumstances in this country—can be so numbered?

These questions are put without favour. One other may be added. Mr. Cole, concluding his summary of Capitalist chaos, asserts that all is lost without international control of prices and wages. But if Great Britain were to go Socialist, in the sense that he desires, could she do so as a national unit? Would not the necessary international revolution—peaceful, perhaps, but with Russia's blessing—be far more difficult to engineer than the international—or imperial—economic order which is now being forced upon Capitalism?

Even professional economists are not sufficiently well informed to be able to say in exact detail that Capitalism, or Socialism, or some combination of the two, will be the economic system of the near future in Great Britain. After reading this book, the conclusion of "the intelligent man" is likely to be that the Capitalist slate, however dirty, cannot with impunity be wiped clean with one stroke of a Socialist sponge.

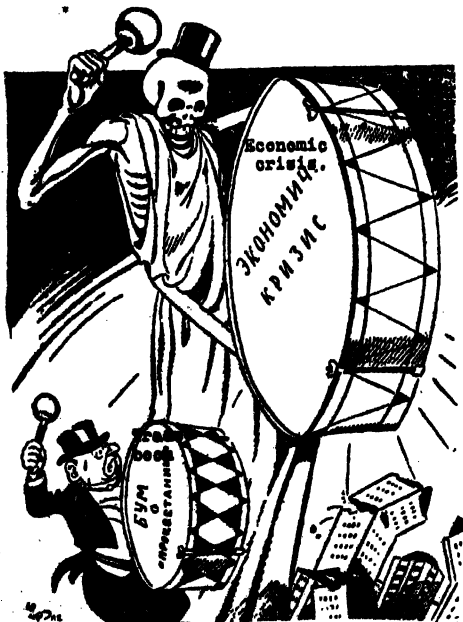


Poy in the Evening News

[London]

"WHERE'S GEORGE?"

(With all due apologies to the popular advertisement)
 (The German delegates were absent when the Disarmament Conference reassembled at Geneva)



Pravda

[Moscow]

The American Crisis, or who will be the winner?



Wahne Jacob

[Berlin]

"Truly, it is difficult to work well with the left hand tied."



Person in the Daily Herald

[London]

"Hi! There! Sir Herbert Jonah Samuel, a word with you!"

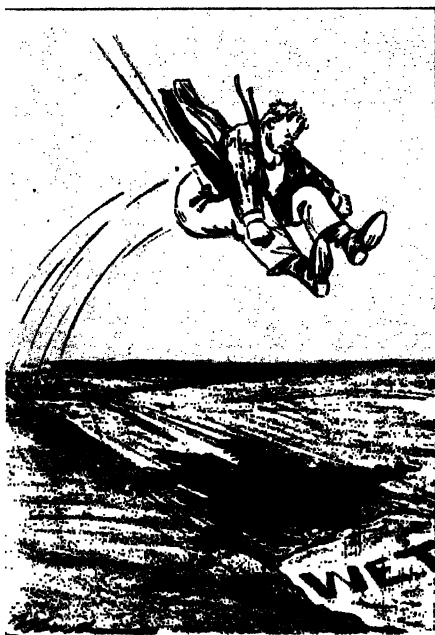


Pravda

[Moscow]

Let the world observe who is preparing for fresh wars.

THE FRENCH-AUSTRIAN LOAN



Judge

[New York]

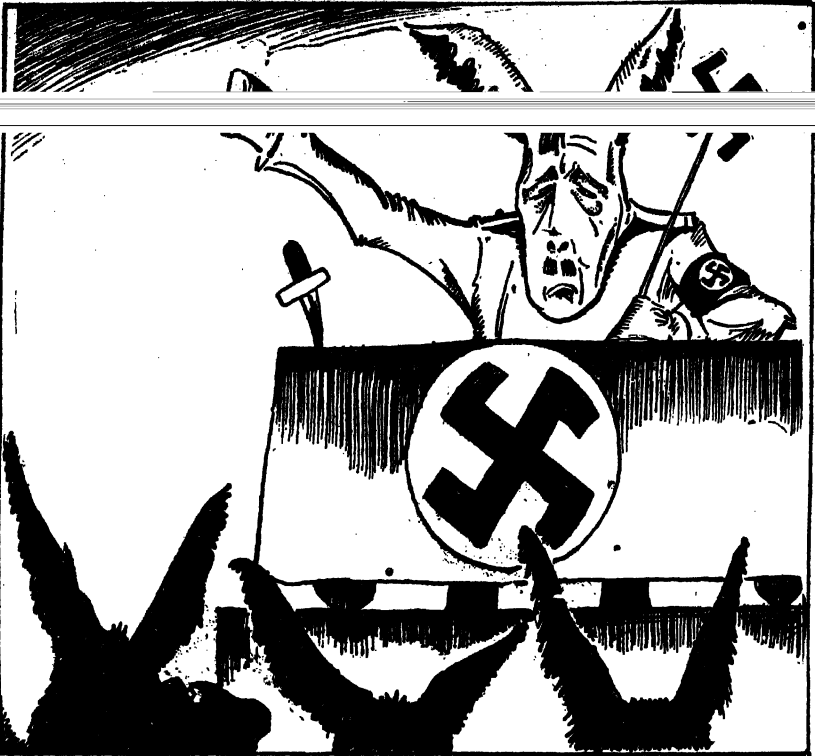
Another Olympic record.



Kladderadatsch

[Berlin]

Herriot: "There is nothing to fear, my friend; the knife is not real, it is only a French joke!"



De Notenkraaker]

[Amsterdam]

The Prophet Adolph



Strubs in the Daily Express]

[London]

Business man: "I want to see ze manager—tres important!"

The Commissionaire: "Vait von minute pléese, dey are still deciding who is der manager."

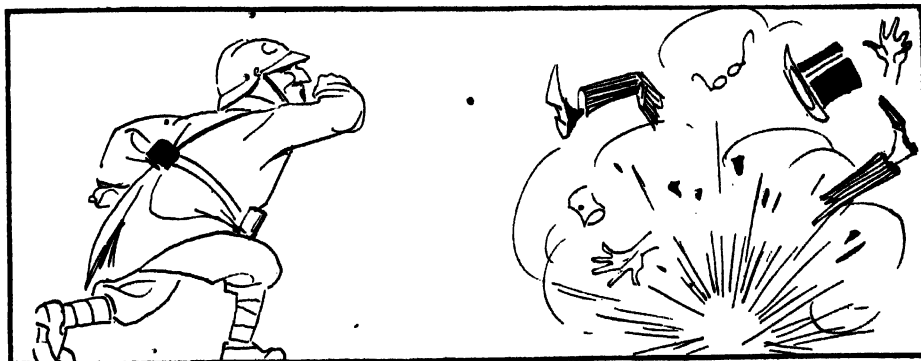


Sapajou in the North China Daily Herald]

[Shanghai]

Mr. de Valera plays his game.

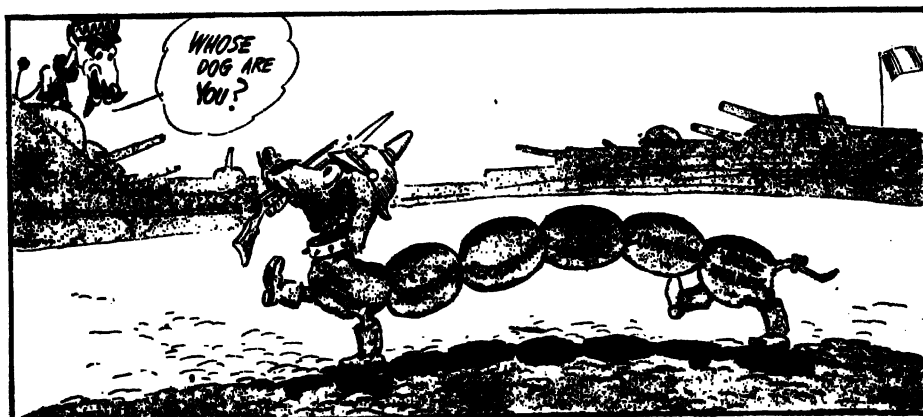
THE PACIFIST AND THE HAND GRENADE



Kladderadatsch]

"There you are!"

[Berlin



Wells, in the Daily Dispatch]

THE GERMAN CONUNDRUM

[Manchester



Horabin, in the New Leader]

[London

The Powers that Be: "Oh, well - we can scrape a bit more fat off them!"



Orr, in the Tribune]

[Chicago

"Brace yourself, Uncle; you'll have a long wait."



The Daily Eagle]

[Brooklyn

The Parade of the Tin Soldiers

WORLD VIEWS AND REVIEWS

GREAT BRITAIN

NATIONAL LABOUR POLICY

THE *News-Letter*, published fortnightly in London, represents the outlook of those members of the Labour Party who supported the Prime Minister when the National Government was formed last year. In view of the present controversy over Socialism and Labour policy, a statement by Mr. Macdonald himself, in the *News-Letter* of September 17th, is of particular interest.

Mr. Macdonald said that there are three schools in this country using the label "Socialist". The first is the "ramshackle Revolutionist"; the second is represented by the opposition section of the Labour Party, which, though nominally Socialist, "cares nothing about Socialism." Mr. Macdonald deplored the recent policy of the I.L.P., and blamed his former colleagues for their political tactics and for their new programme, "which is one of the most ill-considered and ineffective upon which a Labour Conference has ever been called to deliberate."

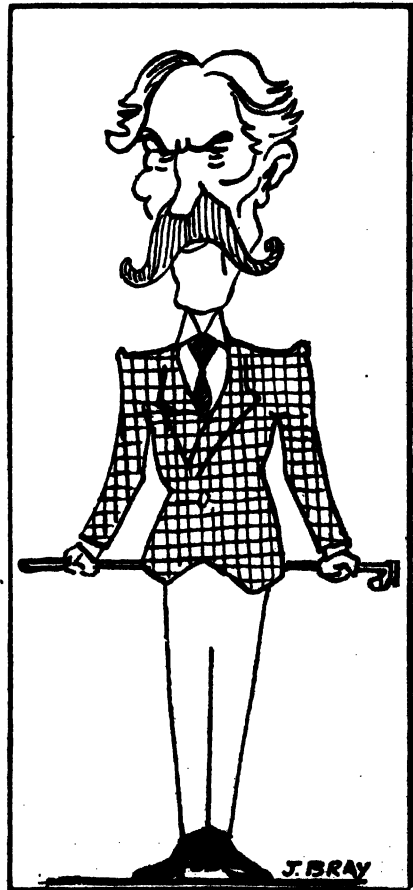
He then argued the case of the third school, which, in his view, "continues to follow the traditions of British Socialism".

The third school of which I write maintains its old standards and tests, and, in relation to the work in which we are immediately engaged, it remembers the old guiding principle of Socialism: that, in the steady evolution of Socialism, society has to be kept going without smashes involving a generation of distress and revolutionary reconstruction. In a nation placed as Great Britain is, with a population which can be maintained only by a considerable volume of international trade, catastrophes can end only in disastrous failure, with working-class hardship for which there can be no compensation.

When the present crisis is studied from that point of view the justification for those who took part in a national government is ample and complete, and the desertion of the others is plain with all its consequences.

The governing fact of the present position is the serious drop in national income. All

our thinking and all our action must be governed by that. That fact is plain in the condition in which every class finds itself today. Standards of living are at the moment being lowered for all classes. Our culture is in process of deterioration as well as the food we eat and the clothes which we put on our backs. Loyalty to Socialism, and honesty as electors, joined in compelling these Labour voters to take the stand they did. The working-class movement must not be allowed to deteriorate into a



L'Européen

MR. MACDONALD.

[Paris]

political caucus like unto the old political caucuses which have robbed politics of idealism and of every thought except what stirs for the moment in the market places frequented by those, whatever their class, who are moved only by their own interests without thought of the life and well-being of the whole community of which they are a part. It is now a good many years ago since I put "community consciousness" as against "class consciousness" as the rock upon which our movement was built. I still stand there and there will remain. Our community first with the love we bear for it because of its past story and associations, and the fellowship we feel in it because we are human and because we are members one of another.

We shall continue the co-operation upon which we entered a year ago so long as it is necessary and in spite of pompous and ridiculous votes of expulsion, heralded perversions of fact and intention, or any such things. It is easy for a propagandist to promise financial grants which no government can give even were he in it, and to criticize unpleasant actions which he knows someone must take though he congratulates himself that he has shirked that responsibility. That is all of the stuff of which the painted pasteboard of sham politics is made. Were these politicians to be called into office tomorrow, the reasons which are forcing lower standards today would be immediately strengthened and no smiling morn but a lowering sky would hail their advent.

One finds that by-elections make the timorous fear that the national effort is ending. The very strength of the Government gives these by-elections a false appearance. The country is confident; it thinks that a few more Opposition votes in the House of Commons might do no harm; there is such a wide margin in the Government majority that political particularism can be indulged in. So the Government support diminishes at the polls. But, though in two instances the Opposition has won seats, it has done so with increases of votes so insignificant that it must be plain to everyone that reckless promises to spend

money and increase taxation have little political effect. Even the distressed, have too much practical common sense and can reflect too sanely upon facts, to rise to that appeal. If a partisan Opposition in such troubled times as these cannot crowd their Cave of Adullam better than this, theirs is a very dark outlook indeed. The Labour elector who supports the National Government can continue to do so both with clear intelligence and good heart.

"AN ENGINEER'S OUTLOOK"

THE annual meeting of the British Association was held at York early last month. Sir Alfred Ewing, K.C.B., F.R.S., began his presidential address, "An Engineer's Outlook," by calling attention to the fact that the city of York witnessed the birth of the Association, which celebrated its centenary in London last year. He then touched upon recent progress in scientific knowledge, with especial reference to research on the atom, which has brought fame to workers in the Cavendish Laboratory at Cambridge. True to the fashion of his contemporaries, Sir Alfred concluded by making some philosophical remarks about scientific invention and the modern world, quoted here in full from *The Advancement of Science*: 1932 (British Association, Burlington House, London, W.1.).

In the present-day thinkers' attitude towards what is called mechanical progress we are conscious of a changed spirit. Admiration is tempered by criticism; complacency has given way to doubt; doubt is passing into alarm. There is a sense of perplexity and frustration, as in one who has gone a long way and finds he has taken the wrong turning. To go back is impossible: how shall he proceed? Where will he find himself if he follows this path or that? An old exponent of applied mechanics may be forgiven if he expresses something of the disillusion with which, now standing aside, he watches the sweeping pageant of discovery and invention in which he used to take unbounded delight. It is impossible not to ask, Whither does this tremendous procession tend? What, after all, is its goal? What its probable influence upon the future of the human race?

The pageant itself is a modern affair. A century ago it had barely taken form and



Cloud Advertising

"All this talk about sky advertising is very interesting," said the Vicar, "but cloud advertising has been going on for years. Wherever I go I trail clouds of glory that proclaim—at least to the nose of man—the virtues of Three Nuns. What this particular form of advertising fails to demonstrate is how much longer a pipeful of Three Nuns lasts than a pipeful of most other tobaccos You see, it's not always an extravagance to buy the best."

THREE NUNS

the tobacco of curious cut—1s. 2½d. an ounce

For FREE SAMPLE send a postcard to Dept. R.V., Stephen Mitchell & Son, 36 St. Andrew Sq., Glasgow.
 Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd.

had acquired none of the momentum which rather awes us today. The Industrial Revolution, as everybody knows, was of British origin; for a time our island remained the factory of the world. But soon, as was inevitable, the change of habit spread, and now every country, even China, is become more or less mechanized. The cornucopia of the engineer has been shaken over all the earth, scattering everywhere an endowment of previously unpossessed and unimagined capacities and powers. Beyond question many of these gifts are benefits to man, making life fuller, wider, healthier, richer in comforts and interests and in such happiness as material things can promote. But we are acutely aware that the engineer's gifts have been and may be grievously abused. In some there is potential tragedy as well as present burden. Man was ethically unprepared for so great a bounty. In the slow evolution of morals he is still unfit for the tremendous responsibility it entails. The command of Nature has been put into his hands before he knows how to command himself.

I need not dwell on consequent dangers which now press themselves insistently on our attention. We are learning that in the affairs of nations, as of individuals, there must, for the sake of amity, be some sacrifice of freedom. Accepted predilections as to national sovereignty have to be abandoned if the world is to keep the peace and allow civilization to survive. Geologists tell us that in the story of evolution they can trace the records of extinct species which perished through the very amplitude and efficiency of their personal apparatus for attack and defence. This carries a lesson for consideration at Geneva. But there is another aspect of the mechanization of life which is perhaps less familiar, on which I venture in conclusion a very few words.

More and more does mechanical production take the place of human effort, not only in manufactures but in all our tasks, even the primitive task of tilling the ground. So man finds this, that while he is enriched with a multitude of possessions and possibilities beyond his dreams, he is in great

measure deprived of one inestimable blessing, the necessity of toil. We invent the machinery of mass-production, and for the sake of cheapening the unit we develop output on a gigantic scale. Almost automatically the machine delivers a stream of articles in the creation of which the workman has had little part. He has lost the joy of craftsmanship, the old satisfaction in something accomplished through the conscientious exercise of care and skill. In many cases, unemployment is thrust upon him, an unemployment that is more saddening than any drudgery. And the world finds itself glutted with competitive commodities, produced in a quantity too great to be absorbed, though every nation strives to secure at least a home market by erecting tariff walls.

Let me quote in this connection two passages from a single issue of *The Times* [June 25th, 1932]. In different ways they illustrate the tyranny of the machine. One is this:

"The new Ford works built upon a corner of Essex . . . will soon be able to produce motor-cars at the rate of two a minute."

The other comes from Moscow. It also relates to the mass-production of motor-cars, and indicates how Russia is reaching out towards a similar perfection under the austere stimulus of the Five Years' Plan:

"The Commissar lays down dates for the delivery of specified quantities by each factory and invests twenty-one special directors with extraordinary powers to increase production threatening each director with personal punishment if deliveries are belated."

We must admit that there is a sinister side even to the peaceful activities of those who, in good faith, and with the best intentions, make it their business to adapt the resources of Nature to the use and convenience of man.

Where shall we look for a remedy? I cannot tell. Some may envisage a distant Utopia in which there will be perfect adjust-

ment of labour and the fruits of labour, a fair spreading of employment and of wages and of all the commodities that machines produce. Even so the question will remain: How is man to spend the leisure he has won by handing over nearly all his burden to an untiring mechanical slave? Dare he hope for such spiritual betterment as will qualify him to use it well? God grant he may strive for that and attain it. It is only by seeking he will find. I cannot think that man is destined to atrophy and cease through cultivating what, after all, is one of his most God-like faculties, the creative ingenuity of the engineer.

PAPERS AND EDITORS

LAST month the *Morning Post* celebrated the publication of its 50,000th number, and one of the articles in its historical survey was entitled "Journalism through the Ages", by W. Holt-White. After a learned and colourful review of the early history of journalism, in which he referred to Homer as a great war correspondent "who had the genius to describe battles he had never seen," Mr. Holt-White concluded with the following story of well-known journals and journalists.

In the last ninety years of the story of

out above all others: Herbert Ingram, John Thaddeus Delane, Algernon Borthwick (afterwards Lord Glenesk), W. T. Stead, and Alfred Harmsworth (afterwards Viscount Northcliffe).

The saga of these five men must be brief. In 1842, Ingram, formerly a bookseller and newsagent at Nottingham, produced the *Illustrated London News*. The launching of that remarkable journal—as sound today as it ever was—was responsible for the whole enormous mass of pictorial journalism today.

Delane was only twenty-four when he reached the editorial chair of *The Times*. An Oxford man, he went much into society, and slowly but surely changed the views of leading politicians in respect to journalists. Where they had shunned them before, they courted them. Those internal relations between Politician and the Press

largely altered many phases of journalism.

Algernon Borthwick, in 1852, placed in charge of the *Morning Post* at the age of twenty-two, during the absence of his father through illness, raised that newspaper to a magnificent affluence and an eminence which made its name familiar and sometimes formidable at every Court and in every Embassy throughout the world. Through his single-minded purpose that in every way the *Morning Post* should in all things stand for England, he gave this journal a reputation which is with it yet. All the world knows that the *Post* stands for England still.

W. T. Stead, as Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and afterwards of the *Review of Reviews*, established the "personal note" in journalism. He was the pioneer of the signed article which is so great a feature of journalism today.

Last, but by no means least, Lord Northcliffe. He had watched the progress of those first halfpenny morning newspapers—*The Morning* and the *Morning Leader*. He saw the possibilities open to newspapers at that price. After a long and calculating rehearsal, he launched the *Daily Mail*. Thereafter, he reached out

states—for everything which was new, and in particular everything which was mechanically new. It could be justly written of him that he changed the face of Fleet Street.

Nowadays methods and mechanical devices in Fleet Street change almost from hour to hour. These are the days of vast amalgamated finances skilfully manipulated and huge circulations scientifically stimulated. The motor-car, the aeroplane, the wireless photograph, the ocean phone, all play their part in the production of the modern paper.

Life in a newspaper office is lived in scheduled minutes. Fleet Street has indeed in large part been mechanised. But the spirit of daring enterprise remains. Journalism is the one profession in which a man may rise to face a fresh adventure with each succeeding day.

CANADA

BRITISH OR FOREIGN SETTLERS?

A SYNOPSIS of General M. L. Hornby's pamphlet "A Plan for British Community Settlements" was recently published by *Canada*. It is reprinted here, slightly abridged.

Those who have at heart the settlement and development of the British Overseas Dominions by Britons, and who believe that Britons are allowing their opportunities in Canada to slip away, can point with good reason to the expansion of Central European settlement in the Canadian West during the past few years.

I can speak from my own experience of what has been going on in Southern Alberta since 1924. In that part of Southern Alberta where I have been living, Central Europeans have constituted the bulk of the incoming settlers. British settlers have been comparatively few. In the district immediately surrounding me, Central Europeans now occupy, either as owners, or as tenants, about 75 per cent of the farms. Every year has seen an increase in their numbers, and I know from personal experience what efforts they are continually making to enable other members of their families, relations, and friends in their old country to join them, money remittances for which purpose they are continually sending to Europe.

These Central Europeans seem to be admirable settlers. They are great workers, and many of the new arrivals are experienced farmers. They are very well suited to my district, where medium-sized farms, mixed farming, and intensive cultivation are the generally accepted type of farming. I have employed many of them on my own farm, and some of my land is leased to them. I have nothing whatever to say against them as farm workers or settlers.

But—and this is my point—the success which these Central Europeans are meeting with could equally well be accomplished by British settlers, if they could be established on the land and given a right start. Why is this not being done? Why are the golden opportunities of today slipping away from Britain?

It cannot be for lack of knowledge of the opportunities for successful settlement in the Canadian West. I am satisfied that these are adequately advertised in the United Kingdom. And it can hardly be for lack of money; for it is evident from the immense sums which are being spent on unemployment relief in Great Britain, that there is plenty of money to be got for purposes approved by the Government. Nor do I believe that it is for want of desire on the part of potential British settlers overseas.

The writer complains that British emigration to Canada "seems to be neglected and financially starved in the United Kingdom." He would like to see British Community Settlements formed in Canada by every county and large town in the United Kingdom, and by voluntary societies such as the Salvation Army, Church Army, etc., all of which have done much for the cause of emigration. These settlements, each covering say 2,500—10,000 acres, should be managed by the U.K. counties, towns and societies affiliated to corresponding Canadian units.

The establishment of these settlements would, of course, involve the expenditure of a considerable amount of money; but there is no reason why they should not become self-supporting within two, or at the outside four years; while within five years they ought to give a direct return in money on their cost, to say nothing of their more tangible value as "foster mothers" for the new "broods" of British settlers arriving year by year from the Old Country.

What number of emigrant settlers could be dealt with every year under this plan would depend in the first place on how many towns and counties in the Old Country, and how many voluntary societies, would be willing to join in it and try it out. But the value of these settlements must not be appraised solely on the basis of an estimate of their probable intake of new settlers over a period of three or four years. Their output also must be taken into consideration. After the first few years every Community Settlement would in the ordinary course of events shed every year some of its families, which, having made and saved a little money, would branch off to take up farms of their own outside the Settlement.

And there would also be the branching off of the children from other families. This output would have a value, which for want of a better expression I may term "an infusion of new British blood"—an apt expression recently used in the same connection by Mr. Howard Ferguson, the Canadian High Commissioner in London.

The object of affiliation between counties and towns in the United Kingdom on the one hand, and cities in Canada on the other, is that the two parties may mutually assist each other, and work together both for the promotion of British settlement in Canada, and at the same time for the development of Canada.

General Hornby believes that such a scheme would be heartily welcomed by Canadians themselves.

AUSTRALIA

CATCHCRIES OF THE DAY

FROM the Sydney *Bulletin* comes some good advice to those who are confused by the "spending" or "saving" theories of economists.

No wonder the man in the street is getting a headache! The medley of advice which is pouring into his ear is enough to bewilder anybody. From one side comes an earnest appeal to "make work"; from the other a warning that only production avails. From the east comes a cry to the people to go out and spend, spend, spend; from the west a solemn warning rolls in to economise, remembering that tomorrow is a day, too. Into one ear is poured the admonition that every penny extra you pay the worker is a penny spent in buying back prosperity; into the other is shouted the warning that costs must come down or all our other labours for bringing back prosperity will be in vain.

The truth is that it is quite possible to get out of a difficulty by two paths. Here side by side are two factories, neither of them doing any good. One of them calls in an accountant, who, after an overhaul, advises that supervision is bad and that obvious economies would give the concern a profit and enable it to get out of the shadow of liquidation. The other calls in

the same accountant, who says, after making the same kind of overhaul, that the business wants to shake itself up—that a few hundreds spent on advertising would make all the difference between a loss and a profit. The one has been spending too much, the other too little.

Most truths, too, lend themselves to over-statement. No doubt prosperity ought to mean high wages; but it does not follow that high wages mean prosperity. You can break your business by paying too much for your labour just as you can by paying too much for anything else. Prosperity can't be got, either, by "making work." You could set 10,000 men to carry pails of water from Sydney Harbour to the Yarra; and though they might sweat gallons, the country would not be a farthing better off. A town can stagnate if its people make good wages and bury them somewhere else, buying only the barest necessities from the local tradespeople. And the man who, listening to the appeal to spend, spend, spend, goes out and empties his pockets, and then, falling on evil times, cannot carry on his own business for lack of capital, gets very little sympathy from anybody—and does not deserve it.

Fine phrases that sound like something Solomon said are generally designed to take the place of thought; and they are greedily swallowed by millions of people who don't want to think, or can't. Occasionally, no doubt, they serve better than the thought that would be likely; but the man who really can do a bit of clear thinking is best advised to swallow none of them without close inspection.

FRANCE

PEACE IN DANGER

M. ÉTIENNE FOUGÈRE, the political editor of *L'Europeen*, recently criticized from the point of view of the Right in French politics, the German aide-mémoire on disarmament.

The die has been cast: peace is imperilled by the sudden coup which has brought the autocratic and military caste to power in Germany. The position taken

up by the head of the Italian Government on the German claim increases our uneasiness. Not that we think that the German and Italian outlook is entirely identical, but their apparent connection will lead to the same result.

Yet it would have been enough if Germany had stressed her present status, for peace to have been strengthened instead of menaced. If she had said: "I will no longer tolerate these organized bands which have quintupled my regular army, because they threaten my internal security; all I ask in exchange is, that the other nations shall try to approximate to my level of defence, and thus the whole world will be eased of an important item in public expense". An appeal of this sort would have met with universal approbation and Germany would have been placed in an incomparable moral position.

Alas, it was otherwise. It is obvious to the most unbiased, that Germany has not accepted her defeat, and wishes, at any price, to regain her old hegemony. With a patient obstinacy she has worked to separate the Allies, and circumstances helping, she has unfortunately succeeded. By her continual outcries, she has established a belief in her financial distress, partly induced by her monetary errors, partly fictitious. Having succeeded in obtaining important financial help, except from France, she thought it would be possible to range against the more prudent nation all her other creditors, and when she thought the hour was ripe, she threw aside the mask, once again giving proof of her lack of psychological insight.

Since all the cards are on the table everyone can play his hand.

France's attitude all along has been to adhere closely to the Treaty of Versailles and to refuse to let it be upset by any means than by an appeal to the League of Nations. This is clearly understood by M. Herriot, who will have the unanimous support of the nation.

But that would only be a negative attitude. We could take up another and insist that

Germany repay the loans that were lent her for her financial and economic recovery on their proper dates.

On the other hand, the German Government have taken upon themselves to freeze up foreign credits at home, without other nations having followed their example. We must keep German credits here and not release them unless we have equal reciprocity.

Finally, let us re-form the almost universal group of nations who are anxious for peace. Thus we shall quickly save a situation compromised by the fault of an incorrigible nation, or, as we should prefer to think, by the fault of their irresponsible leaders.

AMERICA

A SHORTER WORKING DAY

THE following article from the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* is of particular interest in view of the recent meeting of the International Labour Organization at Geneva, where, on September 22nd, the governing body decided, by sixteen votes to seven, to consider the Italian proposal to limit working hours to forty per week, a proposal that was strongly criticized by Mr. F. A. Norman, the British delegate. The Washington (1919) Convention for a 48-hour week has so far been ratified only by fifteen member States, and among these Great Britain is not included.

If the world were governed by a single dictator or super-emperor, empowered to take action leading to economic recovery, one of his first measures undoubtedly would be the promulgation of a five-day, or even a four-day labour week. It requires only a simple calculation to discover that, with modern machinery making possible the production of goods in less time and with less labour than formerly, some adjustment has to be made to spread available labour among the whole body of workers. Recognition of this necessity by economists and even by statesmen not particularly noted for vision has come. But, like anything involving volitional acts on the part of many individuals, its fulfilment is delayed.

A most encouraging report of the progress of the idea in Europe was printed in the *Sunday Post-Dispatch*. On September 21st an extraordinary session of the governing body of the International Labour Office was held at Geneva to deal with unemployment. Out of that session a proposal came for an international agreement among the larger industrial countries to shorten labour hours without reducing wages. The impetus for this meeting has been supplied by the nations themselves.

There is now a bill in the French Parliament providing for a 40-hour week. The German Government has been empowered by the emergency decree of June 5th, 1931, arbitrarily to reduce working hours to forty per week. Chancellor von Papen, preferring voluntary adoption, has entrusted the inauguration of the idea to a commission of labour leaders, industrialists and Government representatives. In Austria, Belgium, Czechoslovakia, Finland and Poland, the idea is rapidly gaining ground. Its need in Great Britain is bitterly apparent, with some 3,000,000 persons out of work, and Fascist Italy, also confronted by a vast unemployment problem, is considering a shorter work week.

In the meantime, many employers, both in the United States and elsewhere, have reduced working hours. It is one of the sad results of the depression that their action has been accompanied by pay reduction, which nullifies, in part, the good effect, since the desideratum is to lift mass purchasing power. However, the important thing now is the acceptance of the shorter-work principle, and signs multiply that that acceptance will soon be universal.

INDIA

ENGLISH AT HOLLYWOOD

FILM "fans" will be interested to read this report of "talkie" reform in Hollywood, published by the Indian *Pioneer Mail*.

Talkie fans will learn with interest of the probable disappearance in the near future

of an immortal piece of dialogue which at once includes witty repartee and pithy expressiveness. The fiat has gone forth from Hollywood that the language of the screen is to be purged of the more obvious Americanisms and converted into an "international English." To accomplish this, a ban has fallen on the felicitous exchange of compliments with which we have been made familiar. "Sez you!"; "Sez me!" This priceless shaft of wit never failed to elicit prolonged guffaws from audiences with a keen sense of humour. It was the stock "gag" that was called into requisition when wisecracks ran short. Like "Oh yeah" and "O.K. Chief," it was the stand-by of every comedian, while gangsters, traffic cops and sugar-babies employed it whenever they felt strongly about anything—which was frequently. In fact, it had become such common currency on the screen that its use was almost worldwide and from butchers' boys in London to politicians in New Delhi the shibboleth spread. And now it is to be heard no more. It seems that it is not in keeping with the "universal accent" which Hollywood is anxious to inculcate in its actors. Desiring to make their films acceptable in English as well as American-speaking countries, the magnates have "gone nix" on such phrases. They have been advised by their etiquette experts that in the best circles, it is just not done to counter a remark with "Sez you!" Moreover, their philological friends have informed them that there is no such word in the English lexicon as "sez." So the magnates have gracefully accepted the inevitable and given instructions accordingly. Dozens of other phrases, less well known but equally expressive, will come under the ban. Henceforth, the talkies will rival Shakespeare and Shaw in the chastity of their diction. Great as the loss may be it will be compensated for in other directions. Though the films may not be as forceful in their back-chat, they will become more intelligible to ignoramuses who have had the misfortune to be born in benighted parts of the earth.

THE WORLD'S HUMOUR



[Life]

[New York]

"There, now—yer ma's only just went for worms!"



[Sondagsnisse Strix]

[Stockholm]

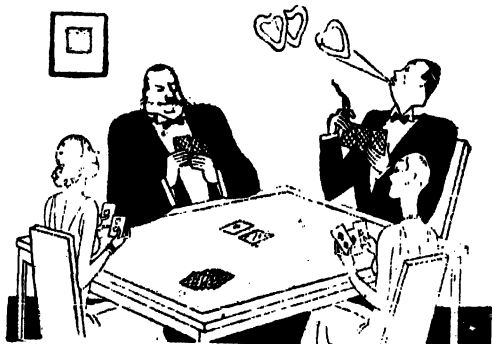
THE SHORT SIGHTED 'CELLIST



[Life]

[New York]

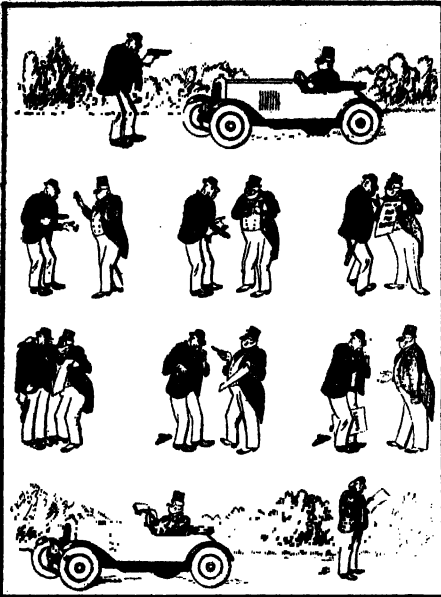
"I always use Lux—it keeps my underthings so soft and dainty."



[Il Travaso]

[Rome]

The man who can blow smoke rings plays bridge



[Humorist]

[London]

[London]

[London]

The bandit and the company promoter



[Bullfinch]

[Sydney]

Scottish Undertaker (at the funeral of a man who had suffocated himself with gas): "Aye, puir McGleechie was clean daft an' no' responsible."
 The Meenister: "And why are you so sure of that, Mr. McTavish?"
 McTavish: "Mon, he left the gas tairned on, and him dead above an hour."



[London Opinion]

[London]

Little Jones (to mendicant): "You run a great risk, my man, soliciting alms—how do you know you are not



[The London Echo]

[The London Echo]

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IN PRAISE OF IDLENESS

By **BERTRAND RUSSELL**

A distinguished philosopher and mathematician, Bertrand Russell holds controversial views on human nature and human society. In this article he deals with a problem of morality and economics which deeply concerns our industrial civilisation

I

LIKE most of my generation, I was brought up on the saying: "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." Being a highly virtuous child, I believed all that I was told, and acquired a conscience which has kept me working hard down to the present moment. But although my conscience has controlled my actions, my opinions have undergone a revolution. I think that there is far too much work done in the world, that immense harm is caused by the belief that work is virtuous, and that what needs to be preached in modern industrial countries is quite different from what always has been preached. Everyone knows the story of the traveller in Naples who saw twelve beggars lying in the sun (it was before the days of Mussolini), and offered a lira to the laziest of them. Eleven of them jumped up to claim it, so he gave it to the twelfth. This traveller was on the right lines. But in countries which do not enjoy Mediterranean sunshine idleness is more difficult, and a great public propaganda will be required to inaugurate it. I hope that, after reading the following pages, the leaders of the Y.M.C.A. will start a campaign to induce good young men to do nothing. If so, I shall not have lived in vain.

Before advancing my own arguments for laziness, I must dispose of one which I cannot accept. Whenever a person who already has enough to live on proposes to engage in some everyday kind of job, such as school-teaching or typing, he or she is told that such conduct takes the bread out of other people's mouths, and is therefore wicked. If this argument were valid, it would only be necessary for us all to be idle in order that

we should all have our mouths full of bread. What people who say such things forget is that what a man earns he usually spends, and in spending he gives employment. As long as a man spends his income, he puts just as much bread into people's mouths in spending as he takes out of other people's mouths in earning. The real villain, from this point of view, is the man who saves. If he merely puts his savings in a stocking, like the proverbial French peasant, it is obvious that they do not give employment. If he invests his savings, the matter is less obvious, and different cases arise:

One of the commonest things to do with savings is to lend them to some government. In view of the fact that the bulk of the expenditure of most civilized governments consists in payments for past wars and preparation for future wars, the man who lends his money to a government is in the same position as the bad men in Shakespeare who hire murderers. The net result of the man's economical habits is to increase the armed forces of the State to which he lends his savings. Obviously it would be better if he spent the money, even if he spent it on drink or gambling.

But, I shall be told, the case is quite different when savings are invested in industrial enterprises. When such enterprises succeed and produce something useful this may be conceded. In these days, however, no-one will deny that most enterprises fail. That means that a large amount of human labour, which might have been devoted to producing something that could be enjoyed, was expended on producing machines which, when produced, lay idle and did no good to anyone. The man who

invests his savings in a concern that goes bankrupt is therefore injuring others as well as himself. If he spent his money, say, in giving parties for his friends, they (we may hope) would get pleasure, and so would all those on whom he spent money, such as the butcher, the baker, and the wine merchant. But if he spends it (let us say) upon laying down rails for trams in some place where trams turn out to be not wanted, he has diverted a mass of labour into channels where it gives pleasure to no one. Nevertheless, when he becomes poor through the failure of his investment, he will be regarded as a victim of undeserved misfortune, whereas the gay spendthrift, who has spent his money philanthropically, will be despised as a fool and a frivolous person.

II

ALL this is only preliminary. I want to say, in all seriousness, that a great deal of harm is being done in the modern world by the belief in the virtuousness of WORK, and that the road to happiness and prosperity lies in an organized diminution of work.

First of all: what is work? Work is of two kinds: first, altering the position of matter at or near the earth's surface relatively to other such matter; second, telling other people to do so. The first kind is unpleasant and ill paid; the second is pleasant and highly paid. The second kind is capable of indefinite extension: there are not only those who give orders, but those who give advice as to what orders should be given. Usually two opposite kinds of advice are given simultaneously by two different bodies of men; this is called politics. The skill required for this kind of work is not knowledge of the subjects as to which advice is given, but knowledge of the art of persuasive speaking and writing, i.e., of advertising.

Throughout Europe, though not in America, there is a third class of men, more respected than either of the classes of workers. These are men who, through ownership of land, are able to make others pay for the privilege of being allowed to

exist and to work. These landowners are idle, and I might therefore be expected to praise them. Unfortunately their idleness is only rendered possible by the industry of others; indeed their desire for comfortable idleness is historically the source of the whole gospel of work. The last thing they have ever wished is that others should follow their example.

From the beginning of civilization until the industrial revolution, a man could, as a rule, produce by hard work little more than was required for the subsistence of himself and his family, although his wife worked at least as hard, and his children added their labour as soon as they were old enough to do so. The small surplus above bare necessities was not left to those who produced it, but was appropriated by priests and warriors. In times of famine there was no surplus; the warriors and priests, however, still secured as much as at other times, with the result that many of the workers died of hunger. This system persisted in Russia until 1917, and still persists in the East; in England, in spite of the Industrial Revolution, it remained in full force throughout the Napoleonic wars, and until a hundred years ago, when the new class of manufacturers acquired power. In America, the system came to an end with the Revolution, except in the South, where it persisted until the Civil War. A system which lasted so long and ended so recently has naturally left a profound impression upon men's thoughts and opinions. Much that we take for granted about the desirability of work is derived from this system, and being pre-industrial, is not adapted to the modern world. Modern technique has made it possible for leisure, within limits, to be not the prerogative of small privileged classes, but a right evenly distributed throughout the community. The morality of work is the morality of slaves, and the modern world has no need of slavery.

It is obvious that, in primitive communities, peasants, left to themselves, would not have parted with the slender surplus upon which the warriors and priests subsisted, but would have either produced less

or consumed more. At first, sheer force compelled them to produce and part with the surplus. Gradually, however, it was found possible to induce many of them to accept an ethic according to which it was their duty to work hard, although part of their work went to support others in idleness. By this means the amount of compulsion required was lessened, and the expenses were diminished. To this day, ninety-nine per cent. of British wage-earners would be genuinely shocked if it were proposed that the King should not have a larger income than a working man. The conception of duty, speaking historically, has been a means used by the holders of power to induce others to live for the interests of their masters rather than their own. Of course the holders of power conceal this fact from themselves by managing to believe that their interests are identical with the larger interests of humanity. Sometimes this is true; Athenian slave-owners, for instance, employed part of their leisure in making a permanent contribution to civilization which would have been impossible under a just economic system. Leisure is essential to civilization, and in former times leisure for the few was only rendered possible by the labours of the many. But their labours were valuable, not because work is good, but because leisure is good. And with modern technique it would be possible to distribute leisure justly without injury to civilization.

Modern technique has made it possible to diminish enormously the amount of labour necessary to produce the necessities of life for everyone. This was made obvious during the war. At that time, all the men in the armed forces, all the men and women engaged in the production of munitions, all the men and women engaged in spying, war propaganda, or government offices connected with the war, were withdrawn from productive occupations. In spite of this, the general level of physical well-being among wage-earners on the side of the Allies was higher than before or since. The significance of this fact was concealed by finance: borrowing made it appear as if the future was nourishing the present. But

that, of course, would have been impossible; a man cannot eat a loaf of bread that does not yet exist. The war showed conclusively that, by the scientific organization of production, it is possible to keep modern populations in fair comfort on a small part of the working capacity of the modern world. If, at the end of the war, the scientific organization, which had been created in order to liberate men for fighting and munition work, had been preserved, and the hours of work had been cut down to four, all would have been well. Instead of that, the old chaos was restored, those whose work was demanded were made to work long hours, and the rest were left to starve as unemployed. Why? Because work is a duty, and a man should not receive wages in proportion to what he has produced, but in proportion to his virtue as exemplified by his industry.

This is the morality of the Slave State, applied in circumstances totally unlike those in which it arose. No wonder the result has been disastrous. Let us take an illustration. Suppose that, at a given moment, a certain number of people are engaged in the manufacture of pins. They make as many pins as the world needs, working (say) eight hours a day. Someone makes an invention by which the same number of men can make twice as many pins as before. But the world does not need twice as many pins: pins are already so cheap that hardly any more will be bought at a lower price. In a sensible world, everybody concerned in the manufacture of pins would take to working four hours instead of eight, and everything else would go on as before. But in the actual world this would be thought demoralizing. The men still work eight hours, there are too many pins, some employers go bankrupt, and half the men previously concerned in making pins are thrown out of work. There is, in the end, just as much leisure as on the other plan, but half the men are totally idle while half are still overworked. In this way, it is ensured that the unavoidable leisure shall cause misery all round instead of being a universal source of happiness. Can anything more insane be imagined?

The idea that the poor should have leisure has always been shocking to the rich. In England, in the early nineteenth century, fifteen hours was the ordinary day's work for a man; children sometimes did as much, and very commonly did twelve hours a day. When meddling busybodies suggested that perhaps these hours were rather long, they were told that work kept adults from drink and children from mischief. When I was a child, shortly after urban working men had acquired the vote, certain public holidays were established by law, to the great indignation of the upper classes. I remember hearing an old Duchess say: "What do the poor want with holidays? They ought to *work*." People nowadays are less frank, but the sentiment persists, and is the source of much economic confusion.

III

LET us, for a moment, consider the ethics of work frankly, without superstition. Every human being, of necessity, consumes, in the course of his life, a certain amount of produce of human labour. Assuming, as we may, that labour is on the whole disagreeable, it is unjust that a man should consume more than he produces. Of course he may provide services rather than commodities, like a medical man, for example; but he should provide something in return for his board and lodging. To this extent, the duty of work must be admitted, but to this extent only.

I shall not develop the fact that, in all modern societies outside the U.S.S.R., many people escape even this minimum of work, namely all those who inherit money and all those who marry money. I do not think the fact that these people are allowed to be idle is nearly so harmful as the fact that wage-earners are expected to overwork or starve. If the ordinary wage-earner worked four hours a day, there would be enough for everybody, and no unemployment assuming a certain very moderate amount of sensible organization. This idea shocks the well-to-do, because they are convinced that the poor would not know how to use

so much leisure. In America men often work long hours even when they are already well-off; such men, naturally, are indignant at the idea of leisure for wage-earners except as the grim punishment of unemployment, in fact, they dislike leisure even for their sons. Oddly enough, while they wish their sons to work so hard as to have no time to be civilized, they do not mind their wives and daughters having no work at all. The snobbish admiration of uselessness which, in an aristocratic society, extends to both sexes, is, under a plutocracy, confined to women; this, however, does not make it any more in agreement with common sense.

The wise use of leisure, it must be conceded, is a product of civilization and education. A man who has worked long hours all his life will be bored if he becomes suddenly idle. But without a considerable amount of leisure, a man is cut off from many of the best things. There is no longer any reason why the bulk of the population should suffer this deprivation; only a foolish asceticism, usually vicarious, makes us insist on work in excessive quantities now that the need no longer exists.

In the new creed which controls the government of Russia, while there is much that is very different from the traditional teaching of the West, there are some things that are quite unchanged. The attitude of the governing classes, and especially of those who control educational propaganda, on the subject of the dignity of labour, is almost exactly that which the governing classes of the world have always preached to what were called the "honest poor." Industry, sobriety, willingness to work long hours for distant advantages, even submissiveness to authority, all these reappear; moreover, authority still represents the will of the Ruler of the Universe, Who, however, is now called by a new name, Dialectical Materialism.

The victory of the proletariat in Russia has some points in common with the victory of the feminists in some other countries. For ages men had conceded the superior saintliness of women, and had consoled women for their inferiority by maintaining

that saintliness is more desirable than power. At last the feminists decided that they would have both, since the pioneers among them believed all that the men had told them about the desirability of virtue, but not what they had told them about the worthlessness of political power. A similar thing has happened in Russia as regards manual work. For ages, the rich and their sycophants have written in praise of "honest toil," have praised the simple life, have professed a religion which teaches that the poor are much more likely to go to heaven than the rich, and in general have tried to make manual workers believe that there is some special nobility about altering the position of matter in space, just as men tried to make women believe that they derived some special nobility from their sexual enslavement. In Russia, all this teaching about the excellence of manual work has been taken seriously, with the result that the manual worker is more honoured than anyone else. What are, in essence, revivalist appeals, are made to secure shock workers for special tasks. Manual work is the ideal which is held before the young, and is the basis of all ethical teaching.

For the present, this is all to the good. A large country, full of natural resources, awaits development, and has to be developed with very little use of credit. In these circumstances, hard work is necessary, and is likely to bring a great reward. But what will happen when the point has been reached where everybody could be comfortable without working long hours?

In the West, we have various ways of dealing with this problem. We have no attempt at economic justice, so that a large proportion of the total produce goes to a small minority of the population, many of whom do no work at all. Owing to the absence of any central control over production, we produce hosts of things that are not wanted. We keep a large percentage of the working population idle, because we can dispense with their labour by making others overwork. When all these methods prove inadequate,

we have a war: we cause a number of people to manufacture high explosives, and a number of others to explode them, as if we were children who had just discovered fireworks. By a combination of all these devices, we manage, though with difficulty, to keep alive the notion that a great deal of manual work must be the lot of the average man.

In Russia, owing to economic justice and central control over production, the problem will have to be differently solved. The rational solution would be, as soon as the necessities and elementary comforts can be provided for all, to reduce the hours of labour gradually, allowing a popular vote to decide, at each stage, whether more leisure or more goods were to be preferred. But, having taught the supreme virtue of hard work, it is difficult to see how the authorities can aim at a paradise in which there will be much leisure and little work. It seems more likely that they will find continually fresh schemes, by which present leisure is to be sacrificed to future productivity. I read recently of an ingenious scheme put forward by Russian engineers, for making the White Sea and the Northern coasts of Siberia warm, by putting a dam across the Kara Straits. An admirable plan, but liable to postpone proletarian comfort for a generation, while the nobility of toil is being displayed amid the ice-fields and snow-storms of the Arctic Ocean. This sort of thing, if it happens, will be the result of regarding the virtue of hard work as an end in itself, rather than as a means to a state of affairs in which it is no longer needed.

IV

THE fact is that moving matter about, while a certain amount of it is necessary to our existence, is emphatically not one of the ends of human life. If it were we should have to consider every navvy superior to Shakespeare. We have been misled in this matter by two causes. One is the necessity of keeping the poor contented, which has led the rich, for thousands of years, to preach the dignity of labour, while taking care

• themselves to remain undignified in this respect. The other is the new pleasure in mechanism, which makes us delight in the astonishingly clever changes that we can produce on the Earth's surface. Neither of these motives makes any great appeal to the actual worker. If you ask him what he thinks the best part of his life, he is not likely to say: "I enjoy manual work because it makes me feel that I am fulfilling man's noblest task, and because I like to think how much ~~man~~ can transform his planet. It is true that my body demands periods of rest, which I have to fill in as best I may, but I am never so happy as when the morning comes and I can return to the toil from which my contentment springs." I have never heard working men say this sort of thing. They consider work, as it should be considered, as a necessary means to a livelihood, and it is from their leisure hours that they derive whatever happiness they may enjoy.

It will be said that, while a little leisure is pleasant, men would not know how to fill their days if they had only four hours work out of the twenty-four. In so far as this is true in the modern world, it is a condemnation of our civilization; it would not have been true at any earlier period. There was formerly a capacity for light-heartedness and play which has been to some extent inhibited by the cult of efficiency. The modern man thinks that everything ought to be done for the sake of something else, and never for its own sake. Serious-minded persons, for example, are continually condemning the habit of going to the cinema, and telling us that it leads the young into crime. But all the work that goes to producing a cinema is respectable, because it is work, and because it brings a money profit. The notion that the desirable activities are those that bring a profit has made everything topsy-turvy. The butcher who provides you with meat and the baker who provides you with bread are praiseworthy, because they are making money; but when you enjoy the food they have provided, you are merely frivolous, unless you eat only to get strength for, your work. Broadly speaking, it is held that getting money is

good and spending money is bad. Seeing that they are two sides of one transaction, this is absurd; one might as well maintain that keys are good, but key-holes are bad. The individual, in our society, works for profit; but the social purpose of his work lies in the consumption of what he produces. It is this divorce between the individual and the social purpose of production that makes it so difficult for men to think clearly in a world in which profit-making is the incentive to industry. We think too much of production and too little of consumption. One result is that we attach too little importance to enjoyment and simple happiness, and that we do not judge production by the pleasure that it gives to the consumers. •

When I suggest that working hours should be reduced to four, I am not meaning to imply that all the remaining time should necessarily be spent in pure frivolity. I mean that four hours' work a day should entitle a man to the necessities and elementary comforts of life, and that the rest of his time should be his to use as he might see fit. It is an essential part of any such social system that education should be carried further than it usually is at present, and should aim, in part, at providing tastes which would enable a man to use leisure intelligently. I am not thinking mainly of the sort of things that would be considered "high-brow." Peasant dances have died out except in remote rural areas, but the impulses which caused them to be cultivated must still exist in human nature. The pleasures of urban populations have become mainly passive: seeing films, watching football matches, listening to the radio, and so on. This results from the fact that their active energies are fully taken up with work; if they had more leisure, they would again enjoy pleasures in which they took an active part.

In the past there was a small leisure class and a large working class. The leisure class enjoyed advantages for which there was no basis in social justice; this necessarily made it oppressive, limited its sympathies, and caused it to invent theories by which

to justify its privileges. These facts greatly diminished its excellence, but in spite of this drawback it contributed nearly the whole of what we call civilization. It cultivated the arts and discovered the sciences; it wrote the books, invented the philosophies, and refined social relations. Even the liberation of the oppressed has usually been inaugurated from above. Without the leisured class mankind would never have emerged from barbarism.

The method of a hereditary leisured class without duties was, however, extraordinarily wasteful. None of the members of the class had been taught to be industrious, and the class as a whole was not exceptionally intelligent. It might produce one Darwin, but against him had to be set tens of thousands of country gentlemen who never thought of anything more intelligent than fox-hunting and punishing poachers. At present, the universities are supposed to provide, in a more systematic way, what the leisured class provided accidentally and as a by-product. This is a great improvement, but it has certain drawbacks. University life is so different from life in the world at large that men who live in an academic milieu tend to be unaware of the pre-occupations of ordinary men and women; moreover their ways of expressing themselves are usually such as to rob their opinions of the influence that they ought to have upon the general public. Another disadvantage is that in universities studies are organised, and the man who thinks of some original line of research is likely to be discouraged. Academic institutions, therefore, useful as they are, are not adequate guardians of the interests of civilization in a world where everyone outside their walls is too busy for unutilitarian pursuits.

In a world where no one is compelled to work more than four hours a day, every person possessed of scientific curiosity will be able to indulge it, and every painter will be able to paint without starving, however excellent his pictures may be. Young writers will not be obliged to draw attention to themselves by sensational pot-boilers,

with a view to acquiring the economic independence needed for monumental works, for which, when the time at last comes, they will have lost the taste and the capacity. Men who, in their professional work, have become interested in some phase of economics or government, will be able to develop their ideas without the academic detachment that makes the work of university economists lacking in reality. Medical men will have time to learn about the progress of medicine. Teachers will not be exasperatedly struggling to teach by routine things which they learnt in their youth, which may, in the interval, have been proved to be untrue.

Above all, there will be happiness and joy of life, instead of frayed nerves, weariness and dyspepsia. The work exacted will be enough to make leisure delightful, but not enough to produce exhaustion. Since men will not be tired in their spare time, they will not demand only such amusements as are passive and vapid. At least one per cent. will probably devote the time not spent in professional work to pursuits of some public importance, and, since they will not depend upon these pursuits for their livelihood, their originality will be unhampered, and there will be no need to conform to the standards set by elderly pundits. But it is not only in these exceptional cases that the advantages of leisure will appear. Ordinary men and women, having the opportunity of a happy life, will become more kindly and less persecuting and less inclined to view others with suspicion. The taste for war will die out, partly for this reason, and partly because it will involve long and severe work for all. Good nature is, of all moral qualities, the one that the world needs most, and good nature is the result of ease and security, not of a life of arduous struggle. Modern methods of production have given us the possibility of ease and security for all; we have chosen, instead, to have overwork for some and starvation for others. Hitherto we have continued to be as energetic as we were before there were machines: in this we have been foolish, but there is no reason to go on being foolish for ever.

ONE MAN'S INDIA

By T. EARLE WELBY

In his first article, Mr. T. Earle Welby, who was "not merely born in India but brought up speaking none but an Indian language till nearly six," described some of the impressions of those early days that are even now fresh in his mind, notably the influence of the poetry and mythology of Hinduism. The pages that follow reveal the same depth of insight and a story of increasing power.

V

SUPERIOR persons have said very offensive things about what, using the term with its old signification, I will still call Anglo-Indian society. To me in maturity, for all that as a journalist I fell into none of the recognized category, and therefore had some moments of social friction, Anglo-Indian Society seemed a gesture of excellent, if unconscious, wit and wisdom in face of the mystery and peril of India. Round the crude, white-washed bungalow that served as Club in small up-country stations there might lie all the strangeness of the East, but within the Club the half dozen jaded white men made nought of it. Innumerable deities and princes of the powers of the air might be abroad on the winds of the Indian night, but these men drank their "pegs," played their pool or game of cards, told each other their stale stories, and intimated in their own way that they were no whit overawed. In instinctive confidence, or with the subtly reasoned confidence which was my father's, they even left their children exposed, at the hour at which all things are credible, to whatever India might say herself, as she recovered supremacy with the quick-coming darkness or that superstitious native servants might babble.

In my memory as I write this it is late evening at N—. My parents are not yet returned to the house from the Club. In that hot weather the dinner table has been laid for them on the *chabutra*, the low

cement platform in the garden. It is my ambition to be wide awake when they do return from the Club, but I grow drowsy as I sit on the veranda with the servants, nine or ten of them squatting about me according to their rank and the utterly untouchable sweeper many feet away from any other of the servants. Only half awake, I watch the multitudinous fire-flies in the pomegranate trees, and in some sort listen to the tales that are being told for my delectation by one or other of the servants. Queer tales to be told a child as bedtime approaches. One is from a Hindu servant who knows a man who knows another man who had the narrowest of escapes from the talons of a *Pisacha*. A *Pisacha* is the ghost of an imperfectly cremated Hindu, haunting the burning *Ghauts* to consume human flesh whether lightly done or totally unfired. But the *Pisacha*, it is agreed, is nothing to the *Churel*, the ghost of a woman who has died in childbirth and who seduces living men to a terrible death. It is objected that the *Churel*, with all her lascivious charms, can be easily identified and avoided by any who will observe her retorted feet. And then *Churels* are not so very numerous: their numbers are kept down by driving nails into the feet of the corpse or by putting a kind of iron foot-cuff on it. (Twenty years later I learnt by chance, that some snake charmers very highly prize for their business, certain small bones from the bodies of women who have died in childbirth, and that in one part of India elaborate precautions are

taken by the relatives of the deceased to avoid the dishonour of having portions of a valued aunt used in the pacification of cobras.)

Stories went on, the powers of the Indian night had me at their disposal, and still somehow I was kept by my own people. My eventual transfer to England contributed to that end otherwise than might have been expected. India did not become more remote for me: with so much around me from which to recoil, I withdrew myself often from my environment to live in memories of India. It was no case of homesickness: never during even the earliest days in England did I doubt where my home really was, and it would have been strange indeed, if, descending from that Johannes de Wellebi who held a knight's fee and a half at Welby in 1135 by what the *Liber Niger* of Henry III called ancient tenure, through ancestors who continuously held land thereabouts, I had been irresponsive to the intimate appeal of the English countryside. Here, after the wild and unfriendly profusion of nature in India, was nature friendly and, as with maturer mind I might have thought, actually collaborating with man: nature so friendly, as even the young mind could note, that the animals went securely to their sleep in the open fields. How often in camp in India had I seen played on a goat the rather cruel jest of leading it out at sundown for a hundred yards or so, of releasing it at the first approach of darkness, and of observing how, nose to human heel, it would in terror of wild animals follow the man who had taken it out through every strange pattern of movement he choose to make. The beauty and friendliness of English fields seen direct, then the enhancing reflection of those fields in certain secondary masters of English pastoral painting, such as Calvert whom I most improbably discovered ere long—these were great gifts from my own country. Greater still was the gift of English poetry so suddenly bestowed that, for a while, it was almost too much for me and I went about dazed. But not for all these things did I forget my India. And there were things to set in the balance.

I know now, what I could not possibly know as a schoolboy, that India had done me one inestimable good in guarding me from the vulgarity which startled and pained me in my own country. The blatant hoardings, to speak of nothing worse, were a wonder and a horror to a boy not brought up with such things. Under a myriad exhibitions of the ugly commonness lying at the base, and aspiring to the apex, of our civilisation, and seeing about me, no one whom these things seemed to trouble, I withdrew into myself, I learnt with great rapidity the art of making my own fable of life and of treating as things that did not exist the things which hurt and were meaningless.

Many years in my life have been meaningless to me. As of my school in England, though a couple of the masters were kind to me and I got on well enough with most of the boys, I can recall only the belief of Form IIB that the daughter of the Headmaster had webbed feet and an unfair advantage in the sea, so out of an Indian year, after my return, I can only remember my experience with the frogs. But what an experience! It shall have, as it deserves a paragraph to itself.

VI

I WAS then at A——, where the frogs were nothing like as bad as I have known them in some other parts of India, but were bad enough. I took the usual precaution in a country of open doors of having a board eighteen inches high put up in every doorway but always there would be from ten to twenty frogs hopping about my rooms. Day after day I had my head servant catch these creatures, and take them out in a waste paper basket to the gate, and there deposit them. In time, I wondered whether all the frogs in A—— visited my house in turn or the same frogs revisited me after their ejection. And on a Sunday morning I told that same servant to tie round the middle of each frog he deported a piece of red tape that they might be identified on the morrow if they stubbornly returned. And then I forgot all about this; and going out

picked up a young man of my acquaintance to come back with me to pot-luck. When the meal was over, and we were stretched in those admirable Indian chairs which rest the legs and fix the gaze Heavenward, so that one does not observe the events on the floor, my guest squirmed and squirmed while I contemplated the ceiling of the veranda and discoursed at large. Till at last he cried out, after long speculation whether his was sober vision, "I say, old chap, do you keep frogs as pets?" I heaved in my long chair, looked down, and there on the veranda were many frogs belted with red tape and indeed apparently rather disposed to think that with this livery they had received the freedom of the house.

One of the points in this anecdote is the calm and absolutely unsmiling acquiescence of that servant of mine in my request that tape should be put round the frogs. Only a servant's obedience? But listen to this story out of another part of India, where all the local notables of, I admit, a rather remote district gathered in perfect seriousness when, at a time of drought, a certain white official, mentally affected by overwork and hell's heat, summoned them to see him bring down rain by dispatching into the clouds a vulture with a home-made bomb appended to it. The local notables attended and observed with unmoved faces the efforts of the accursed and heavily burdened fowl to flap upwards. Even when, with a fuse burning, it perched on the apex of the official's thatched roof, and he became concerned for things other than rain, they kept their places and their countenances: this too, doubtless, was part of the performance. It was only when an explosion removed all of the vulture and some of the official's roof without precipitating rain that they felt something had gone wrong with the programme. But my argument is of years and places which seemingly yielded nothing except matter for a frivolous tale. In fact those years and places yielded much else, as I withdrew myself from tiresome set circumstances to follow my own interests. The more I was bored by the inappropriate surroundings assigned me by fate, the more

I depended for amusement on the rediscovery of India. And, out of my childhood, I had the means of re-discovering it.

I had heard the talk that is not talked before white men, and had only to use a catchword out of it to find myself on another footing.

VII

ONCE I was travelling by camel-cart.

There are few more amusing ways of travel. The cart is a double-decker, and the white man exceptionally obliged to use this conveyance bespeaks the whole of the upper deck, on which, when it has been duly scoured, he has his bedding spread out, for this is travel by night. Well, I was travelling by camel-cart and with it were many bullock carts, moving along the greatest road in the world, and the carters in the fashion of that part of Northern India were chanting in turn portions of the most popular poem of that countryside. From one part would come the first line of a couplet, very slowly chanted, and then after nearly a minute would come from another cart the second line of the couplet. There was need of that night-long recitation not only to beguile what might be for some the tedium of the way, but to scare off innumerable hobgoblins, and to intimate to *dacoits* that the caravan was alert. To be sure, there were those on the lower deck of the camel cart who were candidates for sleep, but the Indian of rural India seems to sleep all the more happily for being frequently and raucously disturbed, and in his villages is glad of the watchman who goes round bawling at two and three and four o'clock of a morning "Be wakeful, for this is the hour when thieves come!" For myself I was moved to see whether I could anywhere catch up the chanter of the first line of a couplet, and though much had drained out of my memory there came the moment when I could do so. Surprise, and then laughter up and down the line of carters. The young white gentleman could join in! And then, for all that I failed miserably in completing nearly every couplet thereafter thrown out to me in friendly

challenge, I was on terms with them. Next day I could have produced quite a neat little report on the joys and woes of carters in that part of the country.

The camel cart, the bullock cart, and other such indigenous conveyances, were well known to me at one time, but they were for trips across country, where there was no railway service, and usually for shooting trips. My main journeys were inevitably done by rail, and whatever the sophistication of the train may be supposed to bring with it I had my profit of Indian travelling companions in the train too. Once there came into my carriage an old Hindu gentleman almost over-refined of feature. Only the nobility of the broad brow and the firm set of the lips saved that beautiful face from a charge of being over daintily modelled. He was dressed very simply in a white *dhoti* (long loin cloth) and a white cloth swathed round his torso, but the cloth was of the finest quality and laundered to a perfect candour. He used wooden sandals, to call them that, and the exposed feet, thin though they were and with the veins of old age showing, were modellers' work. His hands were frail and beautiful. It had taken, we will suppose, three thousand years of breeding to the one purpose to produce that Brahmin, and in him the process seemed justified. Caste has given India cruelties too heart-breaking to contemplate, and many of the institutions of high-caste Hinduism have enfeebled the supreme caste in body and left it with an intellect apt for little but the splitting of hairs, but it is only fair to acknowledge that once in a way Brahminism throws up a man like my travelling companion.

I asked him how far he was travelling, a matter of concern in that country where a journey may be one of anything from eighteen to forty-eight hours. He replied "to Benares," and I was obtuse enough not to catch the significance of what he told me. He saw my failure, and after a little while added gently that he was going to Benares because he had now entered on the last stage of the true Brahminical life, the renunciation of all things worldly and

of all family ties to undertake meditation in a sacred place. "I have taught 'long enough, I now go to learn,'" he said smilingly, and I think not a little pleased with the neatness of his summarizing phrase. At intervals during the many hours that we travelled together I thought of that distinguished and dainty old gentleman sitting half naked among the saints and charlatans of the sacred and filthy city, making his fine mind a blank that there might enter into it—what? No! despite my Indian childhood I was too Western to reconcile myself to such waste of character and intellect.

Who would not feel privileged to have such a travelling companion as that Brahmin gentleman? And many a time in Northern and Southern India did I readily share a railway compartment with some Indian who had completely adopted English modes in certain matters. But it would be hypocrisy to pretend that I or any other Englishman going by train was not made somewhat anxious by the prospect of an Indian fellow traveller. It was no question of colour prejudice or racial arrogance, as it was so often made out to be by the worst sort of tourist or stay-at-home Friend of India. If you were going to be together for twenty-four hours or so you were both going to use the sanitary convenience attached to your compartment, and to put things very mildly, a proportion of Indian travellers used it otherwise than we of the West. Then there were those, in their own place no doubt excellent citizens, who chewed betel nut and squirted the red juice on the floor of the carriage. Again, there were those who made themselves almost entirely nude, and offered to unenthusiastic Western eyes the spectacle of perspiration coursing over their bodies. And, for a few specially luckless white travellers, there could be a companion of that sect which holds it wrong to destroy any animal life whatsoever, and at night on a journey gathers parasites off the body into a little box and in the morning returns them to the body, thus insuring the continuance of food supply for God's most objectionable creatures. But many among Indians who have not adopted Western

ways, were constrained by natural gentleness to avoid behaviour which would cause offence to a European fellow traveller, and among the coarser types of Europeans there were those whose boorishness provoked some Indians into ascertaining their indisputable right to travel first class so long as they had a first-class ticket. The asserting of this right was sometimes effected, without asserting the point of the individual white man concerned, with a quite needless truculence. But I would not leave the impression that all Indians who asserted their right were unpleasant persons.

At M—some twenty of us used to take, what sounds very English and suburban, an office train from the residential to the business part of the city, and a very large first-class carriage was attached to the morning train for our accommodation. One day two highly self-conscious young Indians, obviously students, entered our carriage with a brave strut, but then were abashed because as we all knew each other well there was a great deal of talk and chaff going on while the representatives of India had no one with whom to converse. At last one of the students plucked up courage to say to his friend at the top of his voice, "I fear poor Ramaswami has committed an unfortunate matrimony." To which his friend, seeking for support from some English proverb which ought to have existed, replied, "But so he has buttered his bed, so he must lie on it." Our laughter was very loud, but the two young Indians realised that it was not in the least ill-natured, and all was well.

All these travelling companions by road and rail, and types innumerable encountered otherwise, were part of what hasty writers here sometimes call "the people of India." Never were there more peoples brought together under one political system, peoples at every stage of evolution from that of primitive man to that of the twentieth century. Apart from the Census officials, who handle some queer stuff, there are persons in the pay of the Government whose business it is to report for the benefit of anthropologists on the multitudinous castes and tribes of India. I knew one who was anxious to obtain

accurate measurements of a certain obscure jungle tribe, and with endless patience and tact camped about in their tract of malarious jungle, offering all sorts of bribes for even one man and one woman of the tribe to come in for ten minutes and be measured, though an average struck from one of each sex would be something of an oddity. All his efforts were in vain: the tribe did not altogether get out of reach, and it exhibited no hostility, but it receded about half a day's march beyond the limit of each march he made. At last, in despair, he decided to keep his camp where it was at the moment and to send a new emissary, heavily laden with the trinkets and gauds appealing to the tribesmen, to discover why they would not let him have the least touch with them. The eventual answer was that they quite understood the desire of the Government to catch, kill, stuff and exhibit one male and one female of their tribe, but that no individual or female was willing to be the individual chosen. Note, or you miss the whole point of the story, that the tribe as a whole did not wish to turn against the intruding scientist with bows and arrows or to rebel against the Government. The attitude of its members was, let this thing be done so long as it is not done to me individually; and that will be, in matters less horrific than killing and stuffing, the attitude of many millions of Indians well above the cultural level of any jungle tribe towards any Government that operates in India for decades to come.

VIII

THE Government of India and the Provincial Governments have to live up to an enormous variety of popular conceptions of them. No Government in Europe or on the American continent is called to a task in any degree comparable. "Ma—Bap!" says the North Indian villager when the British official approaches him: "You are my father and my mother!" and over vast areas of rural India it is this paternal view of Government that prevails among these same masses, and not only among them it is felt that the punishment of crime is not a

matter for society as a whole operating through Government, but wholly a matter for the Government itself. There are at the very least, even to-day, one hundred and fifty million people in India who would better appreciate a summary and capricious administration of justice, so that it were not wholly impersonal, than the elaborate and orderly system of justice which we have established. Let me give you a case in point. In a certain large Native State in Southern India there was a village which for some generations had paid a tax imposed on no other. There came the day of financial and other reforms in that State, and it was discovered that this impost had been placed on the village because at some date towards the end of the eighteenth century a nobleman of the court had there been thrown from his horse, which the villagers had not been successful in catching. Now the point is, that these villagers had gone on paying the special tax for several generations without ever putting up a petition against it, simply because it was thoroughly intelligible to them as, first, the arbitrary act of a ruler, and as, second, a thing quite definitely related to an individual. They would have murmured even in that State, had there been through all those years imposed on them a special tax for the betterment of their condition or in the name of some abstract good. Well, great masses of the people in British India still think at the backs of their minds pretty much in that way, and any Government that is going to live in India by general favour instead of by its own power will have more or less to satisfy minds like that as well as minds indistinguishable in their public utterances from those of our own members of Parliament.

And here we touch in the accidental way of these rambling reminiscences on a mystery towards the elucidation of which I can offer no assistance. How does it come about that so many Indians of unquestionable ability in becoming public men develop minds like public meetings? One got, naturally in my trade of journalism, to know a number of them pretty well, and from time to time one supposed that the public meeting would

be over, that something of the ordinary man would emerge, and that it would be possible to converse on some basis a little less lofty and a little more favourable to the development of friendship than the platform. But, in nine cases out of ten, no! There was one man, since come to a very considerable political eminence, with whom I had hopes of a sort for years; but to the end of our acquaintance meeting him was simply attending public meetings in endless succession. I believe he grudged even that minute of hand shaking and conventional enquiry after each other's health as time stolen from that allotted to the agenda. It never actually happened to me, but I generally expected that our tête-à-tête talks would finish by his asking me to second a resolution. Alas! in course of time I became disinclined even to move on behalf of an audience of one a vote of thanks to the speaker. Presumably he relaxed somewhere, but when I discreetly questioned his Indian friends I got the impression that it was not with them. Yet he was a man with an acute mind, and has since proved that he is capable of getting some things done otherwise than merely on paper, or in a peroration. In the years of which I am thinking I used to contemplate this man, so clearly marked out for political success, and certain others, with a wonder how, if they were put in a position to govern India, they would legislate and administrate for whole human beings. That they would produce very fine measures for the political fraction of man, or rather for that sub-fraction which goes to public meetings, was evident: but what on earth would they do when required to provide for the general welfare of the peoples of India, many of them so unlike anybody's notion of the ideal habitué where things are "carried unanimously," some of them indeed apt to prefer violence to the niceties of academic debate. The answer to what perplexed me will not be fully forthcoming for another five or six years, but some portion of it was made available in instalments long before I left India, notably in the matter of Social Reform.

(To be continued.)

A WORLD WAR ON LOCUSTS

By IGNATIUS PHAYRE

Science, having fought and partially quelled the mosquito, is now engaged with the locust. The name at the head of this article conceals the identity of a well-known writer who is in a position to give an authoritative account of this menace to human welfare. He describes the ravages of locust swarms in Kenya and Palestine, and refers to the steps that are being taken to combat them.

WITHOUT any warning a black cloud stains the bright horizon, to climb and spread like the smoke and dust of a mighty explosion. A faintly ominous hum deepens into a roaring storm. Soon the skies are dark, the blazing sun obliterated. A terrifying curse is upon the land with the rage and sweep of a prairie fire as the storm of shining flakes fall like hail, to consume and devour a whole countryside and leave ruin and famine in their winged wake. Such is the locust swarm, which has plagued humanity ever since Moses' rod called up its hosts upon the east wind to make Pharaoh set his captives free.

Today that same flying plague is an international problem. It affects 30,000,000 square miles of Asia and Africa, to say nothing of Europe or of the two Americas, from the Rocky Mountains to the vast wheat-fields of Argentina. Therefore Britain, France, and Italy have joined forces in scientific research and combat, with a common G.H.Q. at the Imperial Institute of Entomology in South Kensington. The C-in-C. of this new world-war is Dr. B. P. Uvarov, senior assistant at that famous bureau. And now, from sixteen Empire and twenty-five foreign countries come reports which are analysed and correlated, in order to trace the origin of these migrant locust-clouds, together with the routes of their periodic drift, and the probable causes of spasmic outbreaks which have thus far baffled all theories.

The havoc wrought by this insect scourge is incredible. A South Dakota grain field of 1,600 acres was in a few minutes cut clean to the naked earth, as though by malign magic. The American Congress voted a million dollars for an organised war. Farmers of Nebraska strove in vain to turn the enemy with mile-long fires. There were prayers in the churches while Federal aeroplanes attacked the winged hosts with poison-sprays, which gave but a moment's respite in the oceanic flood. Soon the whole land was a sere brown desert, with entire families trekking southward out of the locust-zone and driving their starving cattle before them. Even the aeroplanes were forced down at last, with their radiators choked with insects.

In Egypt special troops are called out to battle with locusts that drift up from the Soudan, and from Transjordan come urgent appeals to the Cairo Ministry of Agriculture for supplies of the new bacilli of "locust-cholera", to be sent by air with an English scientist who can mix the necessary cultures of destruction. Yet whatever may be done when the swarms are out seems no more than scooping the sea with a bucket. Massed assaults with the flame-guns show spectacular havoc, without really affecting the foe. Another and more passive attack in Sinai with damp bran mash, saturated with arsenic, left a solid belt of dead locusts along the railway that was thirty yards wide and one hundred and thirty miles long.



A life-sized fully-fledged locust

Locusts in Kenya

Our growing Colonies and Territories in East Africa are also menaced, for the locust's range is enormous. One invasive swarm will cover a thousand miles, spreading starvation for man and beast—both wild and domestic—only to vanish as suddenly as it came. The Government of Kenya has been forced to drastic measures, enlisting the black tribes as well as white settlers in common action against this pest. Land-owners are there compelled by law to report and destroy the insects. This curious "war" is intermittent in East Africa. After a long lull, the tropic skies will be abruptly blotted out with countless hosts of reddish bodies whose wings vibrate in unison, as though directed in attack by invisible leaders. "The locusts have no king", as the Book of Proverbs says, "yet they go forth by bands."

"Down they rain", I read in a planter's report from Nairobi, "intent upon destruction of everything that is green and good to eat. Uncountable billions they are,

swirling in the breathless air above us, hopping and crinkling underfoot until the whole earth seems alive with evil. The bush road is soon feet deep in the squirming things. Crunch! Crunch!" My old car fairly skids in the dead-alive mass. Looking back over the hot miles I've come, I can see deep ruts made by my 'flivver' wheels in the hideous morass of insects. It is truly nightmarish.

"Yet I must hurry home to a more effective slaughter. On the farm a diabolic uproar reigns. Our Kikuyu boys, armed with kerosene-tins and sticks, race to and fro in a phantom fog as vague black spectres, screaming like madmen to scare away these flying palls of ruin. Heaps of dry thorn and weeds have been lighted to add to the horror of the scene. Dense smoke rolls up into the hissing clouds, with acrid fumes that sting the eyes and catch the throat. I try to get near my foreman, but I slither and slide in a sickening bog of locusts.

"As I gaze, the grass is melting, my ripe

crops fading away. Even the leaves on the trees grow thinner as I look. Some are already stripped; they stand out stark and forlorn as the greedy locust hordes fly off them to get another target. God, what a blight is this upon all our patient labour in the far land we've made a garden!

"And when it's not the flyers, it's the 'hoppers' that assail us. These youngsters' appetite has to be seen to be believed. As they roll up in mile-wide waves, we work like demons to dig trenches. For a few minutes the tide of invasion appears to be stayed. But the floods behind are endless. Torrents of insects pour down into our defences, and they are soon filled up to the brim. Other black gangs race ahead to dig more pits of protection. Yet we are eaten up! All our coffee and fruits, our 'short-rain' wheat crop—everything that is green—even dead animals that the hyenas and jackals have disdained!"

So that drought and locusts have again and again brought famine upon Kenya Colony. In one region the harassed

although every man and woman was conscripted for the fray, Kenya's maize surplus of 1,500,000 bags dwindled to a mere 175,000 bags for export. All sorts of sleights and crop changes were proposed as likely to mitigate the attacks. Thus farmers growing corn were advised to plant butterbeans. After one visitation it was suggested that unripe wheat should be reaped and used as hay, since the ruin of pastures had put the dairy industry in sore straits for the months ahead.

From very far afield—even from Abyssinia and the Sudan—came swarms of the desert locust upon Kenya in 1928. This invasion grew still fiercer in 1929, and died down in March of 1930. That campaign alone cost the Colony £80,000, plus another £20,000 for relief to farmers in the Embu and Maru districts. Arsenite sprays were used on a great scale by the human defenders. Locust-trains occupied strategic points along the famous Uganda railway, and elaborate motor-units under special Locust Officers carried the war into uninhabited regions of the

country, as well as into the Masai Reserve. Water became scarce. Roads had to be hewn through the jungle by native labour, and the strain upon white leaders in this strange offensive was very great. A single living pall of these insects will cover a country far larger than England. And as with the fish-shoals of our seas, the aerial swarms appear to be telepathically led into pastures new with uncanny assurance. Thus the hosts which infested 85,000 square miles of Tanganyika suddenly broke away into Uganda, to turn south-west and fly round the end of Lake Victoria into the cultivated tracts of Mwanza and Shinyanga. The next stage to be reported was egg-laying on a colossal scale—over 7,000,000 acres!—upon the black Reserves and white settlements of Kenya itself. Here the Governor allotted £5,000 for bran-bait, to be issued free. Of this new weapon some 2,500 tons were issued from the flour-mills of Njoro and Turbo on the railway. Yet here, again, an overwhelming enemy scored. For while the desert locust's hatching takes but an hour or so, his migratory brother is three, or four days in coming to life out

In Kenya itself enormous havoc was wrought in the sugar-fields. Two vast swarms fell out of the tropic blue beyond the high escarpment of the Rift Valley on to the populated Kikuyu Reserve and the rich coffee plantations around Nairobi, the capital. So went a struggle that looked hopeless. In some districts, egg-parasites were employed to help human control. But

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Destroying locusts by a flame-gun barrage

of the long egg-sack. And the wingless "hoppers" do not eat at all during the moulting periods that take them up to the flying stage. Still the fight went on, with poisoned coffee-husks employed when the supplies of bran gave out.

In due time the countless progeny of parent swarms were ready for the road as ever-hungry "hoppers". Now aeroplanes were sent out to follow the insect armies, for fear they should attack the Kikuyu tribal Reserve, which is the chief native food-source of these East African Highlands. But, as usual, the locust legions had their own way. It seems a hopeless task to resist them when a fierce offensive is launched, whether as hoppers or flyers.

In the Kenya war I have been describing, £10,000 was voted for defence. Locusts were steadily devouring the young grain, with the insect cohorts deployed on a front

of four miles, and from fifteen to twenty miles deep. It was a terrifying sight to watch the entire millet-crop of Kavirondo disappearing as the locusts ate through it and left 200,000 Africans short of food. On the white settlers' property, sugar-cane was devoured six times over, and in other districts 80 per cent. of the maize was lost—in one place 50,000 bags from a plantation of 5,000 acres.

So here was war waged on the major scale, with all the black folks in anxious co-operation with locust-officers of the Kenya Government. The Native Councils, too, contributed £8,000 to the defence-chest. No fewer than 50,000 of the sturdy Kavirondo men were engaged at one time on the field of battle, serving without any pay in the common cause against those living floods of destruction. A single white planter took forty tons of dead "hoppers"

from his stricken fields, and reckoned the number at about 14,000,000 insects. These victims, by the way, make good manure for the coffee seedlings. And both in East Africa and the Kalahari country, the black men make a locust-porridge, removing the head and tail as we do with shrimps, then drying and pounding the insects and boiling the stuff in milk.

But when all is done and an African Colony's whole man-power enlisted, the scourge is but little abated. It is clearly necessary to study the obscure biology of the locust, much as the malarial mosquito was studied when even the construction of the Panama Canal was brought to a standstill through the wholesale deaths from yellow fever which its bite produced. At the same time, prevention bristles with difficulty. All over East Africa are inaccessible bush-tracts and thousands of miles of stiff elephant-grass twice as tall as a man. It is here that the locust can breed at will and send forth its stupendous armies. Here also the young "hoppers" can arrive at flying maturity. And then all Africa lies before them, from Morocco to Cape Colony.

So effective war on the Empire scale must needs be planned in the laboratories of London, striking at the very source of locust life and transmitting knowledge gained to such "field-m Marshals" as the Chief Locust Officers of the Departments of Agriculture in Nairobi and Jerusalem. Left to themselves, the coloured races will do little. The sturdy Masai of Kenya Colony have no sort of zest for these locust-wars, nor will any propaganda rouse them to organized labour, even in their own interests. When the locust has eaten up their tribal grazing lands, these giant Masai simply move on with their herds to a district that has escaped. They prefer to leave hopper and flyer campaigns to the King's African Rifles, assisted by "inferior" tribes like the Wakamba, Kikuyu, and Kavirondo.

A Threat to Palestine

In Palestine, too, British troops are called upon to deal with this enemy, both on the ground and in the air, assisted by Arab and Jewish levies. Outside the insect

"War Office" in Jerusalem I stop to read this official bulletin: "Locust campaign.—A large swarm entered Palestine from Transjordan last evening, and settled densely over an area of ten kilometres. The Tiberias and Nazareth Field Companies, working all night by moonlight and using sixteen flame-guns, destroyed enormous masses of this swarm, and survivors of it disappeared into Syrian territory. We have advised the Damascus Ministry by telegram."

I have seen tourist and business motor-cars entering the Jaffa Gate of the Holy City, fairly plastered with dead locusts from the whizzing clouds they have raced through in the north. And I have watched the Haifa Defence Corps charging an enemy that fairly hid the sun, and that fell in their millions before spurts of flame from nearly fifty machines. Our native allies gathered up tons of locusts over a battlefield of seven miles, together with one hundred bushels of their eggs. These last were dumped into empty wells. Then five hundred American ploughs turned over the tainted soil where the females had laid their long "tubes", which are full of future progeny.

It has long been clear that so formidable a menace to the foodstuffs of the world calls for co-ordinated action among the nations. So in May, 1926, an agreement was signed to establish an International Bureau of Intelligence on Locusts. To this treaty, Turkey, Iraq, Transjordan, Palestine, and Syria adhered. These States sought common data and joint action in all research—"stages of evolution of the pest; the known or probable movements of locusts; and the best methods of control and combat".

This work was soon aided by new data amassed by Dr. B. P. Uvarov and published by our own Imperial Bureau of Entomology at South Kensington. But much remains obscure in the life-history of the locust which, even in the larval stage, begins to devour unceasingly—even turning upon its own kind as a "cannibal" when no other food is to be had! What laws affect the propagation of this insect and the instincts of its mass migration? Why are swarms seen in mid-ocean, 1,200 miles from any



A tree before being attacked by locusts

land? Locusts rove all the way from Finland to Argentina, where myriads cover the railway tracks so deeply that trains are actually brought to a standstill, as though derailed in floods or bogs. And the swarming locust seems to be indestructible. In Cyprus one season, 1,600,000,000 egg-sacs were destroyed; here were over 1,300 tons of a potential future visitation. Yet two years later the entire island was swamped with locusts, and egg-cases were again deposited to the fabulous number of 5,076,000,000. And yet flocks of birds follow these swarms and prey upon them as they fly. Predatory insects, too, take prodigious toll of the "hoppers". Then many beetles seek out and eat the locusts' eggs. And lastly, the insect itself carries destructive parasites upon its own elusive body.

The locust is the first insect plague recorded in human annals, yet many of its life-secrets still remain unknown. Nor can it be said that the "wars" I have outlined are any more than palliative measures. The locust may be shrivelled with fire, or pursued by squadrons of 'planes high up in the air. It is poisoned and crushed, trapped in vast trenches or held up by leagues of zinc sheeting. Storks and other avian allies are enlisted in the human fight against an enemy which is but two or three inches long, one that is unprovided with any defence of bite or sting, or armour. For all that, the locust continues to defy all the defensive ingenuity of our civilization.

But now, at long last, British science takes the lead in a decisive campaign. In 1929 the Committee on Locust Control was set up and a scheme of international research and combat outlined. Mr. W. B. Johnston and Mr. Maxwell Darling were named as the spearheads of a new assault in the Sudan and East Africa. The aid of France and Italy as Imperial Powers was likewise sought; and our own Institute of Entomology was agreed upon as a common "G.H.Q." in a new world-campaign.

French experts explored the breeding swamps of the Niger above Timbuctoo; the Italians trailed the locust in Somaliland, and along the Abyssinian borders, whence the "Desert" species is said to radiate all over Africa. Finally, an International Conference sat in Rome to discuss locust "War Debts" and "Reparations" that ran into figures far exceeding those of the Treaty of Versailles. Reports were then arranged from lesser nations, all the way from Rumania to Brazil. Locust research officers were appointed and finance secured, some of it from our own African Colonies, as well as a special grant from the Empire Marketing Board. So were men and money found, and science enlisted in a Grand Alliance against the locust, which demonstrates in a curious way the economic interdependence of all nations.



The same tree afterwards

THIS SIGNALLING ERA

The Coming of Colour Lights

By GEORGE DOW

It has been said that "transportation is civilisation". In the modern world, at any rate, many people are continually on the move; and even the pedestrian finds his movements regulated by traffic signals. George Dow, writer, artist, and a member of the staff of the London & North Eastern Railway, here describes some of the appliances that are being used in "this signalling era."

IS there a time coming when all our journeys by rail, road, sea, air and even on foot will be controlled by "robot" signals? Already the railways, who have ever led the way in the matter of signalling, possess considerable mileage of line protected entirely by automatic signals, which are worked by the trains themselves and require no human intervention. And now the automatic system has appeared upon our roads. Recent developments in this direction on our railways and roads indicate that we are on the threshold of a Signalling Era.

Signalling is a fascinating science and in the broadest meaning of the word covers a multitude of applications. It originated from the need to transmit messages quickly over distances and thus came about the naval and military flag-signalling systems, the smoke signal and later the heliograph, all of which, with the exception of the last named, had been with us long before the introduction of the telegraph, the telephone and wireless. In fact, flag-signalling used by ancient and mediæval mariners, became systematised in the British Navy as long ago as 1665.

The "traffic" signal, as distinct from the "message" signal, appeared soon after the advent of the railways early in the nineteenth century, when it became evident that some form of signalling would be imperative to ensure the safe passage of trains following one another or crossing each other's paths. Curious looking disc and cross bar signals were first used but soon gave way to the now familiar semaphore signal (which first appeared at New Cross in 1841 and is really an imitation of the naval "message" signalling semaphore) with its red or yellow arm, coloured glasses and long burning oil lamp.

Prior to the introduction of these "fixed" signals as they are called, it is quaint to think that the first train in the world that clattered on its way over the Stockton and Darlington Railway—the direct ancestor of the modern L.N.E.R.—was preceded by a man on horseback bearing a red flag, whilst the earliest trains were signalled by tall-hatted, frock-coated policemen, stationed at intervals along the line, waving red or green flags or lamps as the occasion demanded.

With the invention of the electric telegraph, first applied to railway working in 1839, a radical change in the method of railway signalling soon began to take place. The railway lines were divided up into "blocks" or sections, each protected by signals worked from a signal box, and whereas previously one train had been allowed to follow another as soon as a suitable time had elapsed, under the new arrangement two trains were not allowed to be in any one "block" at the same time.

An even greater revolution in railway signalling was made possible with the introduction of a simple device known as the "track circuit," the first in this country being installed in the tunnels outside King's Cross Station in 1894. The contrivance consists of an electric circuit formed by batteries, a relay and a section of railway line, the rails of which are insulated from the adjoining sections. The effect of a train entering a "track circuited" section of line is to cause what may be termed a short circuit, for the normal flow of the electric current through the relay is immediately diverted to pass through the wheels and axles of the train.

Upon the action of this simple device depend practically all the refinements of modern railway signalling—the automatic signals worked by the trains; the wonderful illuminated working diagrams in the big signal boxes, by which signalmen can watch and control the movements of trains without actually seeing them; and the electric locking of levers so that the signalman simply cannot pull any lever unless the line is clear, to name but a few.

Nearly 600 miles of railway in Great Britain are now guarded by automatic signals, either of the semaphore or colour light type. The power for working these "robot" signals is provided by all-electric, electro-pneumatic, electro-gas or low-pressure pneumatic systems for semaphore signals, and by all-electric or electro-pneumatic systems for colour light signals. The electro-pneumatic principle is, however, only applied to colour light signals where moving coloured glasses work in front of a lamp with a clear lens, a type of signal which is to be found chiefly on the London Underground, as it is unsuitable for daylight working.

The colour light signal as we know it today, and which has now arrived to give us our marching orders on the road, first appeared in this country in 1921 on the Liverpool Overhead Railway and afterwards spread to other lines. The signal consists of an iron case having separate compartments, each fitted with an electric lamp

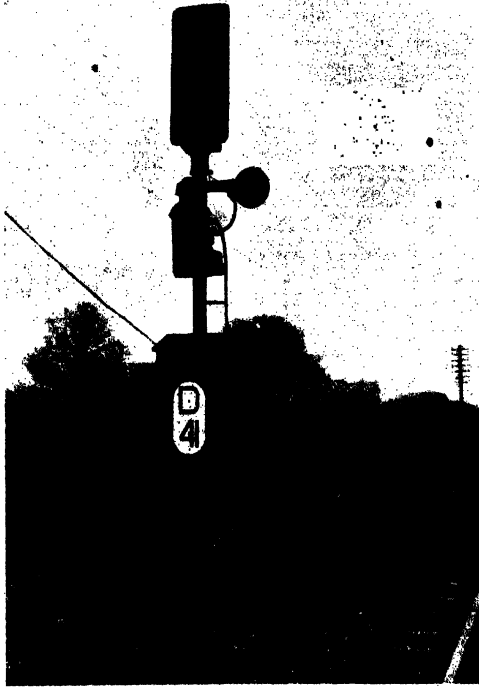
and a coloured lens, usually assembled one above the other. The lenses are fashioned so that a beam of coloured light is thrown for a distance of anything up to 1,000 yards. The whole unit is either mounted on a tubular post or fixed to a convenient bridge or other structure.

Three indications are usually displayed—a red light for "Stop", a yellow light for "Caution, next signal at Stop" and a green light for "All Clear". On the Southern Railway, some colour light signals show a fourth "aspect"—two yellow lights—to indicate that the line is clear up to the next two signals. This fourth aspect has been found to be of value where trains of widely differing speeds and braking powers have to travel over the same metals.

The colour light signal has proved to be of great advantage in foggy weather owing to the penetrating power of the beams of coloured electric light. The fogman with his brazier and the detonator with its ear-splitting explosion can be

banished, whilst the trains are run more safely and more speedily. Owing to its compactness, the colour light signal can be located closely to the engine driver's line of vision, and in addition it is easier and cheaper to maintain, because of the absence of moving parts.

A most ingenious recent installation, the first of its kind in this country, is to be found on a $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles stretch of the L.N.E.R. East Coast main line just south of Darlington,



An automatic "approach lit" colour light signal, operated and illuminated entirely by the trains themselves.

where, with the aid of track circuits, a number of these signals are operated *and illuminated* entirely by the trains themselves. This method of working is known as the "approach lighting" of signals which, simply explained, is that normally the lamps are extinguished and the red, yellow or green light indicating the state of the line ahead is only displayed upon the approach of a train just before it comes within sighting distance of the signal. Once the train has passed, the signal light is switched off and is illuminated again only when another train approaches.

Approach lighting will also be applied to

state of affairs had arisen, although it is interesting to recall that as far back as 1868 the London Police experimented with gas light signals as a means of controlling traffic, the trial being discontinued on account of defects in the apparatus. Primarily intended to lessen street congestion by speeding up the movement of vehicles and at the same time to alleviate the burden placed on the police, there is no doubt that it has also brought increased safety to the pedestrian and motorist alike, particularly at busy crossings. In New York City alone there are now over 5,700 traffic signals.

Approach lighting has not yet been tried out on our roads, but its appearance is near at hand. A new system known as "electromatic" street traffic control, already in use in 200 cities in the U.S.A., by which every vehicle approaching a crossing automatically regulates its right of way in relation to the claims of other vehicles approaching from other directions, was laid down experimentally this year in London at the intersection of Gracechurch Street and Cornhill. The encouraging results obtained have already led to further installations in London and the suburbs, whilst the first provincial installation has appeared at Salford, Manchester.

The arrangement consists of the usual colour light signals located at the crossing, which are worked through a controller by means of steel detector pads placed in the road and fitted flush with the road surface about 70 yards from the crossing. With this device, the rule "first come, first served" is observed. The first vehicle to pass over (and thereby slightly depress) a detector pad secures the right of way at an unoccupied intersection. In the event of a car approaching an intersection where the traffic on the other road is continuous, a maximum period is started by the controller when the car crosses the detector pad. At the end of this period the continuous flow will be interrupted and the waiting vehicle given right of way. In short, the operation of the signals is controlled by the speed and order of approaching vehicles. The application of approach lighting to this system would be a natural development.

Pedestrians, Ships and Aeroplanes.

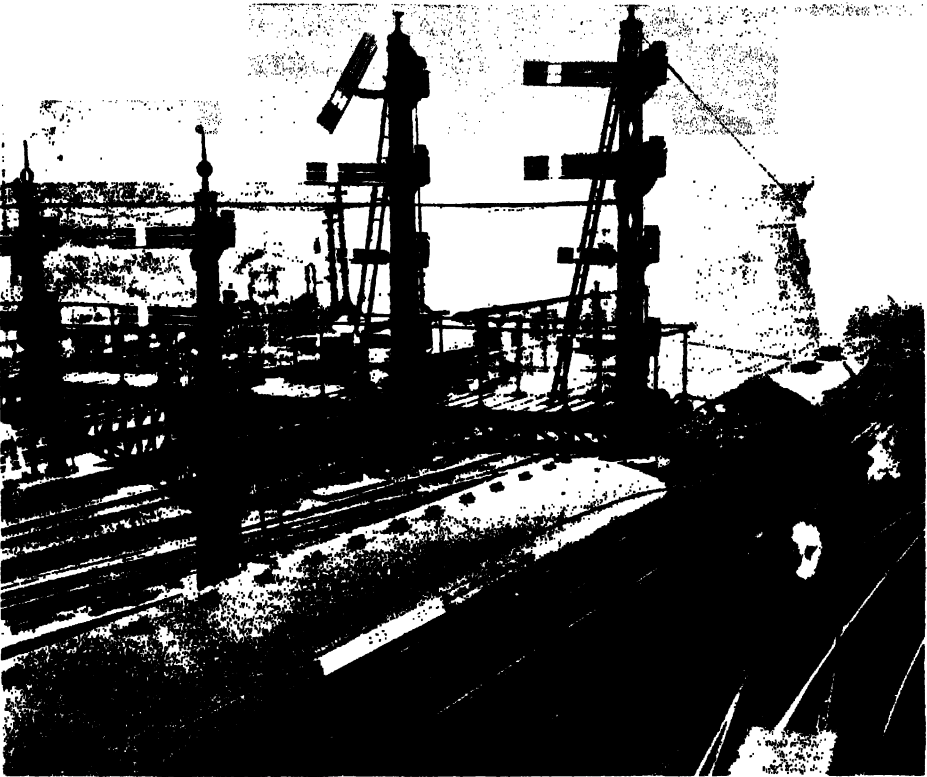
And how are signals affecting our journeys on foot, by sea and by air? So far as pedestrians are concerned, no real "pedestrian traffic" signals have yet appeared, although attempts have been made to persuade these individuals to cross the road at specified places, whilst in London the colour light signals at Ludgate Circus are equipped with side lights labelled "Pedestrians" which show red when the road traffic lights are green and vice versa. Trials have also

been made with traffic signals fitted with push buttons whereby a pedestrian may stop traffic for a period sufficient for him to cross the road. Signals of this kind first appeared at Manchester, but they have been abandoned after a year's trial owing to the very fact that pedestrians neglected to make use of the innovation. Better results seem to have been achieved with two of these signals experimentally installed this year at Croydon, where it has now been decided to erect more of them.

Traffic signalling for shipping and aircraft is an altogether different question from that of other forms of transport owing to the absence of fixed routes such as railway lines or roads. Coloured lights are, of course, carried by ships and aeroplanes, but these really serve the same purpose as the head and tail lamps on a motor-car and cannot be treated as traffic signals. At sea-ports and airports, too, coloured lights and also powerful electric beacons are used, but only to indicate location or to convey messages.

The Future.

What does the future hold? What will be the position fifty years hence? It is safe to predict that we shall witness enormous strides in the perfection and extension of signalling devices both on rail and road. On the railways the colour light signal will continue to oust the familiar semaphore, even though the present signalling arrangements are well-nigh perfect so far as safety is concerned. Apart from the question of safety, the movement of trains can be speeded up and considerable economies in operation can be made by the use of modern automatic signalling devices. We have only to look to the Post Office tube railway in London, where diminutive driverless mail trains are electrically operated from a central source, to realise the extent to which automatic working can be carried out. It is quite possible to apply this system to much larger units and so it is but anticipating the future to envisage the driverless train on electrified railways. In this event, no visual signals will be necessary and thus



Courtesy of L.N.E.R.]

A "block" on a railway line. Only one train is allowed in a "block" at any time.

would the colour light signal be relegated to the past.

On the roads, however, the colour light signal has come to stay, and with the perfection of automatic working, it will no doubt eventually lead to the total disappearance of the point duty policeman. Already this year it has been decided to provide colour light signals at no less than 150 points in London, thereby releasing large numbers of police for the more important task of dealing with crime. It is likely that the majority of future installations will favour the electromatic system, which although expensive, at most costs less than a constable and possesses the great advantage of adapting itself to the varying flow of traffic. It is also highly probable that long before the time comes when the

pavements in our big cities are elevated, the pedestrian will be compelled by law to cross the road at specified places, which will of course be protected by automatic signals.

With the continued growth of air traffic, we shall see the marking out of trunk air routes by means of a system of powerful electric beacons so many miles apart, which would do much to lessen the difficulties of air navigation at night and in foggy weather. In this respect we are far behind Germany, where already no less than 1,085 miles of airways are lighted by 135 beacons. The traffic signal of the earth is never likely to appear in the heavens—and Heaven forbid congestion of the air, for the sakes of our descendants!

FAREWELL MANHATTAN

New York in the Depths of Depression

By GEORGE BRANDT

The writer of this article, who has recently been visiting Europe, is a correspondent of the American REVIEW OF REVIEWS AND WORLD'S WORK. His clever sketch of New York today is very much alive, without being exaggerated. It is illustrated by an original drawing for which we are indebted to Guy Sabran, the well-known Parisian artist.

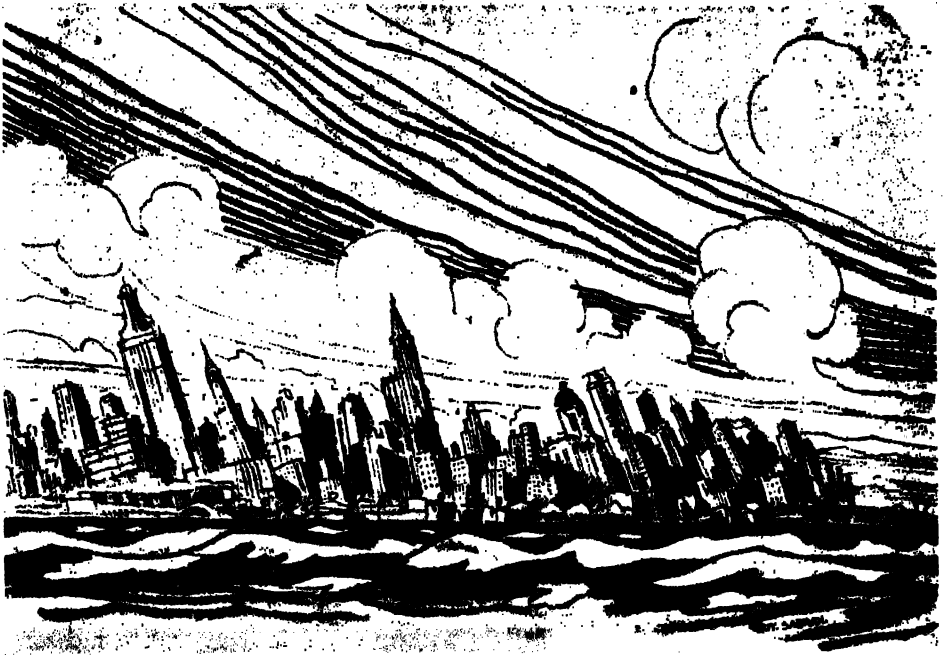
I
NEW York to-day is a vast disappointment to the traveller. It is actually becoming human, and that is really inexcusable for a city whose proudest boast has been its inhumanity. The foreign visitor, who half expects Liberty statue to carry a machine-gun, and who often fears the prospect of sky-scraper sickness, knows exactly what Manhattan *should* be. "Towering pyramids, endless rows of stamped-out windows, jangling 'Ls' and roaring subways, traffic charging in waves, a city where individualism perishes in a mad whirl of noises, speakeasies, and walls." This is the orthodox portrait he has seen in a thousand novels and countless articles: so definite in its pattern that its very expression reeks with platitudes.

Now even New Yorkers gloried in the "cruel impersonality" of the town, in pre-depression days. Its bilious complexion, its elbowing crowds, its dog-eat-dog manner were all sources of joy to its becrusted soul. On Broadway it has long been a stock formula to show the action of Manhattan's mill, pounding realism into provincial simpletons. Ever since Ford Madox Ford said that New York is not America there has been a pitched battle between the city and those others within the continent not lucky enough to dwell inside its grimy gates. New York has long patted its municipal back on its difference, and like a perverse missionary tried to convert the nation to its materialistic creed. The spectacle (as Beerbohm might say) was all very sad. The snobbish New Yorker disturbed the self-righteous American, annoyed the European, and amused the psychologist. All this was before the crash.

New Yorkers held an ambiguous position. Supported by the resources of all the states,

and controlling the destiny of the nation they still insisted that their city was an extension-wing of Europe. "West of the Hudson lies America." The vast Middle West was summarized for them in *Main Street* and *Babbitt*. The fact that Sinclair Lewis was awarded the Nobel Prize goes far toward indicating that his satiric view of American life coincides with the European as well. But just as we in America too often fail to realise that England and Europe are constantly changing, so does the foreigner sometimes fail to comprehend the amazing speed with which our country transform itself. Even Lewis admits that America seems to be growing up, and H. L. Menckel finds himself casting poisoned arrows at a target that no longer exists. For the United States has "gone sophisticated", and with a vengeance. *Babbitt* has had ample opportunity to see the error of his ways, and with startling speed he has foresworn his "solid American qualities" for a new national manner. The standardisation that visitor deplore has set the new pattern. Uncle Sam, with hay-seed still lurking in his cuffs now pretends to enjoy Proust. Shop-girl dissect the symbolisms in *Lady Chatterley's Lover* and *Ulysses*. Sometimes civilisation is purchased at too great a cost.

No longer is it heresy to argue the value of a million dollars. Never have people had less, and never have they seemed to care less about the little they have. Of course many who once shouted the "Bigger and better", and "Keep smiling" battle-cries are now on the wailing-wall. This sudden shift presents an incongruous spectacle to those who knew the balloon must finally burst. It also shows how thin was the optimism of the Rotarian in a pinch, and the lack of real sportsmanship in a country



"MANHATTAN"

of Olympic champions. Babbitt was essentially a racketeer, in a stage of national development in which everything from government down to love was conducted in the sane, well-balanced manner of a mining-camp. That stage has gone forever. Like the Indian chief, Babbitt was a passing figure. And as always in a transition period, the pendulum now swings to an extremity of "sophistication". The conditions that have made this change are those that have finally humanised Manhattan. The change was inevitable. If it has lessened the violent glamour of New York, it has done much for the morale of the nation. These conditions I shall describe. I do not say *explain*, for they are really quite obvious. That is perhaps why they are so seldom understood.

II

IN a nation of avowed democracy, New York has clung to class-distinction. To the visitor the sight of a regal apartment-house rubbing shoulders with a decrepit

tenement, and the total lack of communion between them, has been a unique sight. Geographically, at least, the rich and the poor have long been neighbours. And now, miracle of miracles, they seem actually to have joined hands. Millionaires on paper (and there were some forty thousand) now realise their money never really existed. The pent-houses for which they paid fifty thousand and up yearly, the night-clubs at which they paid five dollars for a glass of lemonade, and the imposing playhouses which they patronised, are now out of their impoverished reach. Park Avenue debutantes frequent cheap speakeasies hidden away in old slum-buildings. Here they tread sawdust floors, play ping-pong with Italian labourers, and pay the beer-bills of jobless boy-friends. Society matrons so recently as a year ago still suffered delusions of grandeur. They hired young Hindu seers (usually from the Bronx) to chart their celestial destinies. They lavished Duesenbergs on psychologists who endowed them with exclusive neuroses. But now that

they are dining at the Automat rather than the Ritz, they have awakened to the sad reality that their feet are of clay. And the gentlemen of pseudo-science, have silently folded their tents and departed.

New York, like all America, is in a remarkably bad way. Panhandlers swarm on every block. Bread-lines number many who look as though they might once have adorned bright society. The increase in the mentally-unbalanced is distinctly noticeable. I know of one man who has taken to raising ducks in his bedroom. Practically all of the great new apartment-buildings are in receivership. (These include London Terrace, reputedly the world's largest, where doormen sport headgears copied from the London Bobby's.) It is said that no Manhattan hotel is making expenses. Such leading hostelries as Pierre's and the St. Moritz have been placed under the hammer, and it is secretly rumoured that the new Waldorf-Astoria, which cost twenty-seven millions, may close down for two years. Even the Empire State Buildings, subsidised by the National Relief Fund, is a wilderness in stone. They tell of visitors who have ventured into the unmarked wastes of its upper eighty floors, only to stagger back to civilisation weeks later, half-starved and babbling of weird mirages.

What has brought on these reverses, making a Job of Croesus, and a mausoleum of Manhattan? Just what can it mean? Nothing, except that New York, like all America, has put itself "on the spot". It is not a pretty sight to see a man riddled with bullets. It is even less edifying to see a nation take itself for "a ride". So, unless the visitor takes a macabre interest in self-destruction, he will find New York a very sorry, and a very different place from the roaring, vital monstrosity that once justified its appellation "Bagdad on the subway". The walls still stand, the "Ls" still rumble by, speakeasies have nearly abdicated to cordial shops that hand out liquor prices to passers-by, but the drive, the tempo, the vast impersonality is gone. The electricity that Paul Morand claims caused sparks with handshakes now carries the messages of radio blues-singers. The United

States was a "racket", ruled by super-Capone New York. And, as any good parable proves, evil will out. Our racket is done for. Probably never again can we "muscle into" and dominate world-markets to the extent we once did. Our economic empire was built on a manufacturing monopoly. We had produced for international demands, and constantly planned for future expansion, forgetting that England and Europe, too, were building factories. We watered stocks past any possible justification in normal times. Our railroads, steel-mills, chain-stores drew far more capital than their actual value justified. The great companies destroyed competition in the smaller cities. We forgot our dependence upon resources of the soil, in an orgy of Wall Street inflation. The cities flourished mightily: no one seemed willing to be just a farmer. When the boom was finished, so were we. It must be a source of satisfaction to our new competitors, in their own tribulations. But we, rather than any other nation, may gain most from our chastisement. We may gain humanity--and common sense.

Misery loves company. New York is far from optimistic. "Prosperity is just around the corner." Thus, New York finds itself suddenly democratic. Doormen actually force smiles, the ushers at Roxy's movie-cathedral now help old ladies up the marble stairs, department stores now permit customers to see and actually touch what they may possibly buy. The bon-vivant, the supercilious snob, even financially-irresponsible Jimmie Walker, no longer enjoy the reverence of the people. The "Block-Aid" relief drive, in which the luckier in each block help the unfortunate, has caused penthouse aristocrats to visit the charwomen next door for the first time in their lives, and has reawaked something of the spirit of "little old New York". Before the crash we actually believed the Manhattan manner was a necessary result of a special environment. We believed that congestion, and competition, and racial differences, and the very size of the city made a definite and irradicable change in its residents. Thus a myth arose of the unique Manhattan type:

hard, selfish, outspoken, yet aloof. André Siegfried, being both an able economist and a rationalist, disagreed with the verdict of Ford Madox Ford. To him the city was definitely in the United States. No one, apparently, believed him, least of all New Yorkers. It damaged the ego.

But New York is American. In an economic sense it is the very essence of Americanism. It is also, however, the intellectual capital of the nation; the dictator in modes and morals. Its leadership filters slowly into the backways, but it is always, directly or indirectly, the model. Its glamour has been as vitalising to our people as has Paris to the Frenchman. And with bettered facilities for communication, its dominance has increased.

The United States was founded upon a credo of equality, but nowhere has there developed a more actual aristocracy than ours of wealth. Dunn's financial survey is our Almanack de Gotha. It took years, and all the labours of Lewis, Mencken, and the New York literati to "civilise" simple Uncle Sam. They made him a figure who begins to comprehend there are other countries than his own, who patronises good music and drama, and reads the better novels (even though he may not always understand them). And now that his tutors have made enough money to scorn it, his goal is to discredit his reputation for "knowing the price of everything and the value of nothing." Manhattan, possessing some ninety per cent of all American wealth, naturally dictates proper evaluations. The culture-racket has prospered mightily, for Uncle Sam has been an earnest pupil. New York may possibly not be America. The truth may be that America is now New York.

The results of Uncle Sam's schooling have been most delectable. The Manhattanite's position is too often founded on dubious practices. Human enough to have a conscience, he did his level best to discredit the inner voice as a rudimentary vestige, without meaning in a machine-world. Himself walled in by buildings, he ridiculed the peace, tranquility, and green fields he did not possess. His new guides for proper

behaviour, such as the "New Yorker" magazine, scoffed at the simple pleasures of unfortunate Americans living somewhat normally. Thus, the family garden became a positive disgrace. Hamlets of a few hundred even considered abandonment of all private homes for a community skyscraper. Psychologists were called in to demonstrate that emotion of any sort was a sign of dementia. Pragmatic philosophy became Manhattan's high-sounding excuse for materialism, and America's "sophisticates" quickly took its sacrament. In certain sections of the truly elect there became a fixed procedure for a smart suicide. Newspapers were filled with the demises of young men who leapt (never less than twenty stories) with a copy of Nietzsche in one hand and one of Schopenhauer in the other. Bruce Barton published proof that Jesus was really a business man. And so the self-righteousness of the cultured racketeer was complete. But just as everything seemed most auspicious, came "the depression". It sent pretences flying.

III

NEW York to-day is a vast disappointment to the traveller. It has lost the diamond-hard manner of its heyday. There was something very appropriate about the old frigidity of Manhattan crowds. It seemed harmonious with the granite cliffs. It gave a mocking challenge to the visitor accustomed to commonplace politeness. The throngs rolled by with a stimulating freshness. To-day they seem to eddy, stagnantly. Burlesque shows, flea-circuses, and medicine-men crowd Forty-Second Street. People stop to chat on Broadway corners. Hardly a riveting-machine can be heard. Even the subway guards push crowds into the cars with foreboding listlessness. The roaring capital of wheels is losing caste. "Be modern" is a mockery. People now actually dare to eulogise the country. They smile. They stop. They talk. Prices are the lowest for decades, but still people complain. Landlords give away rooms, just to keep houses filled, and even then tenants won't sign leases. It is a pitiful sight to see people leaving for Europe

because they can't afford to stay any longer at home. The New York of two years ago seems a delirious dream. In two years it has grown at least fifteen years younger. I haven't seen wine drunk from a lady's shoe recently, but I expect to any day. Last month I saw a tandem bicycle on Fifth Avenue. I have made up my mind that when I marry my bride will wear a bustle. One must keep up with the times.

The future is dark indeed. It looks as though a good many clerks and farmers will have to give up their Packards. Factories will just have to gnash their gears, try to forget their spree-days, and produce for consumers. Watered stocks make fine wall-patches. Several million immigrants may have to learn English. But somehow we'll muddle through. What else can we do? Of course, we *may* see some governmental innovations, but we're used to innovations. (Going hungry has been quite a novelty to bond-salesmen.) At least we don't see those "Keep Smiling" signs any more. And its worth sacrificing a great deal to attain that pleasure. Babbitt is taking his poverty with suitable "sophistication". All season in New York he's been going to the New Amsterdam theatre to see his sorrows dramatised in "Face The Music". Manhattan is losing some hundred thousand inhabitants a year. Stores have been forced to come out and brazenly advertise baby-clothes. Young men and women who have sought their fortunes in the city are writing home "Set another place at the table, Ma". Parents on the old homestead are dusting off the fatted pig. The Department of Agriculture reports a boom free-seed year. Rockefeller City is to have trees and flower gardens on its innumerable etherial levels. Uncle Sam is no sooner civilised than he has to leave the town and take to the fields. And even New York now imports rustic garnishing!

It is just possible that Uncle Sam no longer stands in awe of New York because he's finally seen through its pose. He must thank the "depression" for showing it was

human after all. I suppose visitors, and even New Yorkers, should accept the revelation with joy. But somehow Manhattan to-day doesn't seem real. It's less real than it was at its wildest. After all, it was built for the old regime. Crowds shouldn't stroll by its sky-scrapers: they should sweep by, like a strong blast of wind. People shouldn't stop and talk; they shouldn't smile. They should hurry along, tight-lipped and a little green, as they used to do. That fits in with "towering pyramids, endless rows of stamped-out windows, jangling 'Ls' and roaring subways". It lends credence to the statement that the people are mere cogs in a world of impersonal wheels. There's something decadent about languorous crowds, and New York's distinction has been that it is most dynamically-alive of all the world's cities. It's nice, in a way, to know that the people around you aren't mere automatons, but somehow things lately have become pretty stale and ordinary. It's only right that a few cities be "different". It's a tonic to the imagination.

The traveller knows what to expect in New York. Externally, he will find what he wants. Spiritually he will feel something missing. I hope it returns. We know now that the Manhattan manner was all just a pose. But we can pretend to forget our discovery. Some other cities may try to deny this is the twentieth century. New York ought to remember this is 1932. That tandem bicycle was a sacrilege. New York is of to-day. Uncle Sam is finally effete. Now let him worry along alone. He has been chastised sufficiently. He should, by now, have gained some humanity and common sense. So should have New York, for our purses have proved it is still America. But Manhattan mustn't have *too much* of either humanity or common sense, for it was built on neither and if it is an erratic creation, it *has* been a vivid, alive one. The world needs at least one New York. For the sake of the foreign traveller, if no one else, I hope it snaps out of it.

FILM TOPICS

The Marx Brothers

LIKE liability to disease, reactions to the Marx Brothers' humour are subject to no general law. Either you like them, in which case *Horse Feathers*, their new film at the Plaza, will send you hysterical with laughter. Or you do not, in which case you will agree with one notable critic that *Horse Feathers* is "quite the stupidest, dullest, vulgarest attempt to be funny these horseplay comedians have ever committed."

In neither case will you be able to find much reason for your like or dislike. For *Horse Feathers*, like most of the Marx Brothers' films is such a mad jumble of satire and nonsense, horseplay and humour, that to fit it into any of the known categories from which reasons are usually derived is an all but impossible task.

It might be called a revup, for its successive scenes and turns are held together by the thinnest thread of a plot. Groucho—probably better known as the Marx brother with the black moustache and the glasses—is principal of a college. Owing to the poor quality of its football the college is nearly bankrupt, and Groucho sets out for the nearest speakeasy to find football players who will restore its reputation.

The players he discovers, needless to say, are not players at all, but Harpo and Chico, disguised this time respectively as a dog-catcher and an ice-man. Nevertheless, by their original methods of play—which include the dropping of banana-skins under their opponents' feet—they succeed in winning the game for the college.

SO much for the plot. It is the irrelevant incidents that count. There is, first, Harpo the dog-catcher, who carries two folding lamp-posts in his van—large for mastiff and small for pекinese; sets them up when he sees a dog coming; and awaits with a net. That may be vulgar: it is certainly funny. No less funny is his banana in a zipper jacket, or his Ben Hur ride in a dustbin over the football field.

Then there is Chico. He plays the piano with his usual inimitable buffoonery; when asked to seal a document produces a live seal; and as temporary doorkeeper of the speakeasy back-chats with Groucho.

Lastly there is Groucho himself. He has been seen to better advantage, notably in *The Cocoa-*

nuts, the first Marx Brothers' film shown in England. But he is still entertaining, not least when, in his inauguration as the new president of the college, he leads a chorus of venerable and bearded professors in a dance around the platform.

THIS inauguration, in fact, sets the note of the film and is the key to the Marx Brothers' humour. Their antics have little of Charlie Chaplin's humanity or play on human weakness, still less of his emotional appeal. They are hard, bright absurdities, remote from human experience and arousing laughter by their remoteness. They are also, by the same token, a welcome relief from the overstrained sentiment of ninety-nine out of every hundred films.

Moreover, along with this relief there goes an allusion, obvious but never accentuated, to the unintentional absurdities of the ninety-nine films. When Groucho plays the fool on the platform he is, perhaps unintentionally, mocking the pomp of the pompous film. When Groucho, Harpo, and Chico in turn make buffoon love to the college widow they are mocking the over-amorousness of the amorous film. And when Harpo goes on the mad chariot-ride over the football field he is mocking the heroics of the would-be heroic film.

From one point of view, indeed, *Horse Feathers* might be regarded, in subject, treatment, and incident, as Hollywood's satire on itself. That, however, is only one point of view. There are a dozen other points of view from which the Marx Brothers' clowning may be seen. And from each, unless your brow is very near the skies, they are good.

W. H. H.

THE CLEANER

"Hollywood is the most respectable place I have ever visited," says a famous traveller. Hollywood is unperturbed. It has been attacked in this manner before.—*Humorist*.

It is estimated that Hollywood turns out 5,000 different films a year. Well, the titles are different.—*Sunday Express*.

Film Notes

PALACE. *Grand Hotel*.

There is a whole firmament of stars in this adaptation of Miss Vicki Baum's novel—the Barrymores, Greta Garbo, Wallace Beery, and Lewis Stone. There is also a "legitimate" theatre for its presentation, and for the first performance there was an all-night queue. The stars inevitably clash a little, and, equally inevitably, occasionally dominate the screen to a greater extent than is justified by their parts. But the story is good, the acting good, and the direction fair.

REGAL. *Arms and the Man* and *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*.

How a person with such supreme common sense as Mr. Bernard Shaw ever allowed *Arms and the Man* to be filmed is beyond understanding. This first-class play might, under a brilliant director, have been made a second-class film. As it is it is barely third-class. *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm* is a competent version of Kate Douglas Wiggin's story.

ACADEMY. *Madchen in Uniform*.

This German film of a Potsdam school for the daughters of officers well deserved revival. Many

people, fearful of sentiment, left the chance of seeing it at its first production until it was too late. They should not miss the second chance. There has never been a more delicate nor a more truthful study of adolescence.

TIVOLI. *The First Year*.

Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell in a mild-comedy of the first year of married life in small American town. It follows the familiar Gaynor-Farrell sentimental lines. But their sentiment is generally good, and this film nearly as good as their best.

DOMINION. *By Whose Hand*.

Sensation in good measure. Five murders; two escaped convicts; an embezzler; a drug addict; an express train running uncontrolled at full speed. If you liked Pearl White when the films were young you will like this reversion to her film methods.

EMPIRE. *Speak Easily*.

Two stars to perfection combined. Buster Keaton is a professor, led by false reports of inherited wealth into provincial theatricals, and "Schnozzle" Durante his foil. By maintaining his professional manner in the theatrical world Buster turns a doubtful musical comedy into a successful farce, and so provides us again with a sample of that individual humour of which he is a master.

FILM SOCIETY.

For the benefit of those film fans who are not already members, it is worth while noting that this society's season begins soon. It is rather naively "revolutionary" at times, but it can be relied upon to produce half a dozen excellent films, otherwise inaccessible, every year.

THE GLEANER

We heard a voice in the Fenland yesterday—the stern, strong voice of the man who is determined that the Empire shall prosper. Oh! that that voice could have been heard all over Britain as it was in Frampton House Park, South Lincolnshire, by the Employees' Association of Messrs. Dennis, the great potato firm, and the thousands of farmers and labourers who had come to hear. Lord Beaverbrook had come at the invitation of Mr. Frank Dennis, President of the Association.—*Sunday Express*.

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BOOKS OF THE MONTH

A BRILLIANT GERMAN CRITIC

THREE ESSAYS. By Thomas Mann. (*Martin Secker. 7s. 6d.*)

(By Arthur Waugh)

Germany is a fruitful forcing-ground for cultural criticism, and the three essays which compose Mr. Thomas Mann's short volume, while widely different from one another in scheme and scope, are intensively German in tone and attitude. They are indeed representative of the most acute and humane aspects of modern Germany's contributions to literary and historical judgment.

To say that they are characteristically German is not to suggest any retarding limitation to their outlook and appeal. Certain foibles of the German temperament are commonly familiar, and reappear in Mr. Mann's manner and method. His attack upon the reader, for example, is direct, as from the dais of the lecturer rather than the desk of the essayist; and he continually displays the congenital passion of the German to preach to his reader, to dogmatize, and to let his inductive method swing widely from the individual to the universal. In Mr. Mann's own phrase, he is "lured by a pedantic enthusiasm deeper and deeper into this folk-tale", setting the individual artist in his relation to the national ideal, and the national ideal in its relation to the aspiration of humanity. But, if the aim is didactic, the manner is vivid, picturesque, and humane. Even in the course of his most intricate argument, the judge is always, first and foremost, a fellow-creature.

Of the three examples of Mr. Mann's criticism here offered for our instruction, the longest and by far the most ambitious is the comparison and contrast of the two great and representative national figures, Goethe of Germany, and Tolstoy of Russia. At first sight the pair might well seem irreconcilable. Goethe is the essential product of the eighteenth century and Tolstoy of the nineteenth; Goethe's quest was the reconciliation of self with nature, ennobling the personality and lifting it to the godhead; while Tolstoy laboured to beat down the tyranny of natural instincts, to renounce the self, almost, as it were, dehumanizing humanity in despair of attaining to the stature of godliness.

Mr. Mann finds a bridge between the two temperaments in the dominant influence of Rousseau, with its gospel of humanity and human effort, and its natural impulse to put itself into the confessional, and confront its judgment with the fruits of its own experience. The closer that end

approximates to its own ideal, the wider grows its scope, the profounder its significance, until the philosopher comes to anchor in a haven of inspired egoism, realizing and harmonizing the self as a mirror of the universe. The man who loves himself, learns, in short, to love the world as well.

This penetrating essay in literary and spiritual interpretation is followed by a character-sketch of Frederick the Great, which will be generally recognized as one of the most brilliantly condensed pieces of literary portraiture that any modern historian has achieved. It opens with a picture of the young Frederick as he appeared at the time of his accession, a dissolute free-thinker, a pert philosopher and *litterateur*, totally unmilitary in taste, effeminate in his preferences, with a heart set upon pomps and vanities. The world around him anticipated an immediate reversal of all his father's standards, but the world was disappointed. Like the England of Henry V, the Germany of Frederick II was suddenly confronted by an astounding transformation in youthful prodigality, by the hardening of the young man of pleasure into the arduous and responsible monarch, the reformer, where reform was needed, of the spirit rather than the letter, the intriguing architect of his country's fortunes "particularly solitary and particularly sly."

This essay in biography is a brilliant piece of exposition, written with ardour and abundant sympathy, with all the high lights glittering. It is the portrait of a devoted, detested, triumphant slave of duty, who thought like a philosopher, but acted like a king. The conflict in Frederick's nature of "right and might, thought and action, freedom and destiny, reason and demon, bourgeois morality and heroic necessity" sustained him through a cataclysm which was to prove perhaps the severest test that any statesman had ever to face, revealing him under the ordeal as an apparently miraculous compound of Don Quixote and the Wandering Jew. He was the instrument of destiny, the destiny of a great people, forging its future with naked sword, under the leadership of "a sort of hobgoblin, a spiteful, sexless troll, for the destruction of whom a hundred million men toiled to exhaustion but in vain."

Finally, by way, as it were, of showing his range and versatility, Mr. Mann winds up a wise, penetrating, and often profound collection of criticism with a piece of plain and entertaining narrative, a record of strange experiences and nervous emotions at a spiritualistic seance. He went to

the meeting as a frank sceptic, he saw things which he could not explain, and he came home puzzled and uncertain of his bearings. The course of events is traced with admirable clearness, the "manifestation" is made absolutely eerie in effect; and the reader is left in complete sympathy with the narrator's confession that he would like to visit such a gathering just once more, and then "put the whole thing out of his mind for ever after." It is a trifle, in comparison with the rest of the book; but it is a trifle trembling on the edge of the vast.

LAWRENCE AND DIVINATION

ETRUSCAN PLACES. By D. H. Lawrence. (*Secker*. 15s.)

(By E. B. C. Jones)

Writing of the tomb-paintings of Tarquinia, Lawrence says:

"The artist must often have seen those priests, the augurs, out on the high places watching the flight of larks or pigeons across the quarters of the sky. They were reading the signs and portents. . . To us it may seem foolish. To them, hot-blooded birds flew through the living universe as feelings and premonitions fly through the breast of a man, or as thoughts fly through the mind. . . And since all things corresponded in the ancient world, and man's bosom mirrored itself in the bosom of the sky, or *vice versa*, the birds were flying to a portentous goal. . . If the augur could see the birds flying in his heart, then he would know which way destiny too was flying for him. . . Prayer, or thought, or studying the stars, or watching the flight of birds. . . It is all the same process, ultimately: of divination. . . An act of pure attention, if you are capable of it, will bring its own answer. And you choose that object to concentrate upon which will best focus your consciousness. . . The soul stirs, and makes an act of pure attention, and that is discovery."

It was as objects as "foci for consciousness" that Lawrence, at different times in his career, chose Aaron Sisson and his symbolic flute, the Mexican Indian, the snake drinking at the well, the boy happy in the Australian bush: he was throughout his life "making acts of pure attention" for purposes of divination. What he wished to divine was that desirable state of soul, that better balance of the faculties, that relation of man to the Universe which all religions, including psycho-analysis, seek to establish and which Lawrence believed (as do the supporters of an aistoric Eden, and of the Noble Savage) to have been possessed by humanity, and lost. This is the

subject of all his works, and it makes him primarily a prophet, for whom art was a subsidiary matter. He had, in common with many other people, a strong intuition of what life ought to be, and here objectifies it into a theory of what life was for the Etruscans. His minute, vivid, highly, satisfactory descriptions of their tomb-paintings are interlarded with statements of what he feels their symbols to have meant and their special, unconscious attitude towards existence to have been

"It is as if the current of some strong different life swept through them, different from our shallow current of today: as if they drew their vitality from different depths that we are denied."

He finds in their art "Simplicity, combined with a most peculiar, free-breasted naturalness and spontaneity." Such words are familiar to readers of Lawrence: these qualities were to be found however intermittently, in Lady Chatterley's lover Lawrence is expressing his own deepest self, as few are able to do; for this the book is valuable, whatever his actual views on the Etruscans are worth. He was often silly; but he was always trying to say something extremely difficult to say, and which it is very likely of the first importance that it should be said.

This book has other virtues. Lawrence was unrivalled in his generation in his gift for conveying the atmosphere of place. At Vulci, the Etruscan tombs are unadorned; he therefore concentrates his genius on a landscape with figures in his purest vein. Also, the book is illustrated by admirable photographs, and those which face pages 68, 72, 74, 77, 78, 114 and 126, fully support Lawrence's enthusiasm about the earlier paintings of this mysterious, rich, creative, vanished race. The short chapters on Vulci and Volterra, following the three long chapters on Tarquinia, give the book a shapeless, rather inconclusive air; and in fact, as the publishers inform us, it is incomplete, since Lawrence intended to write on other sites in Tuscany. But, complete or not, it is well worth reading—as, indeed, is every book this remarkable man produced.

IVAN THE TERRIBLE. By Stephen Graham. (*Ernest Benn*. 18s.)

(By W. H. Hindle)

Mr. Graham is too tireless a biographer: it seems no time since he produced his life of Peter the Great. The present biography is none the less well worth reading, though not perhaps so much for its history as for the study it provides in national psychology. Ivan the Terrible—the Terrible, incidentally, is only a doubtfully accurate

translation of the Russian *grozny*—was a contemporary of Queen Elizabeth. To state this simple fact is to realize the immensity which separates the civilizations of Russia and Western Europe. In England Elizabeth burnt witches and sent political opponents to the scaffold. In Russia Ivan tortured whole populations, and indulged sadistic vices which Mr. Graham describes almost with gusto.

But he was also, in other moments, a wise and farseeing ruler, who welcomed English travellers, produced a new code of laws, and favoured the expansion of his country's trade to East and West. Of this man, too, Mr. Graham has given us an excellent account. And the two men he has managed to combine in a convincing portrait which is a welcome addition to the rather scanty English literature on medieval Russia.

One cannot, however, but wonder—perhaps irrelevantly, perhaps also maliciously—when Mr. Graham's interest in Ivan was first aroused. For Ivan was truly Russian. And it is difficult to reconcile with the true picture Mr. Graham draws of him the picture he also drew of the Russian pilgrims with whom he travelled to Jerusalem before the War.

ESSAYS IN FABIAN SOCIALISM. By Bernard Shaw. (*Constable*, 6s.)

(By Alan M. Wells)

The re-issue of these essays is appropriate to the moment. In 1892 Mr. Shaw was saying that the Fabian policy of permeating the other parties with Socialist ideas was already played out, and that it was time to start on a new policy of capturing the parliamentary machine by means of a definitely socialist party. That goal is now within sight, and at this moment the Fabian Society has realized, this time not so far ahead of the parliamentary party as usual, that the parliamentary machine is unsuited for carrying out a complete and fundamentally Socialist policy and will therefore have to be adapted to that purpose by root and branch reforms, which will form the first task of a Socialist government on coming into office. In other words, the Fabian Society is to-day nearer to preaching a political revolution than it has been in the course of its existence. That is the tenor of Mr. Shaw's newest preface, written in 1931, and it is significant that it is also the tenor of many articles by Socialist party leaders in 1932.

The other main point of interest, in examining this reprint, is to discover the reason why it still continues to sell in such quantities as to justify a fresh reprint forty years after the first appearance. Apart from the fact that it is written by Mr. Shaw, the reason may perhaps be found in the fact that

it consists so largely of criticism and so little of constructive thinking. This is not, of course, to say that there is no constructive thinking behind the Socialist movement and the Fabian Society in particular, but merely that Mr. Shaw's writings on the subject seem to have been mainly scathing and witty criticisms of his opponents, while he has left to others the task of formulating and making known the exact forms which a reformed society would take. The result is, of course, that this still remains largely undone.

This makes all the more sad the conclusion which it is impossible to avoid drawing from the final speech of his last play, "Too True to be Good." In spite of repeated warnings, the playgoer or critic must sometimes identify the playwright with his characters, and when the preacher is left praying in the darkness, for some new light to give him a positive message, and enable him once more to hold the world spellbound by the use of his gift, it is difficult not to apply the parallel. Here is Mr. Shaw, juggling with the fragments of an exploded moral system, complaining that "even youth is tired of negatives," and utterly neglecting the new morality which he has professed all his life to believe in. The play, is, of course, a triumph of unconventional wit; that is a gift which its author cannot lose. It contains, equally of course, much that is as sound criticism to-day as it was when its author first wrote it down. It is the conclusion, which is sad, and all the sadder in that the whole of the last two acts are obviously designed to lead up to it, and are not merely, as many critics have called them, a display of Shavian fireworks. After reading the Essays, it is possible to understand more fully the tragedy of the play.

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NEW FICTION

INFLECTIONS 1931. By James Cleugh. (*Secher.* 7s. 6d.)

LAMENT FOR ADONIS. By Edward Thompson. (*Bonn.* 7s. 6d.)

(By E. B. C. Jones)

In his much-praised first novel Mr. Cleugh proved himself an able short-story writer. This is not the paradox it sounds, for he began it with a summary of the plot so acute and complete that everything he wrote in the ensuing pages was superfluous. *Inflections 1931* is a much less "clever" and more satisfying performance; it is not, however, entirely satisfactory. It is full of vitality, some of which runs to writing for effect, of not very subtle observation, and of passable but not profound ideas. It is at once exuberant and precious—a rather repellent combination, but one so characteristic of extreme youth that when allied to evident talent it awakens hope in the reviewer, not despair. Mr. Cleugh may have far to go.

The story concerns the lives of Ralph Caryll and Irma Stancourt, and their love-affairs. Not till the end does Irma realize that it is Ralph she loves—that American Bill, Gallic Paul and German Walther were mistakes; but Ralph knows from the first moment of seeing her that she is his beloved. He literally follows her in her amorous career from London to Paris and thence to Spain and Hanover, where she is closely involved in political intrigue and tragedy. On their return to London—Irma being now a widow—there is a climax so wildly improbable that it forces one to question the author's sense of humour; he has allowed his exuberance to run away with him into purest melodrama. It ends, as melodrama should, with the violent death of the villain and the promised reunion of hero and heroine.

But eventual and, finally, absurd as the story is, there is no doubt that Mr. Cleugh would claim to be judged as an author of intellect. Ralph is a poet of a philosophic temper. Unfortunately his reflections too often take a fashionably jerky form:

"No such thing as identity. The law of change. . . . The strange feeling of unity he had with Irma. Yet. The feeling was so profound, so permeating, so strong and alive." And sometimes the writing is pompous:

"The girl's figure, its mysterious and distant allure, became no more than the fundamental organizing note, the thematic motive, of a poetic construction that soared above and beyond her."

No, not a satisfactory book, and one in which the characters are strangled rather than revealed by

their author's often pretentious style and his taste for sensational occurrences; but a rather promising one.

Mr. Thompson also has been much praised, and also indulges in "fine writing." He is grossly sentimental, and beslimes his picture of the war in Palestine with sugariness, false jollity and clean fun. It is highly significant that his heroes are known as "Bunny" and "Martin Puzzlewit." They hide their emotional affection for each other under exclamations of "Dolt! Ass! Idiot!" trip each other up physically, are facetious and infantile as only English public-school boys can be. They fall right-mindedly in love with two prudish and provincial American girls attached to a Relief Force. The portrait of the minx Cynthia is skilful, but spoilt by her author's obviously liking her and deeming her a fit bride for his Adonis. The latter she addresses as "My man! You're a pal, Bunny, that's what you are. . . . My own dear, dear, splendid Bunnykins!" which, however authentic, is indecent when reported. *Lament for Adonis* is freely sprinkled with such lapses of taste, which would be irksome anywhere; but in a war novel, and in conjunction with Bunny's death in action (after his transference to France) they are intolerable.

SUNSET SONG. By Lewis Grassic Gibbon. (*Jarrollds.* 7s. 6d.)

(By Helen Gosse)

Such is the fate of literature, or alternatively the pathos of human nature, that ninety-nine out of every hundred novels are written merely to distract; they do not reflect life, neither do they attempt to attain that ultimate truth which it is the endeavour of every artist to achieve. These counterfeit books are in fact the enemies of truth, written to lull the reader's mind with a sense of false security and to protect him from the realities of life. *Sunset Song* is one of the rare and thrice-blessed books which, while telling a comparatively simple story, attain the extraordinary beauty of truth. Although comparisons are usually vicious, its loveliness may be likened, in tone at least, to that which haunts the trilogies of Sigrid Undset.

In this study of Kinraddie and the inhabitants of Kinraddie from 1911 till after the War, Mr. Gibbon has told for all time the passing of the crofter. Avoiding the many pitfalls in the path of the novelist who writes of peasants and the soil, the author has given us a virile and tender picture of the people in this valley, with all their brutality and coarseness, their kindness and nobility. Chae Strachan and Long Rob of the Mill are delightful characters and Chris Guthrie of Blawearie a most

attractive heroine. The only note in the book that does not ring quite true is the sudden change of character and ensuing death of Ewan Tavendale, Chris's husband.

Mr. Gibbon writes a beautiful and rhythmic prose, finely enriched—to quote Long Rob—with “words in it that the thin bit scrachs of the English could never come at.” A hundred and eighty years ago the philosopher Hume published a list of Scotticisms, containing words and idioms which the aspiring author from North of the Tweed should avoid if he wished for any success with the English public in London, and many lists, pamphlets and treatises have been published since then for the same useful purpose. Mr. Gibbon has very wisely gone his way regardless of these warnings, writing his story of Scotch peasants in a Scotch valley in the Scotch speech which has grown up to describe such things in a far more rich and satisfying manner than would be possible in current literary English. For, as Rob said, “You can tell me, man, what's the English for sotter, or greip, or smore, or pleiter, gloaming or glunching or well-kenspeckled? And if you said gloaming was sunset you'd fair be a liar.”

If the English public allows itself to be put off by the use of such proscribed words, the English public will be very much the loser; for *Sunset Song* is a book of exceptional power, written with a sympathy, an insight and a mastery of words that are indeed rare.

THE PASCARELLA FAMILY. By Franz Werfel. (Jarvolds. 7s. 6d.)

YOUNG EMMANUEL. By Naomi Jacob. (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.)

The Pascarella Family might have as its subtitle *The Decline and Fall of Domenico Pascarella*. Don Domenico was an autocrat not only of the breakfast-table, but of the luncheon-table, the dinner-table and indeed at all times of day. His self-confidence and pride of family were superb and he never doubted the rightness of shielding his children at all costs from the implacable ill-will which the world bore to all Pascarellas. Had he been a better man of business, it is hard to see how Annunziata, Placido, Grazia, Lauro, Ruggiero and Iride could ever have escaped from the shackles with which for their own protection he bound them. However, the disappearance of his partner with most of the bank's assets was the beginning of the end, at once providing a stimulus for the children and impairing, temporarily at least, the father's apparently inexhaustible

resources. Herr Werfel has made an interesting study of the domineering parent, the reactions of the children, baulked for so long of any separate existence, and their interrelations with one another. The opening chapters, which describe the life of the family before Battelfori's vanishing-trick, are brilliant, and though there is a decided falling-off in the later pages Herr Werfel makes up with humour what he loses in profundity.

It is of a very different kind of patriarchy that Miss Jacob writes. In *That Wild Lie* she told of the foundation of the Gollantz family and fortune by old Emmanuel, and her admirers will welcome the opportunity of reading in *Young Emmanuel* how the family fared in the third generation; for though Max and Angela have important parts to play—they are a charming couple—and even old Emmanuel himself crosses the stage now and again before an unlucky attack of influenza deprives us of his venerable presence, it is upon the contrasting personalities of young Emmanuel and his brother Julian that attention is focussed in this book. I cannot say that I found either brother a satisfactory character. Julian—clever, handsome and devastatingly attractive—is an incredible blackguard; and Emmanuel—though I have nothing but praise for the noble integrity of his intentions—should have had more sense, and, incidentally, treated Viva very badly. Had not Viva been a remarkably sensible young woman, the happy ending would not have been possible. There is an air of unreality about the whole business.

Miss Jacob has told her story with admirable lucidity and grace. Indeed, she has done marvels in vivifying characters whose set of values is purely fictional. But she has bottomed this book on the sands of false sentiment, and I look to her in the future to do something better than this. For a writer's work to survive—or even to live at all—the foundations must be dug deep into the rock of reality.

H. G.

NEXT MONTH

“A CENSORSHIP OF BOOKS”

By Charles Morgan

Author of *The Fountain*

Books to Come

In criticism easily the most important of books to come in the near future is the third volume of Mr. Desmond MacCarthy's collected essays, entitled *Life*, and dealing not only with books and authors, but with various personal experiences. Admirable in acumen and tastes as Mr. Desmond MacCarthy's purely literary criticism always is, his work generally gains much where he has had some personal contact with an author or can approach him with some other than literary sympathy, and this volume will be awaited with special interest. The book will be published by Messrs. Putnam.

* * *

The complete collection of *Jane Austen's Letters* (Oxford University Press, 42s.) which Mr. R. W. Chapman has edited will be particularly welcome, since even the incomplete collections are not now very easy of access. The edition which Brabourne put out in 1884 has long been out of print, and so has the biography by W. and R. A. Austen Leigh, which gave fairly copious extracts from the letters. Following the excellent plan of his edition of the novels, Mr. Chapman has arranged to illustrate the letters by contemporary prints.

* * *

Two of our leading intellectuals are the subjects of critical appreciations. In *T. S. Eliot*, published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Mr. H. R. Williamson, editor of *The Bookman*, carefully examines both the verse and the prose of that writer. In *Virginia Woolf*, published by Messrs. Wishart, Miss Winifred Holtby gives a certain amount of biography, though her main object, we are given to understand, is to provide an easier approach to Mrs. Woolf's fiction than has hitherto been offered. Both Mrs. Woolf and Mr. Eliot have suffered much from the extravagant claims made on behalf of each of them by members of little cliques. But each is a figure of real significance in the literature of to-day, and sane exposition and appreciation would undoubtedly help to diminish the irritation which in many quarters is excited by the too persistent rhapsodies of the faithful.

An important historical book is the second volume of Professor G. M. Trevelyan's *England Under Queen Anne*. This bears the sub-title *Ramillies and the Union with Scotland*, and in it the author deals with an even greater variety of matter than the title suggests. Professor Trevelyan is one of the few contemporary historians who, without making the slightest concession to cheap popular demands, can yet take the public. But then he has a rare art of narrative, a remarkable lucidity in the discussion of the motives of statesmen, and a style that is attractive in the honourable old way by its graceful expressiveness and not by reason of squibs let off to catch attention. This book of Professor Trevelyan's is published by Messrs. Longmans, at the price of one guinea.

* * *

We may look forward with some curiosity to *The Limitations of Science* by Mr. J. W. N. Sullivan, to be published by Messrs. Chatto & Windus. If it lives up to its title it will be doing a useful piece of work, and there need be no fear of its proving at any point either unsympathetic to the just claims of science or unaware of the very latest developments. From the same publishers we are to have another volume of essays by Professor J. B. S. Haldane, having for its main title *The Inequality of Man*. Some useful aids to reading are not to be missed here for they will doubtless get overlooked in the papers which announce little but fiction in the mode of the moment and memoirs which promise to be spicy.

* * *

Messrs. Methuen are following up their *Companion to German Studies* with a *Companion to Italian Studies* by Doctor Edmund Gardner. With these volumes should be mentioned one coming from the Oxford University Press and entitled *The Oxford Companion to English Literature*. It has been compiled by Sir Paul Harvey, whose aim has been to explain literary allusions, to give concisely the facts about the most important English books and authors, to provide a synopsis of the plot of every really important play, novel or narrative poem, and to give us a brief dictionary of the characters of English fiction.

T. E. W.



THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

WE are able to announce this month the result of the first Contributors' Club Competition.

Our readers will remember that all work appearing in the Contributors' Club in the June, July and August issues was eligible for this competition, prizes to be awarded as follows :—

- A.—A Prize of 5 guineas.—Awarded for the best political caricature.
- B.—A Prize of 3 guineas.—Awarded for the best humorous sketch.
- C.—A Prize of 2 guineas.—Awarded for the best short essay on any subject, not more than five hundred words in length.
- D.—A Prize of 2 guineas.—Awarded for the best biographical or political poem, not more than thirty and not less than twenty lines in length.

Political Caricature

THE entries in this section were the most numerous and amongst the best. Those



Drawn by Rix

[For the Contributors' Club]

THE PUPPET-MASTER

which we published represented only a portion of the great number submitted, so that to have appeared in the Contributors' Club at all may be regarded as an indication of outstanding merit.

Among the cartoons which demanded consideration for the prize were "The Puppet-Master," by Rix in the July issue, "Ye Mariners of England," by Kennedy in the July issue, and "Sarajevo Assassin," by Goodrich in the August issue. Originality of idea and cleverness of line were the two qualities for which we had to look, and these are both represented in the drawings mentioned. After some hesitancy the first prize was awarded to Rix for his drawing of "The Puppet-

Master," which is here reproduced. It is a contribution which well deserves the prize and indicates that this young artist has in him the qualities of imagination and inventiveness so necessary to a cartoonist.



W. B. Bradshaw

For the Contributors' Club

THE MODERN HAMLET.

Ramsay MacDonald: "Alas poor . . . Frankenstein!"

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.



W. B. Bradshaw

Germania: "You might explain this hair from your shoulder, Adolph!"

[For the Contributors' Club]



[For the Contributors' Club]

J. Walter:

Examination day at the Academy of Chimney Sweepers



M. S. Barlow

The Schildburgers were a people who built a hall without windows. They then held a meeting with candles in their hats, to discover why it was so dark.

[For the Contributors' Club]



G. Mason

"Gosh! Bill, I wonder what kind o' baccy that bloke uses!"

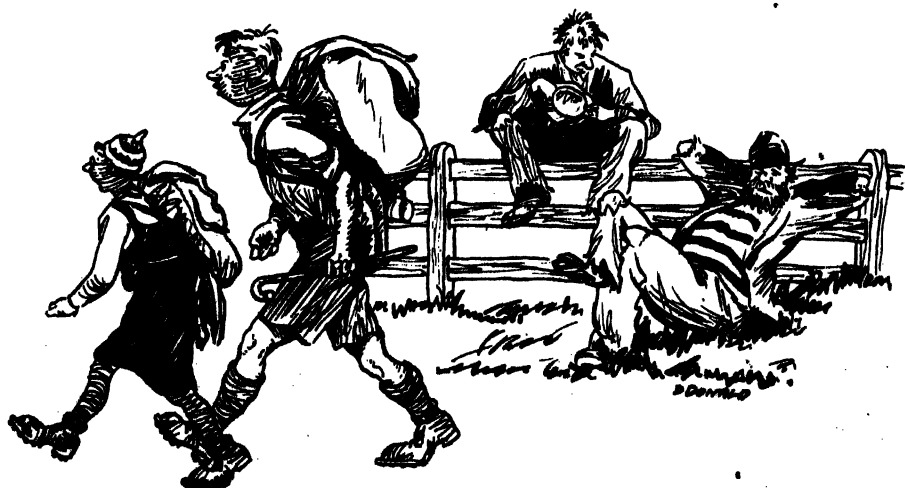
[For the Contributors' Club]



M. S. Bartlett]

Samson loses his locks

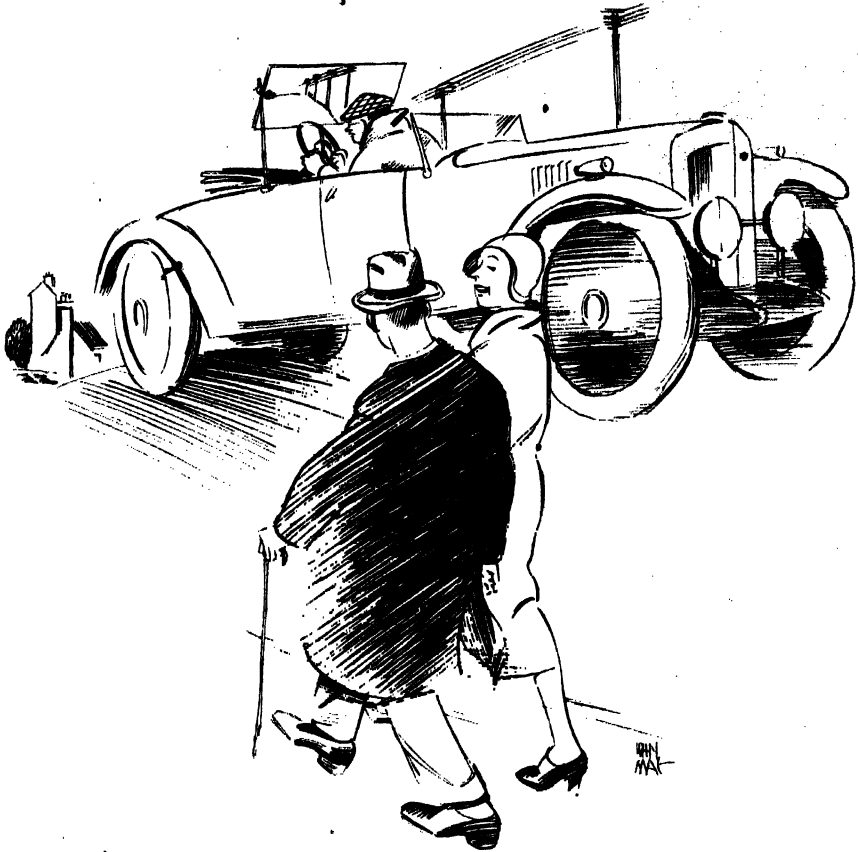
[For the Contributors' Club



D. Donald]

Tramp: "Look, Bill—Idle rich."

[For the Contributors' Club

FORCE OF HABIT

"WHAT ON EARTH -- ?"

"IT'S ONLY MR. SMITH: WHEN HE TRAVELLED
BY TRAIN HE ALWAYS SAT WITH HIS BACK
TO THE ENGINE."

Maguire

For the Contributors' Club

Humorous Sketch

A GREATER variety of subject was noticeable among the drawings submitted for this section of the competition. Amongst those which are worthy of special mention are Kennedy's cockney drawing and Rix's aeroplane sketch in the June issue, Jay's humorous sporting cartoon in the July issue, and Birchall's army sketch in the August issue. Here the quality of the drawing was the paramount consideration,

but the humour contained in the legend had to be taken into consideration.

In judging this section of the competition, we have found it necessary to divide the prize between Kennedy for his cockney drawing and Birchall for his army sketch.

Essays

THE material submitted for this section was not of the same high standard reached by the illustrated contributions. The in-

tention in the illustrated sections of the competition was to bring before a large public the work done by unknown amateurs who were seeking an opening in the field of caricature. We had hoped that the written work submitted might have the same result. Interesting contributions submitted were Mr. Carl Anckarsvärd's article on the situation in Sweden before the Elections, Mr. Lionel W. Allison's account of "A Jacobite Epitaph," R. E. X.'s sketch "Late Night Final," and Mr. Howard Little's essay on "The Inevitable Change." After consideration we have decided to divide the prize for this section between Mr. Howard Little and R. E. X.

Poetry

NO contributions submitted in this section revealed evidence of unusual literary merit. Miss D. A. Olney's poem "A Hope" (in the Contributors' Club for August) was a praiseworthy attempt, but, in the opinion of the editors, did not reach a high enough standard to win the prize. A cheque is therefore being sent to Miss Olney for her contribution, but the prize is not awarded.

WE introduce several new cartoonists this month, all of them showing a considerable degree of promise. W. B. Bradshaw, the author of the Hamlet cartoon, lives in Glasgow, and is one more of the untrained young artists whose work is being featured in the Contributors' Club. He is an unemployed man, aged 36, who is prevented from following his trade as a railway engine stoker owing to a war disability.

M. S. Bartlett is a London man. He too has had no art training. His drawing, which is admittedly a free-hand copy of a

painting, does express rather well the conflicting troubles of our time.

John Maguire is a student of drawing and painting at the Glasgow School of Art. Our readers will remember a splendid cartoon in last month's issue, unidentified other than by the signature "Mac." We have since discovered that Mr. Maguire was the author of that drawing. He essays this month a humorous sketch which reaches a very high standard.

Mr. C. Mason, who flatters us with a name drawing, is another unemployed man who has turned enforced idleness to good account by developing an inclination for this sort of work. Mr. Mason lives in Liverpool, where he is ordinarily employed as a showcard designer. He is 19 years of age.

All we know of John G. Walter is that he is nineteen, is articled to a surveyor, lives in Somerset, and, by proof herewith, has a sense of humour. There is something splendidly lethargic in his chimney sweep; that same unwinking solidity of mind and speech that is so characteristic of the famous Belcher figures.

We should like to remind our readers that a further competition will be held in the near future, in which more prizes will be offered. Meanwhile we reiterate our statement which appeared in last month's issue, that all contributions accepted for publication in the Contributors' Club will be paid for at editorial rates. May we remind our readers that all contributions to the Club should be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, and that all drawings submitted should bear on their reverse side the full name and address of the artist.

THE EDITORS

The Twenty-Sixth Annual
MOTOR CAR & BOAT EXHIBITION
of the Society of Motor Manufacturers & Traders, Ltd.,

OLYMPIA, OCTOBER 13-22, 1932

By **EDGAR N. DUFFIELD**

THE exigencies of magazine production make it difficult to deal, at the date on which this issue of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS must go to press, with the contents of an exhibition opening on the date named above, but the difficulty is no novelty. One has, year by year, to deal as best one can with the exhibition in prospect, waiting for a retrospective discussion to deal analytically with the cars, boats and accessories displayed.

This year's Show will be smaller than that of 1931. Weeding continues, the survival of the fittest still holding good. I do not believe, as do many folk, that the industry will ever weed itself out to five or six big producing concerns. British buyers maintain an individualism unknown in continental Europe, and undreamed in America.

Mrs. Brown, of "The Hollies," emphatically does not like to use a car identical with

fully challenged European and American producers' values, at English retail prices current, the imported car has steadily receded in importance. There were days when to get a car of a certain type at a reasonable price one had to buy from abroad. That is no longer the case. There is no type of car today, with the possible exception of the purely racing rig—the market for which is easily exaggerated in importance and reality—purchasable from abroad, which is not produced in England.

English manufacturers have pushed the ultra-small-engined car from the Continent right out of business. No longer are names like De Dion, Fiat, Peugeot, Renault names with which to conjure. Mr. André Citroën has publicly bemoaned the "Buy British!" campaign which (as he professes to think) crumbled his ambitions to futility. I think him mistaken. I think that it was the value offered by Austin, Ford, Morris,

as time passes there is an inevitable diminution of the numbers of individual "makes," and we shall never again see, at Olympia, two hundred odd of different producers' cars, canvassing the favour of buyers. I am told that for each six cars exhibited last October we shall find but four in this year's exhibition. The passing of some of those of yesteryear is regrettable, not alone on sentimental grounds, but there were among those last shown some that never will be missed.

England comes very well out of the weeding. It is among the cars and chassis imported for sale here that the reaper has been most drastically at work. Whether from patriotic motive or because English producers have girded their loins and success-

factory over-adequate, far more than it was any noble patriotic urge on the part of the Briton. Other things being equal, the Briton would have bought British. But other things were not equal. Austin, Ford, Morris, Standard, Triumph offered the English buyer better value than did Citroën, and so Mr. Citroën's candid recital of the amount of money expended here, in an endeavour to give us what we wanted, has no more effect upon our minds than has an implied suggestion that he came here, and set up in production here, for our good. He came here, like a sensible fellow, to make money. He made much less than he had hoped. That is regrettable; but the self-invited guest is only rarely set above the salt, in recent years.

FROM £100 to £2,500, speaking of price-classes, there are produced in England, today, cars which are demonstrably better cars than can be bought from across the water, in either direction, East or West. It is true that the correctness of this statement depends to quite a large degree upon the existence here of the Ford undertaking ;



The newly-introduced Alvis "Firefly", a four-cylinder high-efficiency model, with a four-speed gear-box, which looks full of promise.

but that undertaking is English, to the tune of nine (or is it ten ?) millions sterling of capital, more than half of which is represented by the biggest motor vehicle factory in the British Empire, and the best-equipped in the eastern hemisphere.

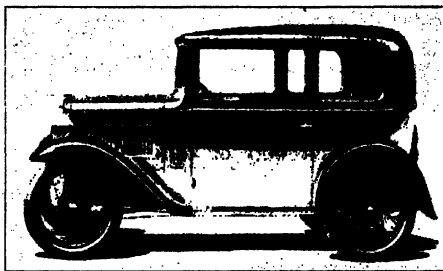
The British and European Ford companies—I believe there are over a dozen of them, in all—are controlled by Sir Percival Perry. He is producing, at Dagenham, four-cylindered jobs of 8, 14.9 and 24 h.p., and a V-8 of 30 h.p. The three fours are less notable, as value-propositions, than is the V-8. That is phenomenal in value. Anywhere from £230 to £295 one can buy, at Dagenham, a 30 h.p. eight-cylindered car, with any of half a dozen types of body-work, which is the best car (at anything up to twice or thrice the price) which I have driven in twenty-nine years, concluding on September 6th last.

I have recently driven a Ford V-8 1,472 miles, in England and Wales. A costly thing to run ? Not proportionately. I used 71 gallons of petrol and 1 gallon of engine-oil on the 1,472 miles. The car carried my wife and myself, weighing 2½ cwt., and an equal load of luggage. We toured through Surrey, Hampshire, Dorset, Devon, Cornwall, Somerset, Gloucester, Worcester, Hereford, Cheshire, and North Wales, returning

by way of Cheshire, Lancashire, Staffordshire, Worcestershire, Warwickshire, Oxfordshire, Hertfordshire, Essex and Middlesex, to our home in Surrey. I mention the counties traversed to suggest that ours was an average, give-and-take English itinerary, selected neither for ease nor ardour of contour. We went just where we wished, and stayed as long as we cared, looking-up friends, revisiting places that had charmed us twenty-five years previously, when we were very young.

That Ford V-8 ran at 20.7 miles per gallon of petrol. Fuel, oil and washing cost us .925 pence per mile travelled. But every mile was a delight, so far as motoring was concerned. We never heard our engine. We heard our transmission only when first or reverse gear-combinations were engaged. Money could not have bought a silkier, smoother, sweeter-running car, yet its price, brand spanking new, elaborately equipped, was £295, at Dagenham.

Here is uncommon interest. The English Ford company no longer offer us the lowest-priced car built here. Their lowest price is £120. Morris beats that by £20. But their V-8, at from £230 to £295, is the lowest-priced car, by hundreds of pounds, of all those capable of performance-refinement even remotely comparable.



The Austin Seven "de luxe" saloon of the latest model, a prime favourite ten years after its original appearance, at the Olympia Exhibition of 1922.

Not everybody wants a Ford V-8, because it carries £30 per annum of tax-rating, and I should guess that my figure of 20.7 miles per gallon, for two and liberal baggage, over 1,500 miles, might not be excelled by the average, everyday user. But this Ford

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The AUSTIN PROGRAMME

NEW DEVELOPMENTS

1. A NEW MODEL

—the Light Twelve-Four, with a large four-seater de luxe saloon body, four-cylinder power unit, and four-speed Twin-Top gearbox. Built along similar lines to the famous Twelve-Six, this car has a remarkably flexible engine of advanced design, rated at 11.9 h.p., yet developing 24 brake horse-power. Tax £12.

2. NEW SIXTEEN SALOON

—the Berkeley; appealing body lines—drop-mounted, long, sleek—with sloping windscreen, streamline front and inclined door pillars as features of its fine contours.

3. NEW RANELAGH LIMOUSINE

—a body design which makes this magnificent seven-seater even more than ever like a £1,000 car.

4. TWO NEW TEN-FOUR MODELS

Companion cars to the famous Ten-Four Saloon—the Tourer and Two-Seater, with quickly erected all-weather equipment.

5. TWO IMPROVED BODIES ON THE SEVEN

A Four-Seater Tourer and a Two-Seater, both on the long wheelbase chassis.

6. TWIN-TOP FOUR-SPEED GEAR BOX ON THE SEVEN,

at no extra charge, results in better all-round performance.

7. REAR PETROL TANK ON THE SEVEN

is a new feature, coupled with a petrol pump feed and petrol gauge.

8. THERMOSTATIC COOLING

is introduced on the Twenty, Sixteen, Twelve-Four, and Light Twelve-Six models.

9. INCREASED COMFORT

Hydraulic shock-absorbers and Silentbloc suspension coupled with free-flex zinc spring-interleaving for easier riding... heat-proof scuttle, fume aprons to gear and brake levers, and forward-drop exhaust for engine heat and fume isolation.

10. EASIER CONTROL AND SAFETY

Direct-control four-speed gearbox throughout the range, direct-coupled brakes with warning light on all models (excepting the Seven) and windscreen and all windows of Triplex glass. Other developments include chromium plated lamps on all de luxe models; Magna wheels and bumpers on all de luxe models excepting the Seven.

COMPLETE RANGE . 7 Distinct Models . 26 Body Styles

PRICES EFFECTIVE SEPTEMBER 6th.

SEVEN MODELS

De Luxe Saloon - £125
Standard Saloon - £115
Four-Seater Tourer £110
Two-Seater - - £105

TEN-FOUR MODELS

De Luxe Saloon - £148
Standard Saloon - £155
Four-Seater Tourer £148
Two-Seater - - £148

LIGHT 12-FOUR MODELS

De Luxe Saloon - £178
Standard Saloon - £178
Four-Seater Tourer £168
Two-Seater - - £168

LIGHT 12-SIX MODELS

De Luxe Saloon - £218
Standard Saloon - £198
Open Road 4-Seater £195
Eton Two-Seater - £195

TWELVE-FOUR MODELS

Burnham De Luxe - £288
Winsor Saloon - £268
Open Road 5-Seater £255
Harrow Two-Seater £255

SIXTEEN MODELS

Berkeley De Luxe - £318
Westminster De Luxe £345
Open Road 5-Seater £288
Harrow Two-Seater £288

TWENTY MODELS New Ranelagh Limousine or Landaulet £575

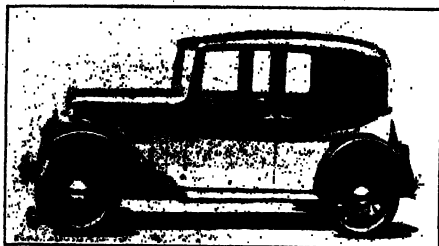
Whitehall Saloon £498

(Prices at Works)



The Austin Motor Company Ltd., Longbridge, Birmingham. Showrooms, also Service Station for the Austin Seven and Ten-Four: 479-483 Oxford Street, London, W.1. Showrooms and Service Station: Holland Park Hall, W.11.

V-8 is of extremely big argumentative value, when one comes to discuss the value for money offered by British factories. Actually its motor is, for the present, built at Ford, Ontario—the plant of the Canadian company, whose prerogative it is to sell to the British dominions, colonies and dependencies, just as it is that of the English



Another edition de luxe, in this case that of the Austin Ten-4, the second unit of the range of seven models. Its bodywork is notable for perfect "balance" of line.

company to supply the whole of Europe, and a lot of Europe-in-Asia, with motor vehicles. But as Ford, Ontario, is very definitely Canadian, and the English Ford company import everything other than of British production from Ford, Ontario, every Ford now for sale is either English or English-and-Canadian.

COMING to purely English concerns which always were purely English, we turn for outstanding value to Austin, Morris, Standard, Triumph, and Wolseley (which last, in a sense, is a subsidiary of Morris, in that it is controlled by Sir William Morris).

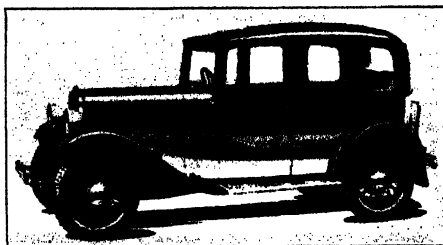
I omit Singer because I have not, as I write, seen the new Singer line, although I have seen the latest Singer trading report. Austin, in my eyes, comes first, economically as well as alphabetically. Much of mid-night oil, or more potable fluids, might be consumed during the discussion of Austin and Morris values. Morris prices are perhaps the lower, but value is a matter not only of price.

We have known the Austin Seven now for a full ten years. It has been a goldmine to wags; but nothing has displaced it. I know a man who is now using his seventh

Austin Seven. He gets a new car every year; but he covers 18,000 to 20,000 miles every year, earning his bread. A mathematician of sorts, he learned, long ago, that it "paid" to run a car a year and replace it. The second-hand prices he has got, year by year, astound me. The fellow does not know the meaning of depreciation!

And his case is that of hundreds of folk for whom the Austin Seven does all that a motor car is required to do. Nobody will ever persuade *him* to replace an Austin with a Ford of 8 h.p., or a Morris. And in that lies the Austin company's strength. Their least costly product has established a tremendously valuable tradition of dependability. If people "grow up," and want bigger cars, they buy bigger Austins, expecting—and quite warrantably—to find in them the same dependability. One can now buy four-cylindered Austins nominally of 7, 10 and 12 h.p., and six-cylindered Austins of 12 and 16 and 20 h.p. All these ratings are nominal, in that the Seven is of 7.8 h.p., and the Twelve Six is of 13.9 h.p., but that the reader knows as well as I do.

Anybody whose requirements are met by cars with engines of from 7.8 to 23.5 h.p.,



This is the Harley "de luxe" saloon on the Austin Light Twelve-6. At £218 it is emphatically one of the English cars which make European producers regard our market as closed territory.

by R.A.C. rating, can get the car he wants, with open, closed or convertible bodywork, and all that is useful of equipment, from the Austin Motor Company, Ltd., receiving a full twenty-shillings-worth of concrete, real, solid value for every £1 of its price. I think Austin value outstanding, car for car and price for price, because I know it best,

both as journalist and as owner. I believe that Morris values are very high, but have for some years past no personal knowledge of Morris cars.

I know very little of the Singer range. The last Singer I tried was a very good little car, prejudiced in my eyes because of super-ornamentation.

NEXT to Austin I should, from actual knowledge, rate Standard values, and next to Standard those offered by the Triumph company, who learned their job building bicycles, graduated on motor cycles, and then—as late as about 1923—ventured into the car business. So far I should guess that the Triumph company have lost more than they have made on the production of cars, because they embarked in that industry with an exalted sense of quality. I still own, and use as a *bonne à tout faire*, an eight-year-old Triumph which is today a better motor car than many built during 1932, in design, material and workmanship. Never sick, never sorry, its steering and suspension are impeccable after over 50,000 miles of service. Its engine was never truly great, because it started life with but two main bearings, and no more have—surprisingly, in so long a while—"growed," Topsy-like, with the years. But there are important, sound reasons why I say that this old 1924 Triumph is a better car, today, than are many built during the past twelve months, because of the Triumph-ism, the Bettmann-ism, inbuilt at the start of its existence.

The Triumph company may never ruffle it with companies like Austin and Morris. They will be hard put to it to draw level with Standard, in general popularity; but every Triumph owner is a Triumph "fan," a Triumph salesman, whether or not he realises that fact, because the Triumph way has been consistently to say "Now how good can we make this model?" rather than "For how little can we turn out something which will pass muster?" The big, quantity-producing manufacturer enjoys economic advantage, obviously; but it is the smaller man who has the better opportunity of adhering to a quality-tradition. He can

adapt, evolve, improve so much more easily, manufacturing cars in "sanctions" or batches of 500, than can a producer who cannot, *dare* not think in terms of less than 5,000, meaning 100 per working week.

The big producer has to cast the die. When it is cast, it is. He can change his mind only about annually, at best. The smaller producer can introduce developments almost monthly (to speak figuratively in both cases). Thus when we seek quality, we must remember that Providence is *not* always on the side of the big battalions.

THIS year's Show will prove very rich in interest technically. Lanchesters, for example, offer us a four-cylindereed job, the first they have marketed for (at a venture) twenty-odd years. And Daimlers

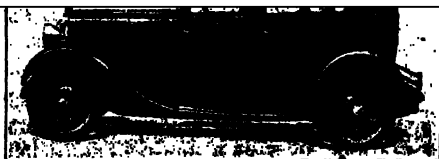


Called a Torquay saloon, this is the £325 presentation of the Crossley Ten-4, based upon the body-design suggestions of Mr. Charles J. Joyce, of Pass and Joyce, Ltd.

offer a mushroom-valved engine. One suspects that the reason for this is one of cost. A mushroom-valved engine costs essentially much less to produce than does a sleeve-valved motor of equal quality. It is a simpler job. It is not as good; but one can today produce mushroom-valved motors of surprising smoothness and sweetness of operation, thanks to the march of mind, the real progress of the learned friend. And, without knowledge, I would say that the marketing of a mushroom-valved Daimler is a gesture indicating Daimlers' willingness to offer buyers a car of Daimler grade at something less than Daimler price, as

generally or previously understood. We shall see.

Meanwhile, Daimler and Lanchester being now one, economically, who will say that the four-cylindere petrol motor is dead when Lanchesters offer us a four-cylindere Ten? And who dare even to think that the age of miracles is past when one can buy a



The newly-introduced Daimler Fifteen-6, a completely equipped saloon, as illustrated, retailing at £450. This model is the first manufactured by the Daimler Company to be marketed at less than £500 since the war.

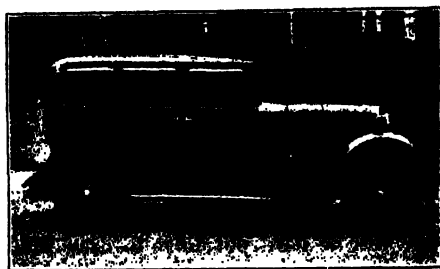
completely equipped Lanchester, with very nice bodywork, for £315? The 15-18 Lanchester, at something inside £600, was a revelation, a year or so ago, but nobody expected a Ten at roughly half that price. As 15-18 h.p. Lanchesters sold at the rate of a smooth fifty per week during 1932, what sort of sales figures will be attained by 10 h.p. Lanchesters at £315?

SPEAKING of fours, I am delighted to see that Mr. T. G. John, of the Alvis Car & Engineering Company, has added a new four to his line of goods. Nobody but a very superficial person ever imagined that fours were dead, of course. Sixes became a vogue, a craze. A good six was demonstrably a better car than an equally good four. But lots of English manufacturers came sadly unput while learning how to produce sixes as good as their fours. Every time one adds to cylinder-numbers, one facilitates ideal running; but with each addition to numbers one introduces new problems, and problems are still more easily created than solved, even by the pundits of the automobile industry, who cut their teeth upon slide-rules and learned their A.B.C.s from the delectable pages of Molesworth.

Triumphs want a sports model. Do they develop a six? They do not. Their sports model is a four. Very few English firms are all-six producers. Every English firm with a really catholic, embracive range of cars—every firm but Ford—build sixes; but a majority of those most soundly entrenched play for safety by offering also at least one four-cylindere model, catering for the educated motorist, as distinct from the gentleman who must have a six because

WE shall see at Olympia a number of synchro-mesh gearboxes, of gearboxes with twin tops, silent thirds, and so forth. Free-wheeling devices do not seem to progress. They will not, because the general adoption of the synchro-mesh transmission-element has provided a means of facilitating the changing of gears in a much simpler, more "mechanical" fashion than by the use of a free-wheeling device, as such.

Rileys led in this matter. They were the first English firm to standardise a synchro-mesh gearbox. Now almost anybody and everybody has one. Here again I hark back to Ford. The clutch and gearbox on the Ford V-8 (and I believe they are used on all Ford models) are the best I have



A Sunbeam Twenty-6 coachbuilt saloon: Sunbeam equipment for 1933 features two spare wheels, well-mounted as illustrated. Note also the screening, or valancing, of the forward wings.

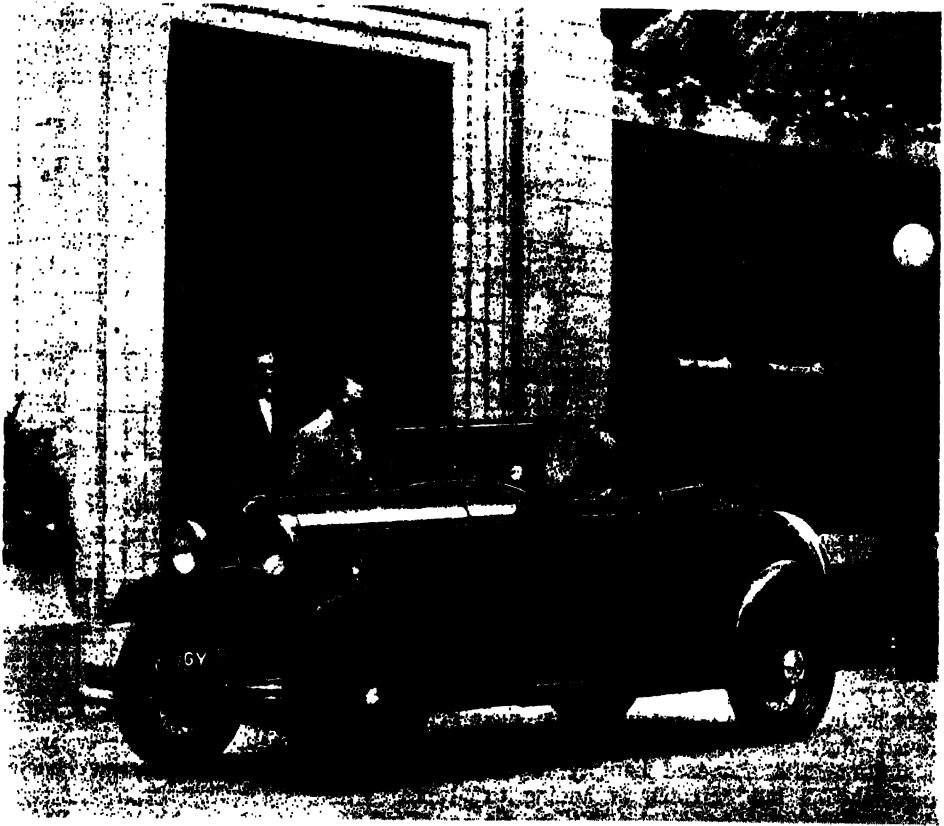
ever used, from the point of ease of gear-changing. I have not a vast amount of use for such things, believing that people who are unwilling to learn to change gears on a straight-spur, sliding pinion gearbox (as used in general practice anything from

A New Thrill in Motoring

restful because noiseless, and oh, so smooth! Touch the accelerator-pedal, and you realise power at its extreme. Speed previously unattainable save at prohibitive cost—and some risk. But with that speed a complete control, an assurance that the car is thoroughly in hand, right through its exceptional range of pace. Expensive? Not on this Ford V-8.



The costliest body-type standardised on the Ford V-8 gives you a perfectly appointed motor car for £295, at Works, Dagenham. Say when and where a Ford V-8 may be sent for you to try exhaustively. Or ask your Ford Dealer for a fully descriptive booklet, illustrating five body-types, open, convertible and enclosed, at prices from £230, at Works.



THE FORD V-8 CABRIOLET, £295

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15 to 25 years ago) do not deserve to enjoy the use of a car. But it is amusing, even to anybody who likes gear-changing, to drive the Ford V-8, and let one's friends drive it, and see how the mutton-fistedest of them all can effect perfectly noiseless and non-hesitant, non-slowng changes of gear, *without* using the clutch doubly.

I have in the past two or three years driven many cars with synchro-mesh, silent-third gearboxes which were jokes in the worst possible of taste. In the past few months I have driven one car, claimed to have a silent second as well as third speed (of four), which was a noisy abomination—in progress—and to change gears upon which demanded all the care of which I am capable, and such little skill as many years of practice have bequeathed.

One does not create a good gearbox by saying "We will give it synchro-mesh constant-mesh pinions, and a silent next-to-top." Merely to say that is like announcing that the world would be happier if universal disarmament were proclaimed.

THE ingenuous visitor to Olympia, therefore, must not "fall for" anything and everything labelled as having s.-m. transmission. He must try the car for himself. Intelligibly, young men paid to demonstrate motor cars can learn to make anything behave passably well. It does not follow that John Doe, or even Richard Roe, eager to spend from £150 to £1,500, can change gears equally well. This is a matter which must be put to the arbitrament of personal, and thorough, repeated, test on the road.

Every time a designer adds to numbers of parts he invites two states of affairs—improved functioning as the outcome of elaboration, and increased liability to derangement as the outcome of adding to part-numbers. The fewer "bits" there are in any mechanical device, the greater its designer, and the likelier its chances of functioning satisfactorily.

Of late designers are becoming much too ingenuous. They strive, poor dears, to give us cars which will think for us. And in the striving, bedewed with blood and sweat and tears, they fail altogether to remember

the inconvenience of having to crawl under a motor car, or elevate it on a hoist, or descend like Joseph into a pit, to drain off the crank-case at the end of each month, or thousand miles.

I constantly travel considerable distances to see something so wonderful that my ears flap, all the way from my home to the place of this marvel's birth. I see what is to be seen.

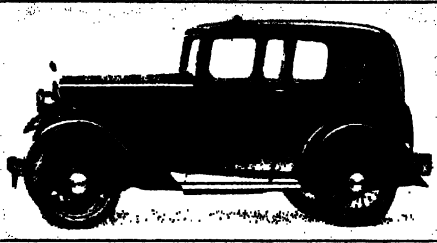
I then say "*Quite* irrelevantly, how does one drain your crank-case?" And the designer, or his employer, the Great White Chief of the tribe, says "But one doesn't drain-off one's oil *oneself*, my dear fellow!" "Doesn't one?" I reply. "I do. Poverty's no crime. The gravest of misdemeanours, if you will, but still no crime!"

THE Austin Motor Co., Ltd., have a very complete programme. There are seven distinct types now in production, the familiar four-cylindred Seven, the new Ten-4, a new Light Twelve-4, the Light Twelve-6, the six-cylindred Sixteen, and the six-cylindred Twenty. Prices range from £105, for the least costly Seven, to £575, for the Ranelagh landaulette or limousine on the six-cylindred Twenty. Four four-cylindred and three six-cylindred models, the reader notes—a fact which indicates the views, upon the "obsolescence" of the four-cylindred engine, of one of Britain's most experienced designers, producers and therefore caterers for the car-buying public. Whether or not one shares Sir Herbert Austin's views upon all motoring matters, nobody can gainsay either his experience or his commercial, material success; and I think that he consistently offers, year by year, more motor car, more motoring, for money than does any other British producer marketing so many distinct chassis-types.

Whether one wants an 8 h.p. or a 24 h.p. car, one can select a first-rater from the Austin range. Whether one prefers four or six cylinders, one can get what is wanted from Northfield; and the wizardry of Austin production of today is amply illustrated in the fact that Sir Herbert offers us no fewer than three 8 h.p. cars at prices lower than Fords'. The two-seated Seven

s now £105. The two-four-seated touring seven is £110. There is a Seven saloon at £115, and only the "de luxe" Seven saloon costs more than the less expensive of the 8 h.p. Fords. It is £125, whereas the 8 h.p. Ford as a two-doofed saloon costs £120.

Austin departures signalized at Olympia are chromium-plated lamps on all "de luxe",



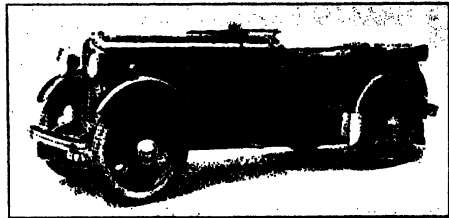
The Triumph, as a Super-Eight pillarless saloon, at £155, despite equipment featuring a surprising number of things widely regarded as "extras". Internally it is much more roomy than this picture suggests.

models, Dunlop "Magna" wheels on the "de luxe" and "open" cars of the Ten-4, Light Twelve-4 and Light Twelve-6 types, thermostatic control of cooling on four models, a rear tank on the Seven, new instrument panels on Sevens and Sixteens, new luggage grids on the Sixteen and Twenty saloons and limousines, larger tyres on the Ten-4 "de luxe," improved body-lines on all Ten-4's, increased braking surfaces on the Seven, new body-types on both Sixteen and Twenty sixes, as also on the Seven and the new Ten-4, new carburettor and new piston on the Seven, an entirely new model in the Light Twelve-4, finger-tip controls on the Seven, and larger headlamps, with dip-and-switch control, on the Ten-4.

There are many chassis-detail developments (some as important as the fitting of a four-speed, twin-top gear-box on the

Seven) suggested by the experience of the past; but those I enumerate above are things which spring to the eye, externally perceptible things, indicative of the fact that the arbitrary "dating" of a car as of 1932 or 1933 comes to mean less and less, with the passage of time, in connection with the products of intelligently managed firms. To repeat, for emphasis, anybody who cannot find his car from among Austin current productions, anywhere from 8 to 24 h.p., and anywhere from £105 to £575, is looking not for a motor car but for a miracle.

THE Daimler Company, Ltd., have the new 15 h.p. six with mushroom valves (whose details are unannounced as I write), two more sixes of 20 and 25 h.p. by nominal rating, and double-sixes of 40 and 50 h.p. All models have the Daimler fluid flywheel and epicyclic, pre-selective or "self-changing" gear-box.



A "Southern Cross" Triumph Ten-4, with its screen folded down. This model costs £225, all on, and is good for 75 m.p.h., from a piston-displacement of 1122 cubic centimetres. Rumour heralds the release at Olympia of a close-coupled foursome coupe on this 10 h.p. chassis.

The Lanchester Motor Company, Ltd., of whom one instinctively thinks next, alphabetical considerations notwithstanding, have their new Ten-4 and the Eighteen-6 which in the space of twelve months has



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evolved itself from novelty to vogue. Technically the interest of the Ten, for me, springs mainly from the fact that it is a four-cylindere car. It must be all of twenty years since a four-cylindere Lanchester was marketed. How very pregnant, then, is the fact that in considering something for the 1933-and-after market Mr. George H. Lanchester, chief engineer to the Daimler and Lanchester companies, should decide upon a four, and that Mr. Laurence Pomeroy, managing director of those companies, and Mr. Percy Martin, their chairman, should nod acquiescence! One would have thought that these three men, living so long on and with six-shooters, would have marched resolutely to the scaffold rather than retrogress to four cylinders. They *would*, only that they happened to be three engineers, three motorists, and three men possessed of decidedly notable commercial acumen. Hence the Lanchester Ten-4, one of the most interesting cars to be seen at Olympia academically, and also one of its outstanding exhibits commercially, because it constitutes a Lanchester at £315, or £325, or thereabouts, according to the kind of bodywork one prefers.

I spent a lunch-time and an evening with Mr. George Lanchester during early September, but had no opportunity of trying the Ten. I was chained to Leamington. He had driven over from Coventry on an Eighteen, as luck would have it. But he was quite happy about the Ten, and that told me all I wished to know, for the moment, because he is none of your Little Johnnie Head in Air designers, creating dream-cars for himself and highbrow brethren. He is a very prosaic, matter-of-fact motorist, as well as a singularly gifted engineer. He knows the extreme unwisdom of creating dream-cars for a select circle (a majority of whom have no money, and spend far more time talking about cars than buying, or even using, them).

I ASKED him how "service" progressed, and if Daimler and Lanchester agents throughout even Britain were well stocked with spare fluid flywheels and epicyclic gear-sets? "Why should they be?" he en-

quired. "Well", I pleaded, "supposing anything comes unput? Both the fluid flywheel and the epicyclic box are unknown to a majority of garage hands, surely?"

"Probably so; but why *should* anything come unput, or go wrong? Given oil, the fluid flywheel is self-servicing. Part of the essence of the epicyclic gearbox is that its very design eliminates the most fruitful source of gear-box, gear-pinion or selector-gear damage! Why, my dear fellow, apprehend trouble in the operation of something designed to obviate trouble, almost as much as to simplify control? Really, you are asleep in the past. For anybody who knows and has seen so much of automobile history in the making, you are most regrettably, culpably ignorant. Try a Lanchester, or a Daimler, for a week, a month, a year. Whatever else happens to you, you may be perfectly sure that two of its components will never cause you a moment's anxiety or embarrassment—the fluid flywheel and the epicyclic gearbox. You can have punctures. You can stage collisions. You can fail to replenish your fuel tank, your oil reservoirs, your cooling system. You can, in time, wear your brakes, and neglect to adjust them. But so long as you give oil to your fluid flywheel and your epicyclic gearbox, you can safely forget *those*!"

It is a sad business to teach old dogs new tricks. I do not *want* to be done forever with clutch and change-speed lever. Their use gives the mechanical side of automobilism all, or most, anyhow, of the interest that it has for me. I recognize my solitude, isolation. Macaulay's New Zealander, when he arrives, will probably find me with my hair full of straws, my beard unkempt, my wild harp all unstrung, toying with what is left of a straight-spur-pinioned, sliding-pinioned gearbox which might have been that of Levassor—pathetically behind the times, but happy, in a sad, dopey sort of fashion, crooning to myself the glory that was, in a day when it was still worthy of remark to drive five thousand miles without splitting the welkin into shreds every time one changed gears!

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is much to read for folk who are interested
broadly, generally, in road and aerial transport.

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This would seem to suggest that there
must be something in "The Ford Times."

*A specimen copy will cost a postcard. A year's
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27, GLASSHOUSE ST., LONDON, W.1

FORD Motor Co., Ltd., will not be at
Olympia, for the sufficient reason that
they have an exhibition of their own, at
the White City, in Uxbridge Road, from the
afternoon of October 13th, until 10 p.m. on
October 22nd.

They will display the complete range of
new Ford cars, of 8, 14.9 and 24 h.p., and
the already famous V-8, Ford commercial
vehicles for loads of 5, 10, 20, 30 and
40 cwt., the Fordson ... and indus-
trial tractors, the Ford industrial power-
units, and the new Lincoln cars, both eight-
and twelve-cylindereed.

Apart from the interest of these items, and
of a surprising number of special-service
vehicles built around Ford chassis in the
commercial, industrial section, the Ford
Show will be a good show, because its
organizer has had the sense to appreciate
public approval of a little music, through the
day. He has engaged the band of H.M.
Royal Air Force, several dance and
"novelty" orchestras of the first order, and
entertainers popular among radio enthusi-
asts, including the pair who call themselves

Weston Brothers. Thus anybody who is
momentarily sated with Fordism can take a
breather, returning anon to the fray with
redoubled keenness.

In the old days we always had a good band
at Olympia, and the music discoursed was
appreciated just as much by poor wretches
of exhibitors, doomed to stand and talk all
day, as by the more fortunate visitors, free
to enter and leave the Exhibition as they
wished.

It may not be polite to suggest that the
Ford Show is going to make a hit because it
will be garnished with music, but I should
imagine that the contrast drawn between
the two affairs will not be to the detriment
of that staged in the White City, true as it is
that an exhibition purely of Ford products
and their adaptations must in itself be
something of a "one-man band."

L. ROBINSON & Co., of Gillingham, Kent,
are not exhibiting individually, but
their Jubilee worm-drive hose-clips will, as
usually, be found upon the connections and
joint-housings of a majority of the more

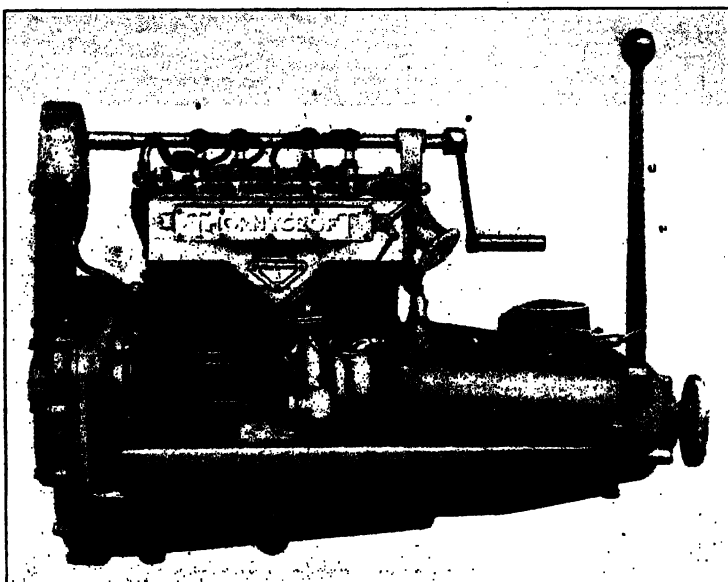
thoughtfully constructed of cars. Commander Lumley Robinson will be in daily attendance at Olympia, for the sake of meeting customers and friends, but he has decided that the cost of staging an exhibit is disproportionate to the business revenue directly traceable to that exhibit.

THE Triumph Motor Co., Ltd., seem to have declared war on "extras".

Buffer-bars or "bumpers", spring-gaiters, luggage grids, hydraulic shock-absorbers,

electrical screen-wiper, and a radiator stone guard. Its indirectly illuminated instrument board carries clock, speedometer, oil pressure gauge and electrical controls.

It has dipping headlamps, with finger-t control, an electrical horn, shock-absorber spring gaiters, bumpers, a luggage grid, rubber leather is used for its upholstery, and a fuel-tank is fitted with a two-way tap conserving an emergency ration. The four-cylindere motor has a capacity of 832 c.c. with laterally arranged valves, and is rubber-



A typically workmanlike and accessible Thornycroft four-cylindered motor of the type RH-1. Greater compactness for ease of installation, it would be difficult to devise.

dual windscreen-wipers, Leveroll adjustable seats, sliding roofs—all these are standardized items of the new line of Triumphs, and all but the least expensive models have permanently fitted jacks. The Super-Seven has become a Super-Eight. The Southern Cross sports model, which has up to now had a 9 h.p. motor, has now one of 10 h.p. There are in all nine cars in the new range, divided as to classification into Super-Eights, Super-Nines, and Twelve's.

The smallest-engined is available as a two-four-seater, a "full" four-seater and a four-doored pillarless saloon. This Super-Eight has a three-speed gear box, Leveroll front seats, safety glass all round, an

mounted. Battery and coil ignition, a separate starting carburettor, Autovac feed from a rearwardly located tank, Lockheed hydraulic brakes, and full worm-and-wheel steering are other items of the specification. No matter which body-type one prefers, the price of the fully-equipped car is £155.

The Super-Nine, available as two-four-seater, full four-seater or four-doored saloon all priced at £189, has a 1,018 c.c. motor with inlet valves mounted above the exhausts, a three-bearing crankshaft (as also by the way, has the Eight), rubber-mounted suspension for the powerplant, a 12-volt electrical installation, and a four-speed box with a silent third.



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with no central pillar—as easy to enter and
leave as a big car, Super Nine Saloon de
Luxe £189, "Twelve Six" Saloon de Luxe
£198, and "Southern Cross," 10 h.p.
Sports 4-Seater £225.

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Triumph models . . . sliding roof, seats
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hydraulic brakes, hydraulic shock absorbers.

See **STAND 63 Olympia**
or write for full details.

TRIUMPH

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London: 218, Gt. Portland St., W.1.

The Twelve-Six is available as an open four-seater and a four-doored saloon, priced at £198 in either case. Its motor has a piston-displacement of 1,203 c.c., and carries a £12 tax. It has laterally located valves, a four-bearing shaft, and a four-speed gearbox with a silent third.

The Southern Cross is built substantially to the Super-Nine specification, but has a motor with a Treasury rating of 9.8 h.p. (measuring 63 by 90 mm., whereas that of the Super-Nine has bore and stroke of 60 and 90 mm.), its capacity working out at 1,122 c.c. Designed to travel, this model has an 18-in. flexibly-spoked steering-wheel, and ultra-large speedometer and revolution-counter. It is fitted with either an open four-seated body or a close-coupled saloon,

also seating four. The price of the open car is £225.

As I write that of the close-coupled saloon has not been announced. But Triumph prices as a whole are extremely conservative, as one sees, the moment one gets up alongside any of the models; in fact I expect to hear that business resulting more or less directly from the 1932 Olympia Exhibition has consolidated the position of the Triumph Company as that of a firm who from their embarkation in the car business have pinned their faith and planned their policy unswervingly upon a belief that quality, value for money, will attract buyer more lastingly and profitably than will appeal based mainly upon lowness of price. People do not want "cheap" cars. They



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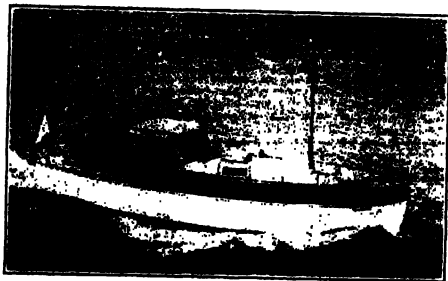
MELBOURNE HOUSE, MELBOURNE PLACE, ALDWYCH, W.C.2.

Phone: Temple Bar 6866 (4 lines)

want cars embodying the greatest amount of comfort, convenience, utility, value purchasable for a given amount of money, whether it is £105 or £2,500.

THE Marine Section of the Exhibition, as catalogued in the latest information available, as I write, promises to be smaller than formerly, but quality is more important than is quantity; and one realizes that the power-boat industry of the British Isles has not found 1932 really a boom year, for a variety of reasons. A majority of firms engaged in that industry are almost pitifully smaller, in every way, than are a majority of the firms engaged in producing cars. They have far less of money to spare.

We are not boat-minded yet, nationally speaking; and as the use of any mechanically-propelled craft demands the expenditure of a surprising amount of money, in one



A Thornycroft 40 ft. cabin cruiser being demonstrated to a number of continental visitors, anxious to see what English constructors can offer. She carries two RE-4 12 h.p. engines, but is good for an easy 8 knots. Pretty little ship; much roomier for'ard than this picture might suggest.

direction and another, the recruitment of new adherents for which one might have looked, during the present year, has been hindered undoubtedly by general conditions, economically, as has everything else but the production and sale of the paper upon which blah and gaga newspapers are printed.

Of course the old timers, Thornycrofts, Brookes, David Hillyard, Norris, Henty & Gardners, Ltd., the Parsons Company, Vospers, and such, are rallying to Olympia.

THE Associated Manufacturers' Company (England), Ltd., have probably made more money out of Case tractors than out

of Amanco motors, Gray motors, or Gray V-drive, during the year now rapidly closing. They are planning to exhibit what must be one of the most complete marine displays ever staged, consisting of no fewer than fourteen distinct Amanco models—single, two-, four- and six-cylindrical, seven Gray engines (in three groups, the Phantom for fast runabouts and hydroplanes, the medium-duty class for launches, the most substantial of runabouts and light cruise and the heavy-duty range for cruisers, an industrial service craft requiring power to 150 b.h.p.), as well as two examples of the Gray V-drive for sternward installation.

Many of the engines shown will embody integral reduction gears. Inevitably a number of boat builders will exhibit craft powered with engines supplied by the Amanco folk, and Gibbs, of Trowlock Island, always an Amanco stalwart, is going to have on the Thames a number of demonstration boats, Amanco-equipped.

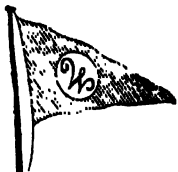
Prices of power-units exhibited by the Associated Manufacturers' Company will range from £35 to £500, so that they may justly claim to have an engine for everybody whose ambition exceeds outboard propulsion; and it would seem likely that the exhibit may be second only to Thornycroft in useful variety and real interest.

ASKED to indicate his views of the Exhibition and the future, Mr. Hawke, the managing director of the Amanco Company, reminds one of the unwisdom of prophecy prior to the event concerned. He feels, however, that 1933 cannot conceivably prove such a boom year as to catch his company short. He thinks that their current range is such as covers the requirements of anything from 75 to 90 per cent. of purchases—“private” or “trade,” and he attaches great importance to the enthusiastic cooperation of Mr. Gibbs, because that gentleman's very ripe experience enables him readily to calibrate the performance of a new power-plant, to compare it with that of older, better-known units, in practically identical hulls.

“If we have a good year ahead,” says Mr. Hawke, “it will find us ready to talk

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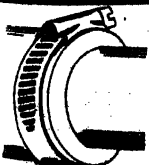
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advantage of it. If not, we have from the first conducted our business so conservatively that we are probably as well able to weather a bad time as are any other firm of less than, say, Thornycrofts' establishment; and the fact that we have, this year, been less busy than we might have wished has given us all the more time for experiment and research, for the really studious analysis of the reasons why this, that or other unit seems to perform better than we had hoped, or, in some cases, not so well. What leisure we have enjoyed has been turned to very good account. Not being rushed off our feet continually, we have been able to collect and digest extremely valuable data, which we can turn to very good account if 1933 justifies the expectations of the optimistic."

AN exhibit which I would commend to those who have ignored it in previous years is that of the Birmingham Aluminium Casting (1903) Co., Ltd. One sympathizes with the sailorman whose preference is for honest timber, and one knows that steel hulls have not made in British waters the progress one might have expected; but there are drawbacks to the use of ferrous metals which are absent from that of hulls built of a really suitable aluminium alloy; and, at last year's Show I was most favourably impressed by the Birmal craft shown, particularly the example which had been submitted to a very protracted spell of duty in fresh, brackish and frankly salt water. Pure aluminium does not like salt, we know; but the constitution of the alloy used for



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Birmal hulls would seem to include something which, combined with aluminium, makes it satisfactorily amphibious, so to speak.

IN a recent issue of *The Yachting World* was an advertisement issued by John I. Thornycroft & Co., Ltd., whose message should be borne in mind by all who linger in the Marine Section at Olympia. The kernel of this advertisement lay in the words "We are an old firm". They are. They built *Nautilus*, a steam launch, in 1859. 38 ft. 6 in. overall, a power plant of 30 indicated h.p. drove her at 12 m.p.h. on the Thames. She is still in commission, in use, at Hampton. Later, Thornys designed and built *Miss England III*, which until recently held the world's sea-speed record at 119.75 m.p.h. Gar Wood has since revised the figures, it is true.



A glimpse of a ferry boat arriving at the new Wallasea station of Mr. W. J. L. Watts, of "Little Ship Charters" fame. All the sailing craft in sight are lying at his moorings.

I should, however, doubt that any firm in the world have a richer store of experience, knowledge, upon which to draw than have Thornycrofts. Their current productions range up to plant developing 475 b.h.p., and their standard class cruisers are those for one of which I should unhesitatingly make if I were in the market for a boat.

Mainly because of the fact that Thornycrofts have been in business for over 70 years, producing shore-going machines (cars, lorries, tractors and the like) as well as marine plant, they have what must be unique experience, records, data, upon which to draw; and their Governmental work has

kept them abreast with the very latest of developments.

Additionally to their advantage is the fact that their experience as producers of power plant has synchronized with hull-production, so that they can look at a given job from both aspects. They take their own medicine, too. Mr. Thomas Thornycroft is not a mere power-boating man. His latest cruiser, *Wild Duck*, was—I believe—built primarily to transport from meeting to meeting his International fourteen-footers. Few men have a more catholic experience of the water than has he; and it is possible to learn things in building, as well as in handling, a 14-footer, which can be very useful to anybody engaged in the production of craft of vastly different class.

I have all possible admiration for pushing newcomers; but the old timers know a great deal more than they mention, and before I went elsewhere to buy anything in the shape of power-propelled craft I should want to know what Thornycrofts could do for me. That being so, and this being a matter in which I am like thousands of other men, we may be sure that their stand at Olympia will be the *pièce de résistance* of the Marine Section.

VOSPER & CO., LTD., are another firm safe to get a lot of seriously-interested visitors. We shall find Mr. Fred Cooper, M.I.N.A., on or about Vospers' stand, because he has I believe done more consultant and designing work for them than for anybody else, since he left Hythe. At our first meeting—and that took place many years ago—I conceived a respect and regard for Cooper that have strengthened with the passage of time. He is a very sane young man, very light upon his feet, but capable of bracing them firmly on the deck, and he seems more or less to have standardized the express cruiser—by which I mean that boat after boat, leaving this, that or the other builder's yard, is stamped with the sincerest of flattery of lines which he first put on paper. I have thought, as have other folk, probably, his below-deck draughtsmanship prettier than that of his superstructures. When I said so, he replied "Yes; I admit she

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ooks a bit stodgy above the rail; but a cruiser is a cruiser, my friend, and the modern buyer of power cruisers would be awfully peevish to find his wheelhouse dipping over the side in a seaway, from an encounter with a green 'un or two put up by half a gale. He expects his boat to be just like a house, in one respect. We have to try to please him, and so we *must* put the stuff into the superstructure, and *must* give the lines which will help the stuff to stand up to real service. A majority of power cruisers

live a butterfly life, it is true; but occasionally their amateur skippers are caught in a breeze *not* mentioned on the previous evening's radio, for that particular district or area; and although dead men tell no tales, they spend no money!"

NEWCOMERS to the industry who have taken hold of it very shrewdly are Morris Motors, Ltd., one of the manifestations of the activity of Sir William Morris, Bart. Their four-cylindred Navigator, whether

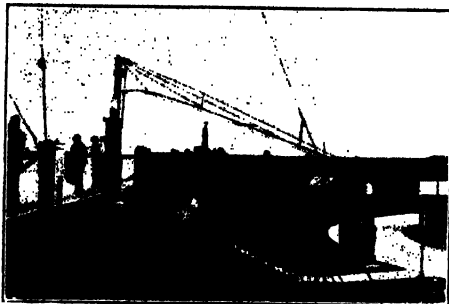
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for use with petrol or kerosene, and six-cylindereed Commodore are two very neat, sound jobs, most conservatively priced, their figures including details like a 12-volt electrical installation, with a 63 amp.-hr. battery behind it, instrument board, water pump, reverse gear and control, propeller shaft coupling and exhaust flange. Both four and six run like dynamos, because they are built by specialists. The engines fitted in Morris cars, ever since Sir William took over the English Hotchkiss plant, have been



The petrol station at Wallasea, from which power-boats can be refuelled while alongside the landing stage. Mr. Watts' headquarters are approached, on the landward side, by pukka, concreted roads.

and are first-raters, and although there is much difference between a good car engine and an equally good power-unit for marine use, all that I hear suggests that the Morris products are a really fine range.

HYLAND, Ltd., are marketing a new fifty-

new ocean cruiser, powered with a couple of 25-40's which are probably Ford adaptations. Neither Stubbs, of Manchester, nor Whitehorns, of Bristol, are mentioned among the exhibitors in my list, at the moment of writing. Their names occur to me as those of two more firms who have done a lot of

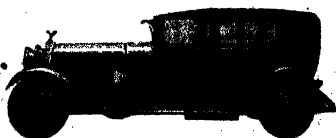
business by turning the standard Ford engine of 14.9 or 24 h.p. by R.A.C. rating into a marine unit; but I wonder who is going to be first with the Ford V-8?

There is a fine engine, pulling well at so low a crankshaft speed that the provision of reducing gear would seem to savour of supererogation. This Ford V-8 develops 65 or 70 b.h.p. when it is running briskly. I should like to know its weight. It looks like an engine which would not scale more than about 5 cwt., so there is another job with a good power-to-weight ratio, and the first marine unit specialists who take hold of the Ford V-8 might easily make quite a packet of dross, at the expenditure of no colossal amount of brainwork.

BROOKES of Lowestoft, normally flood me with what I believe is irreverently called "dope". Now, when I am hungering for information, they are unbecomingly reticent; but I understand that they will attach considerable importance to their display of Diesel-type motors, upon which they have been at work for two or three years, mastering the lessons which have to be learned by everybody venturing newly to produce compression-ignition motors. I hear of a 10 h.p. two-cylindereed Diesel-type Brooke, developing its output at 1,000 r.p.m. from a bore of $4\frac{1}{4}$ in. and a stroke of $4\frac{1}{4}$ in., with a maximum consumption of 4.8 pints per hour; but although this unit incorporates a Brooke ~~propeller~~ reverse gear, operated by a single lever, it is said to weigh

starting equipment, and is priced at £220, with electrical equipment and batteries. The price-factor is less serious than is that of weight.

Weight in relation to power is the matter of most interest to British designers and producers.



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THE TRAVEL SUPPLEMENT

Britain's Record Holiday Season—The Boom in Cruising—The Lure of South Africa—Touring in the Union—Cape Town to the Victoria Falls—Cruising Round Africa.

By HAROLD J. SHEPSTONE, F.R.G.S.

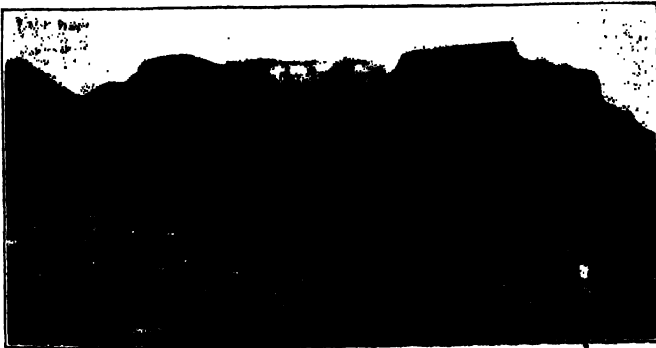
THE summer of 1932 will go down as Britain's record holiday season. Never have our resorts done so well, and never has British shipping been so busy carrying holiday-makers to the various cruising grounds. Some of our leading seaside resorts were called upon to cater for two million visitors, and quite a number had over a million during the season that has just closed. This country possesses some really beautiful and varied scenery and scores of most attractively-situated resorts, and all that is needed to make them "go" are modern methods of catering and up-to-date attractions. Provide the holiday-maker with what he wants and you will secure his patronage.

Just as our resorts have had a record season, so have our shipping companies broken all records in the matter of cruising. It is estimated that since the spring, over a hundred thousand holiday-makers put to sea from British ports. They went cruising into the sunshine in half-a-million tons of British shipping—in every sort of luxurious liner from the four-funnelled greyhound of the Atlantic to the sturdy voyager which in other months ploughs across the Indian Ocean to the East. In fact, cruising

developed into a regular boom. One shipping company that carried two thousand people to sunny seas last year, found themselves called upon to transport sixteen thousand during the past summer. I recall one Saturday afternoon in July at Southampton, when that port had to call up all its reserves of pilots and tugs to get six great cruising liners away. Fifty British liners were turned temporarily into floating hotels and sent off to Norway and the Baltic, the Mediterranean and the Canary Isles. It was the greatest holiday fleet in history, and by the kindness of chance the seas it sailed were beneficently smooth. Not least, those hundred thousand voyagers found it possible to sail away to new lands and new sights and still, in a sense, stay in Britain and help British trade; and while they sailed they were all shipmates of the high seas.

Not all of us, however, can take our vacation during the summer months, and the point is, where can we go in winter?

Here I would like to emphasize the lure of South Africa as an ideal winter touring ground. The Union to-day is attracting not only the ordinary traveller and tourist, but the more prosaic business man as well as the seeker after romance and adventure.



An air view of Cape Town and Table Mountain. Lying at the foot of Table Mountain, Cape Town presents a striking picture. It is one of the steepest cities in South Africa and never fails to appeal to the visitor from overseas

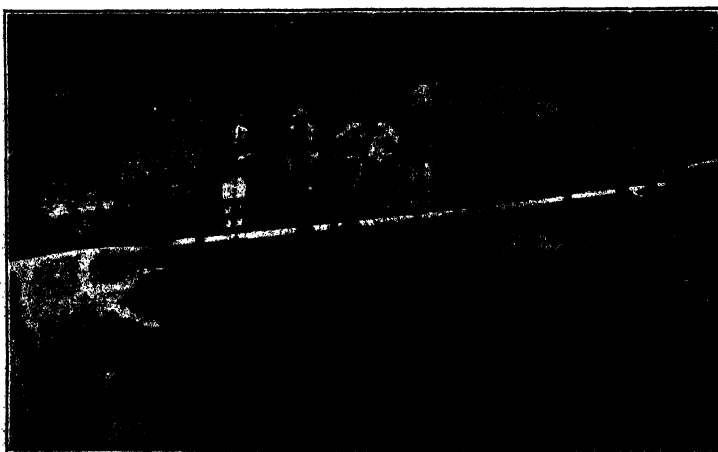


The Victoria Falls. They are the most impressive of all waterfalls, the cataract measuring $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles across, with a drop of over 400 feet.

And South Africa caters for them all. She is one of the most attractive countries in the world, possessing a charm of her own which you will find it difficult at first to analyse. There is her glorious climate, for is she not the Empire's Riviera? There is her wide expanse of rolling veldt, the grandeur of her mountains, and the charm of her woodland scenery. Among her physical marvels we have that sublime spectacle of nature, the Victoria Falls; the Zimbabwe Ruins; the Cango Caves; Mammoth Reservations where roam the finest creatures found on the African continent today; beautiful cities; and the world's greatest gold and diamond fields.

With such wonders within seventeen days' sail of this country it is gratifying to know that the South African Government are co-operating with the various steamship companies in their efforts to assist the would-be traveller in his desire to see the beauties of the country within the time and means at his disposal. A sea voyage to South Africa is rightly regarded as the fair-weather voyage of the world. A pleasant and enjoyable trip can be anticipated in good company amid every comfort and luxury. Most of the liners make a stop at Madeira, enabling passengers to land and visit the island. From thence onwards it is sailing through warm seas and glorious sunshine until Table Mountain comes into view. The first-class fare from this country to Cape Town and back is £90, second-class £60, third-class (tourist) £30. Hotel accommodation in the Union is just slightly more costly than in this country.

As the steamer approaches Table Bay, and the mountains, which rise sheer from the sea, are seen in more detail, the scene is one to hold the attention. Foremost is Table Mountain, its summit sometimes further beautified by the familiar "cloth" of cloud. Surrounding ranges extend as far as the eye can see. And at the base of Table Mountain is Cape Town. In profile, Cape Town is not unlike Naples. And from Sea Point to Hout Bay, then across the isthmus to Sir Lowry Pass and Gordon's



One of the attractions of the Bermudas, rightly famed for their unspoiled scenery and coral beaches, is Devil's Hole. Fish of all kinds congregate at this strange spot and people come here to feed them. Dangling from the bridge are a number of lines, but minus hooks. Just bait the end of the line, toss it into the water, and watch the fish dart for the titbit. The Bermuda waters are famed for the variety of their fish and their beautiful colouring.

Bay, is a classic and almost Ionic environment of mountain-girt bays and fertile mountain-girt valleys, with pine and oak trees in forests, picturesque views between the mountains and the sea, old and romantic-looking mansions in the woods, and vineyards in the foot-hills.

The city is one of the stateliest in South Africa. On landing, one's first impression is of the familiar. Its principal thoroughfares, Adderley and St. George's Streets, present on a modified scale life as it is in the pleasanter towns of Britain. But there the semblance ends. The place is as much Dutch as British, though everyone speaks English. A racial peculiarity that impresses itself is that nearly half of its 250,000 inhabitants is of Malay or Bantu descent. This colour element, together with the sunny and vivacious atmosphere, the mountain setting, and a foliage of southern richness, combines to give Cape Town an air that is foreign but cordial.

It is a land of flowers. "In an area smaller than the Isle of Wight," the guide-book tells us, "there are two hundred more species of flowers than in the whole of England." Certainly the variety and the vivid beauty of the orchids and heaths that grow wild at the Cape at once attract.

The Cape is noted for its drives. The principal of these is along the circular mountain road, skirting the sea, from Cape Town to the Cape of Good Hope, a distance of a hundred miles for the round trip, in the course of which one travels along the edge of the Atlantic, and then along the edge of the Indian Ocean, in surroundings varied and impressive. Indeed, many travellers acquainted with the world's show places, have concurred in terming this the finest of marine drives.

Although there is much to interest the visitor in and around Cape Town, one does not undertake a six thousand mile sea-journey without being prepared to spend some little time ashore to see the sights the country offers. To assist the traveller here, the South African Government have very thoughtfully planned attractive tours varying from a few days to fifty-three days. These tours have been most carefully worked



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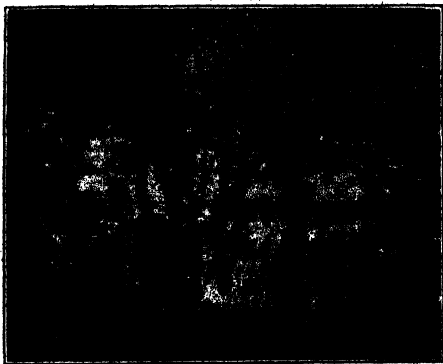
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out, giving full particulars how to travel by train or otherwise from point to point, what to see at the various stopping places, hotel accommodation, and cost.

Take one of the nineteen days' tours as an example of what may be seen. After spending two or three days seeing the sights of Cape Town, one entrains for Bulawayo. It is a fascinating journey. One crosses the Great Karoo, in many respects a strange region. The air is always dry and invigorating, and there is no corner of the earth where the stars are seen in such splendour as on these African plateaux. Kimberly, the famed diamond city, is passed, as well as historic Mafeking, and Bulawayo is reached, a town of wide streets and notable public buildings. The stay here is short, as this town is taken in on the return journey, so one passes on to the Victoria Falls, one of the few really great spectacles that no subsequent sight-seeing ever quite efface from the memory.

The features of main interest at the Victoria Falls are four: the river and

islands above the gorge; the palm grove below; the rain forest; and the actual falls. The palm grove is an exquisite nook. It is as though the gods, designing for themselves an adequate playground on earth, had conserved, for the recreation of their leisure, the greatest of all permanent spectacles—the Victoria Falls; and had then gathered into one glowing whole, scenes for which the Orient and the Occident had been ransacked.



Tourists at the Victoria Falls

As to the Falls themselves, they are really superb and almost beyond description. One cannot but be fascinated by a volume of water a mile and a quarter wide, falling four hundred feet in a splendour of life, light, and sparkle. Such a spectacle would be impressive anywhere. What makes its appeal so irresistible is that, unlike Niagara, this glorious cascade, tumbling in cool, white purity, is presented with a tropical environment, with never a chimney, a house or other work of man in sight.

On the return journey another stop is made at Bulawayo for a motor trip to the giant Matopos, to see World's View, where lie the mortal remains of Cecil Rhodes. Then on again by train across the Vaal to Johannesburg, where is the greatest gold deposit known. The arrangements include a visit to the mines, and at its conclusion one may witness the spectacle of a native war dance. The next stopping place is Pretoria, followed by a motor drive, when

its historic government house and other places of interest are visited.

In this nineteen days' tour one does see the principal cities and sights the Union has to offer. Nor can it be regarded as expensive, seeing that the total cost of railway, motor, and hotel accommodation for the whole nineteen days costs, for a party of four, £37 15s. to £49 5s. each, according to whether one travels first-class on the railways with accommodation at the best hotels, or second-class on rail and stays at what are very good hotels.

An ambitious African tour is that announced by the Royal Mail Line for February 3rd next, when their luxurious liner *Atlantis* will encircle the whole of the African continent. Leaving Southampton on the date named, the steamer will proceed to Villefranche. There is a seventeen hours' stop here, more than sufficient for visiting Nice and Monte Carlo. Then across the Mediterranean to Port Said, where two days will be spent sightseeing ashore, including Cairo, Memphis, and the Pyramids. Then on to Aden, where another halt is



World's View. Cecil Rhodes' Grave in the Matopos Hills

made, after which comes Mombasa, here to entrain to Nairobi and see something of Kenya Colony. Then on to Durban and Cape Town, at which three days are spent. On the homeward journey St. Helena, Sierra Leone, and Las Palmas will be visited. The cruise lasts 57 days, and the fare is from 435 guineas upwards.

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[Munich]

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS

INCORPORATING

WORLD TODAY

London, November 10th, 1932

THE NARRATIVE OF THE WORLD

THE OTTAWA AGREEMENTS

The full texts of the tariff agreements made by Great Britain and the Dominions at the Ottawa Conference were published on October 12th. On October 20th the agreements were ratified in the House of Commons by 451 votes to 84. As a preliminary to their entry into force the Trade Agreement with Soviet Russia has been denounced.

Thus has begun what Sir John Simon admitted in the Commons debate to be an experiment without precedent in the trade history of this country. Its beginning has been received with more diversity of opinion than the Government's overwhelming majority would imply, though, as usual, a large part of this opinion would seem to be based more on faith than on argument.

In the House of Commons the agreements were defended successively by Mr. Chamberlain, who said that they would result in a moderate rise in wholesale prices and aid the recovery of world trade; by the Prime Minister, who argued that if the Ottawa Conference had failed the World Economic Conference would have been impossible; by Sir John Simon, who quoted Cobden to show his former Liberal colleagues that the agree-

ments were not unconstitutional; and by Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister, who showed that they had brought the Crown Colonies for the first time into economic union with the Empire.

Their most notable critic was Sir Herbert Samuel, who had just resigned his position in the Cabinet because of his objections to them. His point that their unalterable five-year term (in the case of all the Dominions except India) removed taxation from annual control by Parliament was acknowledged by Sir John Simon to be a criticism of substance, and has since been taken up widely in the Free Trade Press.

For the rest, Press comment followed generally the lines made familiar by the comment on the Liberal Ministers' resignation last month. No paper expressed complete satisfaction. But most saw in Ottawa an experiment which deserved to be tried, while many pointed to the opening of new trade negotiations with the Scandinavian countries in justification of the Government's claim that agreement within the British Empire would result in an enlargement of the area of free trade in the world.

The Liberal Press was even more hostile than it had been on the conclusion of the

Ottawa Conference. "A ring-fence Empire", wrote the *Manchester Guardian*, "is in process of creation", and the sacrifice of Anglo-Soviet trade to it was a "scandal". "There is no evidence anywhere", said the *News-Chronicle*, "of any sincere acceptance of the aims of the Ottawa Conference as defined by Mr. Baldwin"—the lowering of tariff barriers; and its sister evening paper, the *Star*, declared that the Conference had "betrayed the promise made by British statesmen that it would be in the direction of lowering tariff barriers". In *Time and Tide* Sir George Paish described the Ottawa agreements as "a national calamity", while the *Liverpool Post*, quoting Sir Herbert Samuel on the duration of the agreements, feared lest they "involve the Empire in our domestic politics in a manner which would be wholly contrary to the ideals professed by those who made the agreements".

Condemnation of the new Imperial tariff arrangements by Opposition spokesmen in Canada and Australia, was a frequent text for Liberal criticism in this country, and in this connection the Labour *Daily Herald* wrote that

"The great body of Canadian Liberal, Progressive, and Labour opinion is no more enamoured of the Ottawa agreement than is Labour or real Liberal opinion here.

So let us hear no more nonsense about offending "Canada" by opposing the Bennett-Baldwin pact.

In contrast with the whole-hearted condemnation of the Liberals the Conservative Press generally received the details of the Ottawa agreements with a qualified approval. They were, in the opinion of the *Morning Post*, "frankly an experiment, and time will show whether it is an experiment capable of success". The *Daily Express* welcomed them as "a sure sign that we are on our way towards the ideal of the Free Trade Empire", but took exception to the meat quota. The *Evening News* believed that they gave British industrialists "substantial if limited opportunities for increasing their trade with the Dominions and Colonies". The *Times* saw in them "a definite initial success in lowering trade barriers and facilitating

economic development within the Empire". And the *Yorkshire Post* commended "this beginning of a constructive economic planning which, so far from being antagonistic to the rest of the world, will, if it succeeds and can be followed, prove of world-wide value".

THE IRISH TANGLE

Spurred by the plight of the Irish Free State farmers, who are suffering severely from the British tariff against their produce, Mr. de Valera last month asked for a further meeting with British Ministers to discuss the dispute over the land annuities.

Negotiations accordingly began in London on October 14th. They ended the next day without result. For, far from suggesting a basis of compromise, Mr. de Valera put forward as counter to the demand for the land annuities a claim for some £400,000,000, "due" by Great Britain on account of over-taxation of Ireland since the Act of Union in 1800.

The Irish dispute is serious—especially for the Irish Free State; and few British Parliaments have been more serious in their attention to business than the present. It is, therefore, an instructive comment that Mr. Thomas's outline of the Irish Free State claim in the House of Commons should have been received with laughter. There is an echo of this laughter, accompanied by a note of warning lest the consequences of Mr. de Valera's stand prove beyond his control, in British and Irish Press comment on the latest phase of the deadlock.

Though the adjectives employed may differ, all newspapers except Mr. de Valera's own are united in describing his proposals as fatuous and his attitude as hopelessly intransigent. The *Manchester Guardian*, which has given more space to the case put by Mr. de Valera's adherents than any other British newspaper, found it difficult to believe that Mr. de Valera himself had really come to London in the right spirit for negotiation. The *Evening Standard*, looking at him as "first and foremost a politician", suggested that Mr. de Valera's case "was not intended for use in negotiations, but for use in election".

It is fair [it said] to suppose that his consent to the reopening of negotiations was not given in the hope that they would prove successful. His intention, or so we conjecture, was to reiterate the whole of the Irish demands, and secure, as he knew they must do, their rejection. He will now have to see whether he has created a favourable atmosphere for a dissolution.

And the *Sunday Times*, writing after the issue of the White Paper on the negotiations had cleared up some of the details, expressed a general view when it regretted Mr. de Valera's refusal to arbitrate on legal points which had never been raised during the years in which his predecessors in Dublin had worked the Irish Treaty without complaint.

Nowhere throughout the documents published in the White Paper is there any suggestion, by word or implication, of the Free State Government's inability to pay. The whole case is based on her unwillingness to do so. If Mr. de Valera had come to the British Government and said that, in his view, having regard to all past and present circumstances, the payment of the Land Annuities in their present form and amount constituted an unreasonable burden on the population of the Free State; if he had made a request that, this being so, there should be a discussion on the possibility of revision, he need have feared no lack of sympathy in the response. But this question has never been raised. Instead of suggesting a composition with his creditors, Mr. de Valera has all along taken the unhelpful line that he doesn't owe anything—in fact, that his creditors owe him. Yet even on these unpromising terms the British Government is perfectly prepared to arbitrate. If the affair gets no nearer a settlement, then the fault is quite obviously not on this side, and Mr. de Valera must explain as best he can to his hard-pressed farmers why he prefers non-stop argument to agreement.

Meanwhile the economic disabilities arising for the Irish Free State from this dispute continue: and apprehension is expressed in several quarters lest the shadow of suffering be followed by the shadow of the gunman.

The people of the Irish Free State [says the *Daily Dispatch*] may suffer so much as the result of their leader's attitude towards this country that unrest may flare up in rebellion, so that once again the world will witness the piteous sight of Irish-

men fighting Irishmen, of a house divided against itself, of brothers' hands raised against brothers.

THE AMERICAN PRESIDENT

The result of the American Presidential Election will be known in this country before the 10th of November. Last month it seemed that the forecast of the *Literary Digest* would prove correct. That paper's "Poll", to date October 22nd, gave Roosevelt 500,000 more votes than Hoover.

The New York correspondent of the London *Observer* reported that "hard times constitute virtually the only issue appealing to the average voter, and Mr. Hoover is unable to escape the embarrassment caused by each new admission forced from him of the needs of the national treasury". Though business interests, especially the great employers, fear a Democratic victory, Mr. Roosevelt's radicalism made a strong appeal with his "forgotten men" speech, in which he declared that his opponent only thinks of the millionaire, ignoring the humble worker.

A long view of the campaign and its lessons was expressed by the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, in terms that merit careful reading:

The Democrats do not deserve by any act of theirs to win the election in any such fashion as the polls indicate. Their single virtue is that they are the opposition party. But neither Mr. Hoover nor his party can do anything to turn back the swelling tide for change. They are, in our opinion, wasting breath to attempt it as truly as King Canute wasted strength when he sought to turn back the sea. The great depression all over the world affords an excellent object lesson in human nature. It also affords an excellent object lesson in political economy. Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler says we are doing nothing about the three great causes of international depression, which he asserts are the war debts, tariffs and an inadequate monetary system.

It is an experience that ought to arouse the world to closer and more understanding solidarity. Unquestionably, it will have that effect. The unseeing nationalist is at last undone by the consequences of the fallacy that any nation is entirely self-sufficient. The faith of the economic Tory in some such fetish as gold or silver is at last shaken by the widespread paralysis of trade, the bank-

ruptcy of nations and the tumult and shouting which result when prices collapse.

The people of the United States may vote blindly in November, but they will not always do so. They have made the mistake of believing that they could let politics run the country for them, and they will in time know better. The tariff bill, which brought down reprisals upon us all over the world, and the war debt policy, to which we have clung through thick and thin, have been the machinations of politicians and designing people using politics for their own selfish ends.

John Philpot Curran said that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. Eternal vigilance is also the price of the common well-being. The era from which we are just emerging will be known in history as the era of rackets, of corrupt politics, of hypocritical partisans and parties, of appalling intellectual dishonesty, of economic and political make-believe—a veritable congerie of depravity at which a heedless people laughed in the delusion that it would turn out all right in the end.

It did not turn out all right in the end. It turned out just as all neglect and bad thinking inevitably turn out.

The most sensational, though not the most important, issue of the Election is Prohibition. People in this country have been told stories of ships waiting to rush liquor over from Europe. Even in America the Democrats have gained support from those who count on an immediate repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, without realising how the Constitution makes this difficult.

America has a written Constitution. For repeal, two-thirds of the members of Congress may propose an amendment, which, when adopted, must be ratified by three-fourths of the States—by 36 out of 48. This means that 13 States can prevent the law of Prohibition being annulled. Discussing this problem at the end of last month the *Evening Standard* considered that

Most cool-headed American observers, whatever their wishes, see no reason to doubt the ability of the "Drys", backed as they will be by the huge vested interests of the bootleggers, to control the necessary thirteen States.

Apparently the most that America can hope for in the near future is a repeal of the Volstead Act, in which Congress defined intoxicating liquor as liquor containing more than one-half of one per cent. of

alcohol. "A 'Wet' Congress", said the *Evening Standard* "could pass a new Act ruling light wines and beers containing, say, 10 per cent. of alcohol out of the scope of the Nineteenth Amendment".

AMNESTY IN ITALY

The tenth anniversary of Fascist rule in Italy was made significant by two important speeches delivered by Signor Mussolini in Turin and Milan. The Duce dealt with Italian foreign policy, in relation to the principles of Fascism, and his statements are referred to on another page. But the Milan speech also included a promise of amnesty to the political prisoners who have suffered for their opinions or for more active revolt against Fascism.

Signor Mussolini announced that the amnesty would be granted not so much for the poor deluded people who were in prison or on the islands, but out of mercy for their families. This act should not, however, be mis-interpreted, and the exiles beyond the Alps must understand that the fact of the revolution is irrevocable. Bismark had governed 30 years. He, too, would not hand over the banner of revolution to the new generation before the lapse of 30 years.

The *Times*, from which the above report is taken, also drew attention to the following comment in the *Corriere della Sera*:

It is useless to emphasize the immense moral and sentimental value that this promise assumes and the high political importance of this measure which reflects the generosity of Signor Mussolini and the sense of balance which he has always known how to preserve even in the hardest moments of the fight. The festivities for the 10th anniversary of Fascism will end with an eminently political and human note.

The sufferings of the "confinati", the murder of Matteotti, and the persecution of other Socialists, have roused many people in this country to indignation against Fascist methods of government. But Signor Mussolini has shown himself wise enough to become more tolerant with increasing prestige and power. Liberalism may still be "a putrifying corpse": Liberals can now feel more confident of saving their skins.

TOPICS OF THE MONTH

GERMANY AND DISARMAMENT

Hopes and Fears for the Conference.

WHILE there is life there is hope. The Disarmament Conference still lives; but hope for its success was at a low ebb when at the end of September the German Government refused to take further part in the discussions at Geneva unless "equality of status" should first be granted. At the same time, the encouragement to militarism in Germany moved the French Nationalists to say "we told you so", and the not inconsiderable section of French opinion which follows the lead of M. Léon Blum was disheartened.

It remained for Great Britain to move; and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald considered the possibility of a Four-Power Conference in London. No official invitations were issued; but it became known that Germany and Italy were willing. France, however, objected: "one of MacDonald's tricks" was the phrase used to condemn that statesman's supposed desire to solve international questions by secret conclave between the Great Powers.

M. HERRIOT came to London, and conversed with Mr. MacDonald and Sir John Simon. M. Herriot, it was said, had in his pocket a new French plan for "progressive disarmament". What transpired was that at the end of the conversations on October 14th the British Government had agreed to M. Herriot's suggestion that a Four-Power Conference should take place in Geneva, with the object of "seeking and proposing means by which the common work of the Disarmament Conference within the League of Nations might be effectively resumed".

The consent of Germany was taken for granted. But the *Allegemeine Zeitung* had written on October 11th:

The German Government can rely on the support of all parties with regard to its claim for equal

rights. The fight for this must be carried forward with concentration and singleness of purpose. The London Conference does not concern us much. If it takes place our motto must be, "Better an honest No than a false Yes".

Germany refused to go to Geneva—to re-enter the Disarmament Conference "by the back door", as the Germans said, and subject to a French manœuvre.

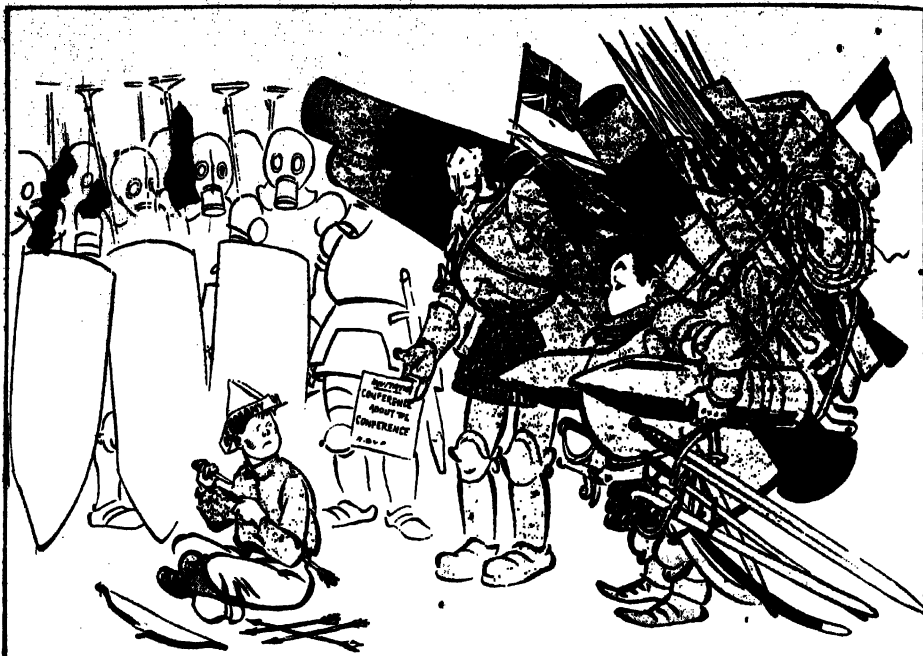
THUS the Conference was held up because the parties could not agree where to confer. *The Times* wrote that the actual place of meeting was of no importance to the British Government so long as it was held, and went on:

In these circumstances it must seem unwise on the part of the German Government to wreck the proposal on what, when all is said and done, is a mere point of prestige, especially since they have won such general admission of the justice of their claim for equal status. In this country at any rate their claim has received almost universal sympathy and support—on the understanding, which is paramount, that its recognition must be made to promote disarmament all round, not used as a pretext for rearmament.

The Daily Telegraph, while considering that "it should be possible to attain agreement upon another centre . . . for the Four-Power meeting", sounded a note of warning:

The fact that has to be faced throughout these diplomatic exercises is that Franco-German relations have been gravely impaired since the von Papen Cabinet assumed control; so gravely that it cannot be assumed that Germany will in the end be brought back to the task of Geneva on the terms for which she has stipulated.

CLEARLY the trouble was, and still is, the mutual suspicion and fear that poisons Franco-German relations. "Germany's outlook on disarmament" the *News*



Low in the Evening Standard]

"Don't you Understand? It's a DISarmament Conference—"

[London

Chronicle advised, "must be examined in conjunction with the question of war guilt". The Germans have never allowed that German militarism caused the War: they reject the corollary of this argument, that their re-armament is a danger to Peace. It is only on these terms that they will consent to return to Geneva. Furthermore, as the *Observer* pointed out, Germany fears an attack by Poland resulting in the encirclement of her country by France. And the French dread "a Hohenzollern-minded Germany seeking to encircle France via the Eastern European frontiers, if and when revised".

The German Chancellor was reported as saying in a speech at Munich that

What we want is not fresh unrest, not an armaments race, not a warlike adventure. Our aim is a new peaceful Europe, governed by the eternal laws of justice and self-determination, trusting in which we laid down our arms in 1918. Only when the nations of our sphere of civilization live fraternally side by side in such a Europe will the

foundations be there for real economic and political confidence, the foundations of a new common reconstruction of the world.

Is this the real voice of Germany? If so, and if the common people of Great Britain and France want the same thing, why cannot the statesmen agree?

FACED by this deadlock, the only thing to be done, said *The Times*, was that "the other Powers should seize a golden opportunity to clear their minds" about the manner of settling Germany's claim.

Of the two conceivable alternatives before them—their own progressive disarmament to a reasonable level, the progressive rearmament of Germany to a point of renewed competition with her neighbours—they have most definitely pledged themselves to the former. Their choice is dictated not only by the profound revulsion of the world from any prospect of another war, not only by the moral obligations of the Peace Treaty, but by plain common sense and economic necessity. And the practical question at the moment is

whether they have yet thought out, with some approach to precision, the question how, in fact, they mean to fulfil it.

The Times proceeded to ask whether the Government was willing "to reduce her diminished but considerable land forces". To this the *Paris Temps* retorted with a question about the British naval forces. Thus the eternal wrangle about ways and means of disarmament continues; and the *Daily Express* voiced the opinion of those who think Great Britain should treat the problem as hopeless when it wrote:

By the Locarno Treaty, which was signed in 1925, we bound ourselves effectively to guarantee the frontiers of France, Germany, Italy, Belgium, Poland and Czecho-Slovakia against aggression. When any one of these countries is invaded by one or more of the others Great Britain will be drawn into the conflict to go, to the aid of the nation which is being attacked. And by the Treaty of Locarno we have handed over to the Council of the League of Nations the right of deciding which nation is to be helped!

The time is near at hand when Great Britain will be called upon to carry out these obligations. Unless we end this fateful contract at once its terms will become operative before we can honourably withdraw.

Cancel the Treaty of Locarno now!

THERE can be no doubt, however, that the majority of people in Great Britain are determined to have disarmament by international agreement, and that their feelings were well and truly expressed by the delegation from British Churches which visited the Foreign Office at the end of last month:

Yesterday's memorial [wrote *The Times*] was only one more evidence of the deep and widespread feeling which exists in this country in favour of a general system of reduced and limited armaments. Some of the advocates of disarmament, unlike those at yesterday's ceremony, spoil a good case by speaking as though Great Britain were the chief obstacle to the establishment of such a system of reduction and limitation; whereas the truth, of course, is, as the Foreign Secretary repeated yesterday, that she has gone farther than anyone since the Armistice in reduction, and she has already accepted, in common with the United States and Japan—and to a lesser degree with France and Italy—a scheme of naval limita-

tion which she would like to see extended to other forms of armament. The method of disarmament by mere example has been tried with disappointing results, and it remains now for the British Government to exercise all their influence on the other Powers to secure a general, and not an isolated plan.

The *Daily Herald*, on the other hand, while commending the terms of the "National memorial to the Prime Minister," ended with a note of criticism:

Of the great armed nations, the United States and Italy have already given earnest of their wish for sweeping reductions.

France is now preparing a plan that is believed also to be bold in its conception.

Great Britain has as yet made no serious contribution, has failed even to give whole-hearted support to the proposals of others.

The Churches' Memorial urged the British Government to "declare forthwith its acceptance in principle of the Hoover proposals". It so happened that in the same week Mr. Norman Davis, the American delegate to the Disarmament Conference, arrived in London, en route for Geneva, to confer on this very problem.

ITALY has consistently supported the German claim for equality of status, and was willing to attend the proposed Four-Power Conference wherever it might be convened. The German threat to re-arm, if first received with sympathy in Italy, is now condemned by the Fascist Government, whose policy was announced by Signor Mussolini at Turin on October 23rd. The relevant passages from the Duce's speech are quoted below:

A conference which has interested the whole of the civilized world is that of disarmament. There have been those who have thought that our practical and concrete proposals were inspired by Machiavellian calculations. Nothing is more false; there is a very simple way of testing our sincerity—put us to the test. I declare, so that all may understand, that Italy is following a policy of peace, of true peace which cannot be dissociated from justice, of that peace which must give back to Europe its equilibrium, of that peace which must penetrate into the heart like a hope and a faith.

A vote of the Fascist Grand Council has aroused the interest of all countries: is Italy still to remain

in the League of Nations? I now declare that we will continue to remain in the League of Nations. Especially today when the League is very ill one must not abandon the bedside. It happens that the decisions of the League of Nations (which is too all-embracing) lose their efficacy with the increase in distances. If the League can have a certain efficacy in European affairs, when we come to the Far East and to South America its words remain just meaningless words.

But I think that if tomorrow on the basis of justice, of recognition of our sacrosanct rights, consecrated by the blood of so many young Italian generations, it were possible to recognize the premises necessary and sufficient for the collaboration of the four great Western Powers, Europe would be tranquil from the political standpoint and perhaps the end would be in sight of the economic crisis by which we are gripped.

There is another question. The German demand for parity. Here, too, Fascism has had precise ideas and policies. The German demand for juridical parity is fully justified. This must be recognized, the more precisely the better. At the same time, while the Disarmament Conference lasts, Germany cannot ask to rearm herself in any degree. But when the Disarmament Conference is finished, and if it has given a negative result, then Germany will not be able to remain in the League of Nations if this difference, which has lowered her standard so far, is not eradicated. We do not want hegemonies in Europe. We shall be against the formation of any hegemony whatsoever, especially if its aim is to harden into a position of manifest injustice.

Stark realism, not sentiment for abstract justice, is the motive of Italian disarmament policy. Fascism cannot afford to forget the French legions across the Alps.

LAST month it was the French who made the most important contribution to the problem. The disarmament Plan of M. Herriot's cabinet was debated in the Chamber, and previous to this there had been a violent controversy in the Press over the reported quarrel between M. Paul Boncour, War Minister and principal author of the Plan, and the representatives of the fighting services, led by General Weygand. M. Blum, Socialist Editor of the *Populaire*, asserted that the General was holding up the French Disarmament Plan in the Council of National Defence:

Let M. Herriot be warned. Parliamentary complications may arise from more than one quarter. If he sacrificed to General Weygand the supremacy of Republican power, the interests of peace and security of France, he would set up between himself and the Socialists an impassable barrier.

The fact remains that the plan was approved by a vote of confidence in the Chamber early on the morning of October 29th. The most important point in M. Herriot's speech, wrote the *Observer*, was his refutation of the argument of M. Franklin-Bouillon that France should be content to form a close group of the countries determined upon a strict enforcement of the Versailles Treaty.

M. Herriot said that the countries opposed to the Treaty are forming a group also, and he refused to contemplate the possibility of France having been isolated from those who intervened on her side in the last war, and then having to rely upon her Allies alone to face an armaments competition against Germany and against the population and industrial resources of that country. For that reason, he said, the only wise position of France is to make a new effort for the organisation of peace.

There can be no doubt that the majority of Frenchmen now realize that Germany is a powerful country which cannot in any case be prevented from re-arming if she wishes to do so; and that in these circumstances France can only have security through disarmament brought about by international agreement.

YET the old problem remains—how to combine security with disarmament. As these lines are written the full details of the French disarmament plan are not available. But from preliminary reports that have appeared in the British and French Press it does not seem that the plan (which contains features resembling the Protocol and the Tardieu plan) is likely to prove acceptable to Great Britain or the U.S.A.

Writing in the *Observer*, Mr. J. L. Garvin said that no plan will be of any use unless the Treaty of Versailles, with particular reference to Germany's Eastern Frontier and the Polish Corridor question, is revised.

THE FAR EASTERN PROBLEM

Japan, China and the World

IN December, 1931, a Commission of Inquiry was appointed by the Council of the League of Nations to investigate affairs in the Far East arising out of the Sino-Japanese conflict. It consisted of a Frenchman, an Italian, an American, a German, and an Englishman, under the leadership of Lord Lytton.

The Commission's Report was signed in Peking on September 4th, of this year, presented to the League Council at Geneva at the end of that month, and made public early in October.

On September 15th, significantly only eleven days after the signature of the Lytton Report, a Protocol was signed between the Japanese Government and Manchukuo, the puppet State which Japan has brought into existence to safeguard her rights in Manchuria.

By this action, Japan showed her intention to forestall the findings of the Commission, which promised to condemn her imperialistic policy.

A VALUABLE summary of the Report was published by the *New Statesman and Nation*. It set forth, in these terms, the general principles which the Report considers fundamental to a solution of the problem:

(1) Compatibility with the interests of both China and Japan.

(2) Consideration for the interests of the U.S.S.R.

(3) Conformity with the provisions of the Covenant of the League, the Kellogg Pact and the Nine-Power Treaty.

(4) Recognition of Japan's interests in Manchuria.

(5) Establishment of the new treaty relations between China and Japan.

(6) Effective machinery for the settlement of future disputes.

(7) A large measure of autonomy for Manchuria, provided, however, that this does not infringe the sovereignty and administrative integrity of China. There should be a number of foreign advisers, including Japanese, attached to the autonomous government. The central Chinese Government should have control of general treaty and foreign relations and of the Customs, Post Office and Salt Gabelle.

(8) No other armed force in Manchuria except a gendarmerie to secure internal order and defence against external aggression.

(9) A new commercial treaty between China and Japan.

(10) International co-operation in the reconstruction of China.

The Commission recognizes the interests of the Japanese in Manchuria and the justice of their demand for an administration that will adequately protect those interests; but it condemns their military action and the puppet State they have brought into existence. Neither the recognition of this State and the Japanese policy that is bound up with it, nor the *status quo ante* September 1931, which did not satisfy the legitimate grievances of the Japanese, can afford a solution of the problem. The Commission, in its Report, makes the following practical suggestions:

(1) Assuming that the Japanese will consent to withdraw their forces, acknowledge Chinese sovereignty over Manchuria, and liquidate Manchukuo, the Council of the League should invite the two Governments to confer upon the dispute.

(2) An Advisory Conference should be summoned to draw up plans for a special régime in the Three Eastern Provinces. The Conference



Age-Hesold

[Birmingham, U.S.A.]

It seems to have been the Cow's Idea

might be composed of representatives of both Governments and of the local population, and assisted, if necessary, by neutral "observers." If the Conference were unable to arrive at an agreement, the League Council should lend its aid. A separate discussion would be required to deal with other matters affecting Chinese and Japanese interests.

(3) The result of these negotiations should be embodied in four instruments: a declaration of the Government of China constituting the special régime for Manchuria; a Sino-Japanese treaty dealing with Japanese interests; a Sino-Japanese treaty of Conciliation and Arbitration, Non-Aggression and Mutual Assistance (in which the U.S.S.R. might, if they so desired, participate); and a Sino-Japanese Commercial treaty.

FEW people are well informed about the past history of affairs in the Far East. But ever since September, 1931, when the Sino-Japanese conflict broke out in connection with the South Manchurian Railway, soon to be followed by the fighting at Shanghai, the general public has been aware that the other great Powers, particularly Great Britain and the U.S.A., are seriously involved in the situation that has arisen. Japan has broken her commitments under

the Covenant, the Nine-Power Treaty, and the Kellogg Pact, and thus threatens not only the commercial interests of other nations in China, but the system of international law, centred at Geneva, whose hold upon the world is still precarious. And yet the rights and wrongs of the case are not easy to define exactly. Great Britain, America and France are not wholly in agreement: nor is there a unanimous policy to be found in either of these countries.

It is generally admitted today (wrote the *New Statesman*) that if the League had been firmer last autumn the dispute would by now have been settled. Viscount Cecil, who was the British delegate, or deputy delegate, during most of this period, has strongly expressed this view, and it is indeed almost a truism today.

The same paper said that "it is impossible to pretend that British policy has been anything but a failure," and criticized the U.S. Government* in these terms:

Throughout, the American attitude has been to wait for the Council or Assembly to come to a decision before stating whether the United States would concur, instead of taking an active part in intimate discussions in the framing of that decision. The result has been to leave the League groping and guessing in the dark and to allow those members of the League who wished to do nothing to blame their inactivity on the American difficulty.

The *New Statesman* is one of the papers strongly opposed to the way in which Sir John Simon, British Foreign Secretary, has handled the problem. But there are others, notably the *Evening Standard*, which contend that but for this statesman's ability, war in the Far East would already have broken out. Sir John Simon is accused of unduly favouring Japan. "The majority of the Cabinet", said the *New Statesman*, "still support Sir John Simon in a policy of drift and passive connivance at Japanese aggression"; and it proceeded to quote a despatch written by the London correspondent of the *New York Times*, published on August 16th.

Official quarters [in London] consider the Lytton Report as a grave inconvenience—to put it mildly—in view of the almost traditional British policy of avoiding antagonizing Japan over Manchuria. That the Earl of Lytton, Chairman of the Com-

mission, is British is regarded as unfortunate.

But the British are unhappiest of all over the serious difference of opinion with the United States over the Manchurian issue—a difference that will test all the power of compromise of Sir John Simon, the Foreign Minister, to the uttermost. Despite pronouncements from Washington indicating stiffening of the American attitude toward Japan, the British Government is still unready to support the Washington State Department . . .

British statesmen are careful not to admit that the Manchurian trouble may influence the coming debt negotiations. Nevertheless, they are not happy over the coincidence that next winter, just when they will be seeking debt concessions from the United States, they may be thwarting the American policy at Geneva. . . .

In the official British view, Japanese domination of Manchuria has been developing for the last two generations, having begun long before any Covenant or League of Nations existed. Despite the events in Shanghai last winter, the British Government and businessmen are still convinced that their interests in the Far East are safeguarded best by good relations with Tokio. Certainly, British business men place more trust in a Japanese than in a Chinese régime in Manchuria and believe they could profit under Japanese occupation, even if there were preferential treatment of Japanese commerce.

THE Lytton Report, however, had a good press in this country, indeed in all countries with the exception of Japan. *The Times* concluded a review of its contents by saying that "there must be no compromise over principles, nor need principles be in any jeopardy so long as the State of Manchukuo is not recognized." *The Observer* summarized the vital issues in the following paragraph:

Should the proposals of the Commission be rejected by either party, whatever measures may or may not be taken, the time will have come for England to make her moral position clear. One of the greatest perils of the present situation is that it may drive China towards Communism and away from her present path of rapprochement with the Western nations. If England fails to make her moral position clear she will lose the position she has so laboriously acquired. The practical help given to the Commission by the United States shows that America is prepared on this question to



Haagsche Post

[The Hague]

THIS HORRIBLE REPORT!

play a leading rôle in co-operation with the member States of the League. If England does not show clearly her unity with America's stand regarding the moral and legal issues involved in this question, American co-operation regarding disarmament, and vital economic and financial questions will be impeded. Finally, the fact that Japanese spokesmen have said that had the Report been published some months ago, it would have been acceptable, shows that the scheme satisfies all legitimate interests of Japan. England will lose no friendship and will acquire respect for her policy if she unmistakably endorses the general tenor of the Lytton Report.

In America, where there has been a rapidly growing fear that the Stimson doctrine (interpreting the Kellogg Pact) may lead to a serious clash with Japan, it was felt, according to the *Manchester Guardian*, that the "League Powers will now be forced to come in explicitly on the side of the United States or find themselves in an embarrassing position in the debates at Geneva." The *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* considered that .

So statesmanlike a document cannot but have profound effect on world opinion. Regardless whether or not its solution is accepted, the Commission has shown the value of disinterested opinion backed by the prestige of the League of Nations, applied to a vexing conflict of nations. It has shown that the rule of force and might, which once governed world affairs, can no longer be used without arousing the world's sense of justice and

between Japan and China is not one between equals, but between a ruthless, imperialistic, powerful country and one unable to protect its rights.

In the opinion of the *New York Herald* the Chinese boycott of Japanese trade is more likely than anything else to influence Japan in favour of a peaceful solution.

THE French member of the Commission, General Claudel, was formerly in command of the Foreign Legion. His influence, the *Sunday Times* reported, has been exerted on behalf of Japan to tone down the Report's criticism of her policy. This is in line with the French official attitude, which has not however been so biased in favour of Japan as the *Echo de Paris* and the *Temps*. The latter paper, nevertheless, described the Report as "absolutely impartial" and admitted that in recognizing Manchukuo "Japan brought a new element into the situation, which it is difficult to reconcile with the existing international obligations."

It so happens, we learn from the *Sunday Times*, that some weeks ago the Japanese Government offered France a formal alliance :

The offer was carefully examined at the Quai d'Orsay ; but all idea of accepting was abandoned after a veteran French diplomatist, with considerable experience of Far Eastern affairs, had placed on record his emphatic opinion that to accept it would be "dishonourable."

Commenting on this, *Time and Tide* wrote :

There is some irony, perhaps unconscious, in the disclosure that it was only after the French Foreign Office had given the proposal intensive examination, in consultation with its ablest advisers on Pacific affairs, that the French

Government found it would be most dishonourable, as well as inconsistent with France's obligations as a member of the League of Nations, to accept the proposition. That such a proposal was made indicates the desperate nature of the Japanese gamble. A situation in which such an alliance might serve French plans can easily be envisaged ; but that situation does not exist yet. France can serve Japanese ends by support and obstruction

France an adequate *quid pro quo* today, and if the latter plays Japan's game, it is merely in pursuit of her own game. Japan's move, however, should serve to close the ranks of the Western Powers, still unable, because of mutual rivalries, to unite on a common policy on the China problem and Japanese aggression in North Asia.

Japanese diplomacy has turned its attention to Russia and the U.S.A., as well as to France. At the end of last month the *Daily Telegraph* reported that "Moscow has been won over to the idea of recognizing the new Manchukuo State, and a Pact of Non-Aggression may shortly be arranged between the three Governments." The *Telegraph* also said that Tokyo is much engaged with American opinion :

American statesmen and philanthropists may emphasize the moral, juridical, and sentimental aspects of the Manchurian problem and the integrity of China. But American opinion at large is chiefly concerned about the maintenance of the "Open Door" in Manchuria.

Realising this distinction, Japanese diplomacy, I have reason to believe, is about to placate "business opinion" in the United States by prompting the Manchukuo Government to offer attractive contracts to American firms for the construction of public works on a large scale in Manchukuo.

JAPAN'S reply to the Lytton Report will be presented to, and considered by, a special Assembly of the League this month. Mr. Matsuoka and his staff left Tokyo on October 21st *en route* for Geneva, via Moscow. Asked by *The Times* correspondent if a compromise based on the Commission's recommendations were possible, he said :

Not now. Our recognition of Manchukuo was due to our conviction that the situation was without remedy except by the complete separation of

Manchuria from China's disorders. We have no desire to take on the responsibility of administering Manchuria, but as Chinese chaos is the ultimate cause of the Manchurian trouble we cannot accept the restoration of Chinese sovereignty in any form.

This sounded unpromising; but the *Observer* considered that "the important news is not what he said as he left, but the fact that he is on his way." This is, we are told, "the best news the world has had in any field for many years".

The Lytton Report is a League Report. Before it was published the danger was that of a Japanese secession from Geneva and an end to all pacific means to a solution.

Is the world so young, or diplomacy so untried, that surprise can be caused by Mr. Matsuoka's parting statement? If the several parties to a dispute did not start from the heights, they could not climb down; and climbing down is one of the preliminaries to conciliation and harmony. Mr. Matsuoka roundly affirmed that he would not accept the tenth Lytton point, because an essential difficulty was Chinese disorder, and the object of the Japanese recognition of Manchukuo was to save Manchuria from that disorder. The Japanese case has to be met, and is met by the Lytton Report. We may wait the discussions with some confidence in their success.

WILL confidence be justified? Sir Percival Phillips, representing the *Daily Mail* at Tokyo, revealed in a message published on October 12th that Japan is anxious about the policy of the United States:

Public opinion throughout Japan is gravely concerned not so much as to what the League might do on its own initiative, as to what course the United States may persuade it to adopt in face of what they regard as the incontrovertible facts.

There is a general conviction, rightly or wrongly, that in its anxiety to induce the United States to sit on the Council the League has acted in a way tantamount to betrayal of Japan's interests, and that she is being forced to fight unjustifiable prejudice, fostered by a propaganda which amounts to prejudgment of her case.

There is no disguising the fact that the question

THE NEVER ENDING CHINESE QUESTION



[Sales in the China Digest]

[Shanghai]

Who Shall Divide the Spoils?

of relations with the United States overshadows that of the attitude of the League.

What is agitating the Japanese people most at the present time is not the statements of Mr. Stimson, the American Secretary of State, reflecting on Japan's good faith—for these have been discounted by the assurances of President Hoover and other spokesmen that they cannot be interpreted as favouring war to prevent war—but the continued concentration of the American Navy at Honolulu and the evident intention to keep it there indefinitely.

Japan asks why, if America does not want war, she insists on maintaining this great fleet within easy striking distance of Japan.

It is clear that unless Great Britain and the United States make up their minds what their policy is to be, and act in partnership with determination, the League cannot hope to do more than recommend the adoption of the Lytton Report, or some compromise that may be quite ineffective.

RELIEF FOR THE WORKLESS

The Means Test and the Larger Problem

ON two occasions last month there were riots in London. On October 18th some thousands of unemployed demonstrators, attempting to march on the County Hall to protest against the "Means Test", came into conflict with the police. Some five police-officers and many of the demonstrators were injured, while over thirty persons were arrested.

On October 27th, several thousand unemployed "hunger marchers" who had come from many parts of the country to protest likewise against the Means Test assembled in Hyde Park. While they were being addressed there by their own and uninvited leaders, disturbances began in the streets outside. The disturbances continued for some hours, and resulted in over fifty minor casualties, but at no time was there any suggestion of the situation being out of police control.

In neither case, indeed, was the rioting serious, even when judged by our mild English standards. In both cases, however, it drew public attention again to the widespread resentment against the administration of unemployed relief on the part of a section of the unemployed. And in both cases it showed, by the unanimity of comment from newspapers of many different

shades of opinion, how general is the sympathy with those who have suffered from unavoidable anomalies in the present system of unemployed relief.

THE Means Test, it will be recalled, was introduced a year ago by the National Government as a provisional measure of economy, pending the thorough revision of the unemployment insurance system which was contemplated when the report of the Royal Commission on the subject should be made. It applied to those members of the unemployed who had not paid thirty

contributions to the insurance fund in two years.

They ceased to be entitled to any insurance benefit. But in order that they should not be left destitute, a new form of State aid, known as Transitional Payments, was created for them. Transitional Payments differed from unemployment insurance benefit in two ways: first, they were not of a fixed sum; secondly, they were made only after the applicant had satisfied a "needs test." It was this "needs test" which, from its nature, came to be known as the "means test."

Although there have since been different voices from the different sections of the Labour Opposition, there can be no doubt that the Labour Party, when in office, had accepted the principle of a Means Test in order to remove anomalies in—that was, abuses of—unemployment relief. And the *Morning Post* Labour Correspondent has recently quoted the Socialist minority of the Poor Law Commission of 1905 to 1909, to show that the Means Test was "a Socialist invention":

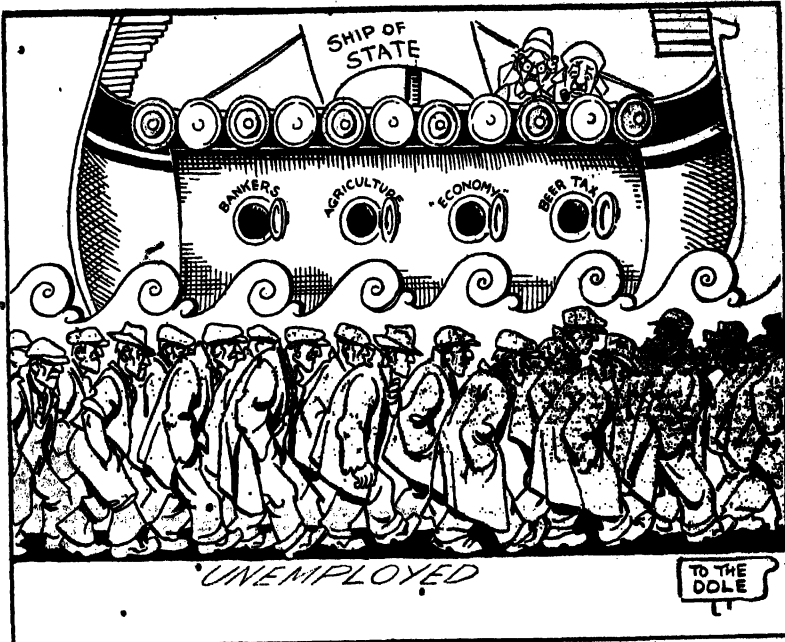
Referring to outdoor relief, the Minority Report stated: "The Authority charged with this administration must be so constituted as to ensure the fulfilment of three fundamental conditions.

ascertainment of the particular needs of the applicant and of the economic, sanitary, and other circumstances of the household."

That recommendation was put forward by the Minority Report as a piece of progressive advance on the previous practice in relation to the Poor Law.

Not only was it signed by Mr. George Lansbury, M.P., and Mrs. Sidney Webb, but it was actually put into operation in the following year (March 18, 1910), by Mr. John Burns, himself a Labour man, and at that time President of the Local Government Board.

The Means Test, therefore, is a Socialist invention, and has been in operation for 22 years.



Strube in the Daily Express

A to Z

[London

It is, however, to the administration rather than to the principle of the Means Test that exception has been taken, and it is here that the Labour Opposition has found the most fruitful ground of criticism. In order to carry out the necessary inquiries in connection with the test, the Ministry of Labour called in the aid of the Public Assistance Committees. The burden of deciding what applicants needed relief, and in each case how much, was thus thrown upon local authorities who hitherto had been familiar only with the administration of relief to paupers whose poverty was a product of less exceptional circumstances.

THEIR task was tremendous. The number in receipt of Transitional Benefit was over 800,000 at the beginning of this year, and is now well over a million. The amount of money now disbursed in transitional payments each week is estimated at £1,000,000. Yet, in the opinion of the

Spectator, the local authorities have acquitted themselves well of their task :—

By far the most important fact about this emergency scheme is not its unpopularity but its success. Thousands of abuses of the fixed dole system have been disclosed and stopped. Something over half a million claimants have been found to have no need of any relief; an even larger number have been awarded less than the full rate; and about half the claimants have been granted the maximum amount. At least 25,000 have been saved to the Exchequer in the year.

But, the same paper continues, the administration of the means test has also "thrown a fierce light on the ways of some of our local legislators." And the *Spectator's* criticism has been echoed by newspapers of every kind, from the Labour *Daily Herald* to the diehard Conservative *Morning Post*. The *Daily Herald* sent its special correspondent to industrial areas to show how the means test had brought tragedy into individual lives.

Other papers, in more temperate fashion, have shown the inequalities of the present system—how relief in some areas is obviously insufficient, in others equally obviously excessive. The *Daily Telegraph* summed up a general complaint when it said:—"that an unemployed man should be required, for instance, to eat up his small savings before obtaining relief, rather than have the interest alone taken into account, savours too much of harshness and is obviously a deterrent to thrift."

"GRAVE injustices,"

in the words of the *Sunday Referee*, were "proved to the satisfaction of all reasonable people." Cases were cited in which poor men had been compelled to sell their houses and smaller visible belongings before obtaining relief. In others, war disability pensions had been taken into account in assessing relief payments. In such cases, said the *Morning*

Post, the test of need had become "not a Means Test, but a Destitution Test, which penalises the thrifty and encourages the feckless."

In consequence of this widespread criticism—and not, according to *The Times*, because of "organised disorders", past or in prospect—Mr. MacDonald announced on October 21st his Government's intention to enact legislation to reform the administration of Transitional Benefit before the end of the present session. Though the exact nature

of the proposed legislation was not then disclosed, it was understood to include a measure of uniformity in administration, and instructions to local authorities not to take certain allowances, such as war pensions, into account when assessing relief.

Mr. Lansbury at once promised the co-operation of the Labour Party and in the Press the announcement was generally well received, though papers as different in outlook as *The Times* and the *Manchester*

Guardian took the occasion to remind the Government, each in its own way, that the Means Test problem was but a part of the larger problem of the unemployed. The *Daily Herald*, looking at what the Prime Minister had described as "a very human problem" from yet another angle, mingled a sneer with grudging approval, and expressed its belief that "fear had effected the



[Dyson in the *Daily Herald*]

[London

"And moreover, my good woman, can't you pawn those medals?"]

conversion that reason could not make." But the *Daily Express* expressed the general non-partisan view when it wrote that

Unemployment is too distressful to leave it to be exploited by agitators. It is too grave to be obscured by the necessary repression of disorderly demonstrations.

The chorus of quasi-national unity was, however, soon broken. Four days after Mr. MacDonald's announcement, and when the "hunger marchers" were within two

days' march of London, Mr. Lansbury introduced on behalf of the Labour Opposition a motion of censure on the Government for its failure to cope with the economic situation. The motion was defeated by 462 votes to 55, and the debate on it resolved itself largely into a dispute between the Liberal factions. But it gave Mr. MacDonald an opportunity to explain the Government's intentions with regard to the Means Test (substantially as stated above); and Mr. Lansbury an opportunity to express his belief that the test was a piece of barbarity.

MR. LANSBURY'S motion was condemned in all but the Socialist Press. The Means Test, it was everywhere insisted, must remain in principle, whatever modification might be made in its application. "If it were dropped," wrote the progressive *Observer*, "the State would be infested with parasitism on every hand, the will to work would be undermined, and public finance would slope steeply to bankruptcy." And even the favourably disposed *Manchester Guardian* objected to Mr. Lansbury's "sloppiness of thought," and reminded him that "no Government could afford to abolish the Means Test, and no Government of honest men would tolerate a return to the gross abuses that existed up to last autumn" (when the Labour Government left office).

But while condemnation of the Socialist standpoint was general, criticism of the Government has not ceased with the announcement of its proposals. The Government's Bill, *The Times* told its readers, deals only with a part of the problem. For

No Bill of this kind will absolve the House of Commons from the duty of pressing ahead with two far larger and distinct tasks—the first the reform of unemployment insurance, with its corollary of the reform of the relief of destitution;

and the second the prosecution of all constructive measures calculated to lessen the volume of unemployment itself.

The *Manchester Guardian* castigated both Government and Opposition for giving so little thought to the wider aspects of unemployment relief, and the Government for refusing to spend money on reproductive schemes:—

The Government has given up all idea of using the unemployed for reproductive public works, although most other European countries are now turning their minds to schemes for preventing some, at least, of their idle millions from rusting. It has closed down most of its training centres for the unemployed. It has seriously increased the volume of unemployment by stopping all local development.

The Prime Minister, it said, talked "with his usual lack of clarity." *Time and Tide*, even more unkind, describe him as speaking "in the upwards and onwards vein which is becoming the refuge of all bewildered politicians."

The *Week-End Review*, of nominally Conservative allegiance, likewise criticise Mr. MacDonald's vagueness, but found in some phrases at the close of his speech in the House of Commons in reply to the censure motion

A suggestion that the impossibility of maintaining the "economy" stranglehold without succumbing to a strange alliance of disgruntled builders, school-teachers, unemployed, and others is at last dawning on the Cabinet . . . The counter-attack on "economy" has at last won the initiative. The Cabinet is now confronted with the choice between standing on the defensive, which leads to defeat, and tactfully putting itself at the head of the reconstruction drive while there is still time.

Meanwhile, said *Time and Tide*, "the unemployed, after a long period of heroic fortitude, are losing patience."

A BOOK WITH A BIAS

A CONTROVERSY of great interest arose last month, following the publication of *An Outline for Boys and Girls and their Parents*, edited by Naomi Mitchison (Victor Gollancz Ltd., 8s. 6d.) The Outline is a book of 928 pages, containing 166 pictures, which (the publishers claim) "all forward-thinking parents and teachers, since the war, have wanted for their children and themselves: and which has also been eagerly awaited by every adult, whether parent or not, who, without being able to specialise, wishes to have some understanding of science, the arts, and those problems of modern civilisation which so terribly confront us."

The book is divided into three parts, headed Science, Civilisation, and Values: they include chapters on The History of Science, Physiology, Psychology, Biology, Chemistry, Physics; An Outline of World History, The History of Ideas, The Family, Nationalism and Internationalism, Law and Government; Dancing and Drama, Architecture, Music. The Editor has written a preface, an introduction to each part, and notes on contributors (it would be interesting, by the way, to hear what the contributors themselves think of these notes, and the portraits that adorn them).

"FORWARD thinking parents and teachers" were prepared to welcome the book, which had already been praised in glowing terms—so the publishers informed them—by people of repute such as Mr. Lloyd George, Canon Percy Dearmer, The Rev. H. R. L. Sheppard and Miss Maude Royden. They must have been astonished if subsequently they read the following letter which appeared in the *Morning Post* early last month:

Sir,—We are impelled to address you because of the concerted attack which is being made upon

institutions we hold to be of essential importance in the life of our nation by a group of able scientific men who have renounced the Christian religion.

We are particularly influenced in doing so by the fact that a volume has just appeared which gives an outline of History, Civilisation, and Art "for Boys and Girls and their Parents," which is commended by well-known men who are representatives of different Christian Churches. It is necessary that a protest should be recorded against the commendation by Christian men of a volume which professes to give an outline of history, and mentions Mohammed, Buddha, and Lenin, but does not mention Christ.

This book further speaks in apparent approval of the destruction of the family by the institutions of Soviet Russia, and says that it is the existence of the "Soviet crèches and kindergartens and children's organisations" which "makes it possible to remove the rule that a father and mother must go on living together."

We appeal to those who are teachers of revealed religions to do nothing to assist the wide circulation of works of a distinctly atheistic and even anti-theistic character. The "New Morality" proclaimed by a section of the intelligentsia of to-day is a revival of ancient paganism, which will assuredly be as completely defeated as was its forerunner.

Civilisation can never outgrow and outlast the family. If in certain directions the increase of material resources has outrun moral and spiritual power, the Church as a whole is summoned thereby to a deeper devotion to its high mission and not to a surrender to those who deny the validity of that mission.

The signatories to this letter included Dr. Temple, Archbishop of York, the Bishop of Durham, the Headmasters of Eton and Harrow, Lord Irwin, Mr. Walter Runciman, President of the Board of Trade, and the Rev. J. Scott-Lidgett, Moderator of the Church of Scotland.

BEFORE making a selection from the widespread comment that followed, it will be well to give a clear account of those

parts of the book that suffered criticism in the above letter.

Part II opens with "An Outline of World History," by Nannie Niemeyer (Mrs. Macfarlane) and Edward Ashcroft, in twenty pages. There is a reference to Zoroaster, and his religion of "good thoughts, good deeds" (page 401). On page 403 it is written that

* Asoka completed his work of conquest in India, and was turning to works of peace when he was captured by the teaching of Gautama, a man who had taught his disciples beside the Ganges some 300 years before. Asoka taught the Buddha's Law of Duty wherever he went. He made Buddhism the religion of immense numbers of men . . .

A page (410) is given to Islam: "in A.D. 632 they [the Arabs] were united by Mohammed, who preached a belief in the One True God, Allah, and the necessity to fight for this God against unbelievers." There is no reference, in that context, to the principle "unbelievers," or to the source of the Mohammedan religion.

The terms B.C. and A.D. are freely used (without explanation), but the Founder of Christianity is not mentioned (nor, one may remark, for sake of accuracy, is Lenin). On page 408 we read:

Two factors alone saved the West. One was that the Goths, when they came, were not wholly destroyers. The other was that the humble communities of Christians, under their bishops, in Italy at any rate, were strong enough to carry on some form of organised life.

On the next page the people of Byzantium, under the Eastern Roman Empire, are spoken of as being Christians. Referring to the fall of the Empire, the writers acknowledge that

The only real unity in Europe was given by the Christian religion, and the Latin language, which was spoken by the Church, and, until the end of the sixteenth century, was the language of the learned men of Europe.

The Coronation of Charlemagne as Holy Roman Emperor in A.D. 800, and the fact that Europe was "Christian" at the begin-

ning of the 16th century, are the only other references to Christianity in this chapter.

SO much for the first charge against the "Outline." The second charge refers to the way in which the institution of the family is criticised from a modern, and supposedly Marxist, point of view. There are two contributors who write about the family. Charles Skepper "is quite young, and has not done anything very exciting yet except trying to think for himself." Olaf Stapledon "says he is descended from a martyr who was killed for trying to educate people." Skepper writes on "The Family, or one way of keeping together;" Stapledon, on "Problems and Solutions, or the future." It is a fact that they both speak with approval of Soviet Russia. The passages to which critics have taken exception are these, quoted from pages 466 and 743:

• It looks as though the Russian child were not so well off as other children, because, although he is sure to have what one might call a "financial father," he may not have a father who looks after him in everyday life. But in Soviet Russia there are crèches and kindergartens and children's organisations, and these take the place of a father. It is their existence which makes it possible to remove the rule that a father and mother must go on living together (466).

What is to be done about it all? In Russia they are trying to make the child feel himself more a member of the State than a member of a family. He is taught to feel more interest and responsibility toward the children's group to which he belongs than toward his family. People who have been in Russia are often very full of praise for the children and young people who are the outcome of this new plan. They say that Russian children are healthy, vigorous and very much alive.

In the rest of Europe also the family is changing, though not so quickly. Children are becoming more independent. They treat their parents more as equals and friends than as superior beings. All this is to the good.

Clearly, in the world that we intend to make, family life, if it is to go on at all, must be rid of its dangers. I do not think that the family will disappear, since it is based on the biological needs of parents and children. But it will be

greatly changed. Parents must learn to feel that if they keep their children at all, they must hold them on trust for the world's sake. No parent must be allowed to "do what he likes with his own child." The State must see that no children are brought up in bad homes. Perhaps parents will have to get a licence to look after their own children, just as nowadays a man has to have a licence to have firearms (743).

But a fair opinion of these chapters can only be reached by studying them as a whole. This much may be said here: "The New Morality" preached by these authors, and their friends, seems in some respects to be an improvement on the old, or what passed for the old—a very different matter. The family, "based on the biological needs of parents and children," is not in danger.

BOTH publisher and editor of the book replied in the press to their critics, singly and in collaboration. An interview given by Mr. Victor Gollancz to a representative of the *Sunday Times* was probably the most authoritative account of their point of view. Mr. Gollancz was quoted as saying:

Here is a book which, in so far as it is propagandist at all (by far the greater part of it is a simple exposition of science, art, etc.), endeavours to inspire, not merely young people, but people of every age, to shoulder their share of responsibility in the making of a less greedy and selfish, a more decent, world. I call this practical Christianity, and I find it difficult to characterise the state of mind of those who denounce a book of this tendency because of a phrase or two to which they may object. I make bold to say that if Christianity is to be made an issue, then the book is far more Christian than the attitude of the signatories to this letter.

The letter contains only two specific criticisms. The first is that the book "professes to give an outline of history, and mentions Mohammed, Buddha, and Lenin, but does not mention Christ."

This sentence is grotesquely misleading. The "Outline of World History," to which reference is made, takes up in all, twenty pages, and ranges from prehistoric times to the present day, and from the proverbial China to Peru. It is not a record of events; above all, it is not a history of ideas. It is, in effect, an account of the gradually increasing unity of the world.

The actual name of Christ does not occur in this article (nor do those of Moses, Napoleon, Robespierre, Voltaire, and hundreds of great formative minds); but immediately Christianity becomes relevant to the purpose of the article, as helping the unity of the world, it is, of course, introduced. Thus, on page 411, the authors of this article write: "The only real unity in Europe was given by the Christian religion."

Again on page 408: "Two factors alone saved the West . . . The other was that the humble communities of Christians . . . were strong enough to carry on some form of organised life."

The second and last specific criticism is this: "This book further speaks in apparent approval of the destruction of the family by the institutions of Soviet Russia, and says that it is the existence of the 'Soviet crèches and kindergartens and children's organisations' which 'makes it possible to remove the rule that a father and mother must go on living together.'"

Now, if anyone will read pages 466 and 467 he will see that Mr. Skepper is giving a wholly and coldly objective account of the various types of family organisation which have existed and exist to-day, with no expression of approval or disapproval whatsoever. And why, in any case, this fetishism about the family? Everybody knows the present state of the divorce courts: is it better that a "young person" should find his own unguided way through the muddle that results when practice does not tally with pretence, or should grow up with a clean understanding of the meaning and purpose of the family, which, of course, touches him more immediately than anything else in his life?

I doubt whether any book during the last few years has been received with such obviously sincere eulogies from men and women of every grade of opinion; and if among the signatories to the letter condemning the "Outline" I had found a modern St. Francis, or a living Father Damien, I should be more impressed.

Mrs. Mitchison and Mr. Gollancz received support from Bernard Shaw and "a group of persons [to quote the words of the *Morning Post*] more or less well-known for their advanced opinions" who wrote in the following terms to that paper:

Many people who do not realise how far the churches have lagged behind educated opinion may be impressed by this "sentence of excommunication." We accordingly wish to say that the book is, in our view, of the greatest value in

that it conveys information on science, civilisation and art in a simple and attractive way, and without the customary lies and evasions.

No young person can read, in particular, the second section (on civilisation), which has been singled out for special attack, without becoming a better citizen of the world. Preaching of this kind is vitally necessary to-day, and by denouncing it the Church is gravely misusing such influence as it may still possess.

The ground of the attack is that the section in question makes no acknowledgment of the part played by Christianity as a formative force in civilisation, does not mention the name of Christ, and suggests that the family may not in all circumstances be the best environment for the child.

While the first charge is in a large measure a travesty of the actual contents of the book, it nevertheless remains true that the sanction which Christianity, as taught to-day, gives to war and to property, divorces it from any living contact with the teaching of Christ; hence, while it is impossible to overstress the importance of that teaching as a civilising force, it is permissible to doubt the value of the travesty which has been and still is presented by the churches in the name of Christianity.

On the second point, there is surely nothing unreasonable in the suggestion that it is the business of the State to ensure that those who are entrusted with the care of young children and the formation of their characters should be at least qualified in point of personality and attainments for that task. It is by no means clear that all parents fulfil those conditions merely because they happen to be parents."

Mr. Gollancz writes, "immediately Christianity becomes relevant to the purpose of the article, as helping the unity of the world, it is, of course, introduced." But there can be no possible doubt that anyone of intelligence reading this article—and indeed the whole of the book—will be struck by the way Christianity, in the ethical as well as the ecclesiastical sense, is obviously ignored throughout.

Mr. Shaw and his friends agree that "it is impossible to overstress the importance [of the teaching of Christ] as a civilizing force." They defend the omissions referred to above on the grounds that "the sanction which Christianity, as taught to-day, gives to war

and to property, divorces it from any living contact with the teaching of Christ." They are entitled to take this highly debatable point of view. But is it a good argument in defence of the virtual exclusion of Christianity, and, more important still, the life and teaching of Christ, which they hold in respect, from a book that claims to give children the essential facts about the science, civilization and values of the world?

THE reception given to the book by reviewers was, on the whole, one of approval for the first part, on Science, and of severe criticism for most of the articles in Parts II and III. The examples quoted below are taken from a very large number of reviews that appeared in the press.

The *Times Literary Supplement* contained the following passage:

In Dr. Singer's essay, right at the beginning of the volume, the child heard of "Popes" and "ecclesiastical superiors." It sounds incredible, but nowhere in the remainder of the work will he find any account of the origins and development of the Jewish and Christian religions. He will learn of Christ that He was somebody "after" whom many dates are reckoned: of St. Paul that he was an individual enjoying the benefits of Roman citizenship, and that a cathedral bears his name. Constantine does not figure in the history of the Roman Empire, which makes the abrupt information that "the humble communities of Christians, under their bishops" were a factor of stability in the decline of that polity, followed by the statement that "the only real unity in Europe was given by the Christian religion and the Latin language," baffling news for those who have not been allowed to learn what a "Christian" or a "bishop" may be. Later on Charlemagne is crowned Holy Roman Emperor, but we must not know who crowned him. Luther and Calvin are mentioned in a sociological discussion of "The Family" as individuals with particular views upon marriage, but casual allusions to the "Reformation" must be obscure to pupils who have had no opportunity of learning what kind of institution it was sought to reform. Gibbon was one of the most formidable opponents the Christian religion has encountered—he never thought of such a majestic use of the india-rubber. Mr. Wells's "Outline of Universal History" takes a view of Judaism and Christianity that not every one will

accept; it at least does not try to explain the course of human affairs by the practical suppression of two of the most potent factors in it. But these are pre-Moscow models.

Anne Fremantle, concluding her review of the book for the *New Statesman*, wrote :

So here, there are only one-sided arguments, no devil's advocate is allowed. The young reader of this outline must not, cannot, know that there are any arguments possible in favour of war, family life, religion, capitalism or individualism. Of those great thinkers who "Alone, sought the Alone," there is no mention; of the great kings and those who served and died for them, hardly a word; to the splendours of the Renaissance, of Akbar's Empire, of Elizabethan England or seventeenth century France, there are the barest references . . .

And of the greatest factor, for good or evil, in European civilisation, since the signs A.D. were substituted for A.U.C., there is no mention: the mysterious individual, alluded to (once only) in Part I, on page 311, and there referred to with a Capital H, occurs not at all in Parts II or III, nor is He included in the index.

Professor Gilbert Murray, whose name commands respect in many diverse quarters, wrote in *The Observer*, "This is an extremely clever and interesting book, especially the first half of it." Of Part I he said :

Mrs. Mitchison's book makes a serious effort to give her "boys and girls" a sane and intelligent knowledge of the world around them, courageously plain-spoken and free from that whole atmosphere of deception. There is no religion and a very minimum of moralising or exhortation. The history of Science, by Mr. and Mrs. Singer, is admirably done; so is the important chapter on physiology, by Winifred Cullis and Evelyn Hewer, with a clear, scientific account of sex and reproduction, reinforced by Dr. Baker's chapter on Biology. Indeed, the whole of the first part, dealing with Science, is excellent, and seems, educationally speaking, to solve its problem. It tells the truth, and tells it well, in simple and interesting language.

Professor Gilbert Murray was less critical than others had been of Part II. With

regard to Part III, after praising Clough Williams Ellis' chapter on Architecture, he wrote :

It is partly precious and partly eccentric, partly too much devoted to the boosting of particular fashions. The child has a right, by all means, to know the really modern world and not merely the world of the last generation; but surely it ought to be carefully protected against the tyranny of the dominant fashion. There is almost no surer sign of mental vacuity than eagerness to admire "the last thing" combined with a contempt for the thing that is last but one or two.

ENOUGH has been said about this book to give a fair impression of the facts, and the controversial opinions that have appeared in public. How far, one may ask, are the Archbishop of York and his co-signatories justified in their strongly-worded denunciation?

As for the "apparent approval of the destruction of the family," it does not seem that Mrs. Mitchison and her friends deserve this severe anathema. It is true they reveal a taste for the moral values of Soviet Russia, and weigh the scales in favour of Socialist politics and economics. Yet most of these writers, and the publisher himself, are parents; and their children should be counted fortunate. They are members of a group of people (the intelligentsia, perhaps) whose morality, so far from being "a revival of the ancient paganism," is "new" chiefly because it rejects the hypocrisy that chained the spirit of the old.

But the charge of bias and propaganda cannot be dismissed. We should have expected from Mrs. Mitchison, by birth a Haldane, and from many of her contributors who were evidently chosen because they share the same agnostic point of view, a more balanced, scientific outlook. Yet in regard to the treatment of religion alone, a careful reading of the book makes one feel that the religious and ethical influence of Christianity upon world civilization has been deliberately overlooked.

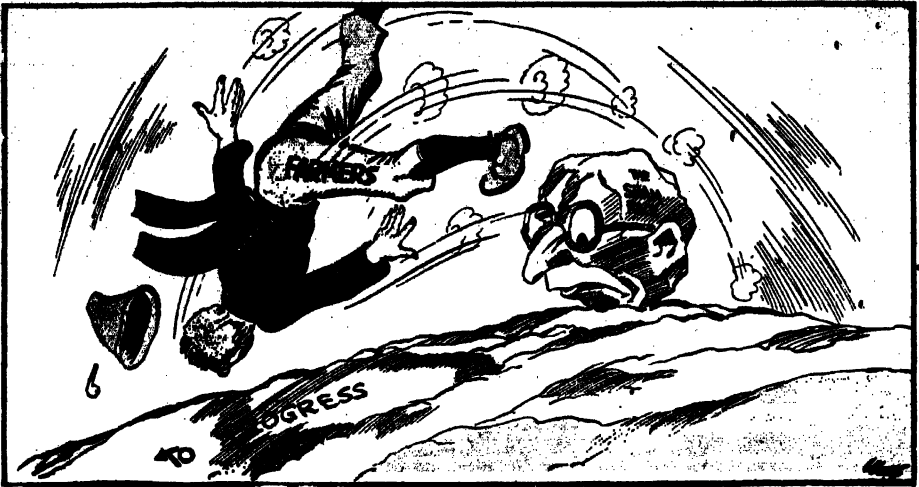
CARICATURES OF THE MONTH



De Nolenkraaker

[Amsterdam]

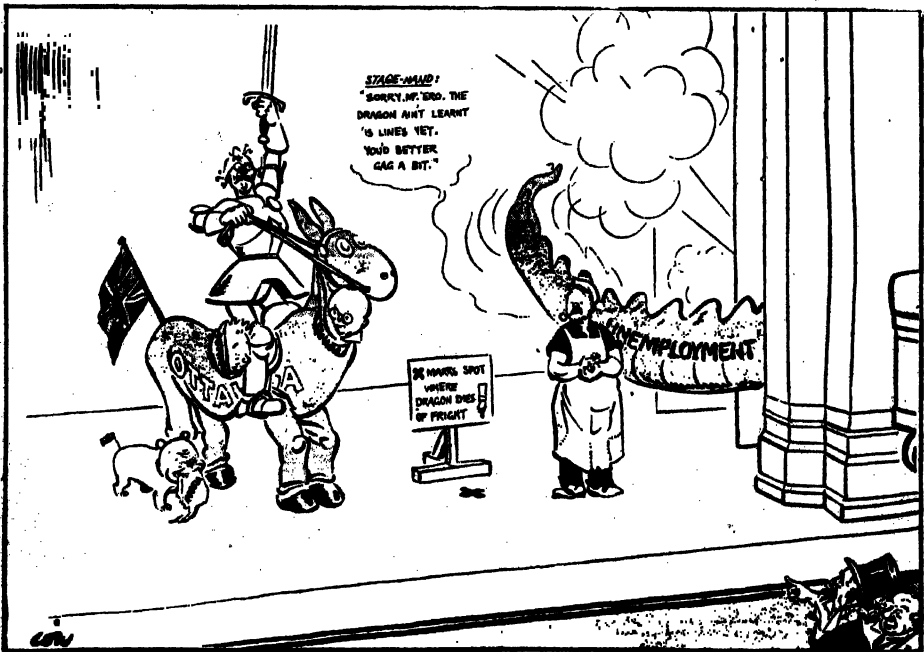
THE CENSOR



Wells, in the Daily Despatch]

[Manchester

"TH' STHUMBLIN' BLOKE"



Low in the Evening Standard]

[London

REHEARSAL FOR THIS YEAR'S PANTOMIME



K'Indderadatsch]

[Berlin

THE ICE-MOUNTAIN, 1932



• Haagsche Post]

[The Hague

"What do you want, Michael?"
"Don't want anything."

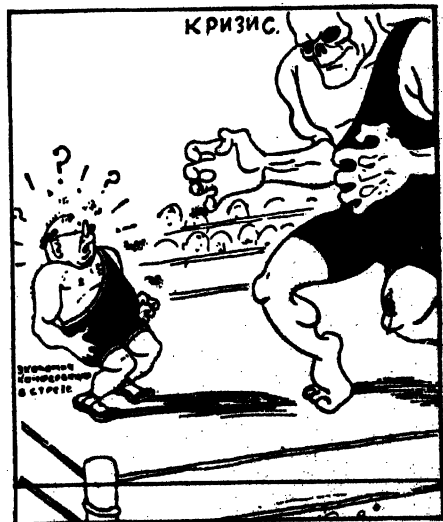


Dyson, in the Daily Herald]

[London
(Copyright in all countries)

POLITICAL PARADISE

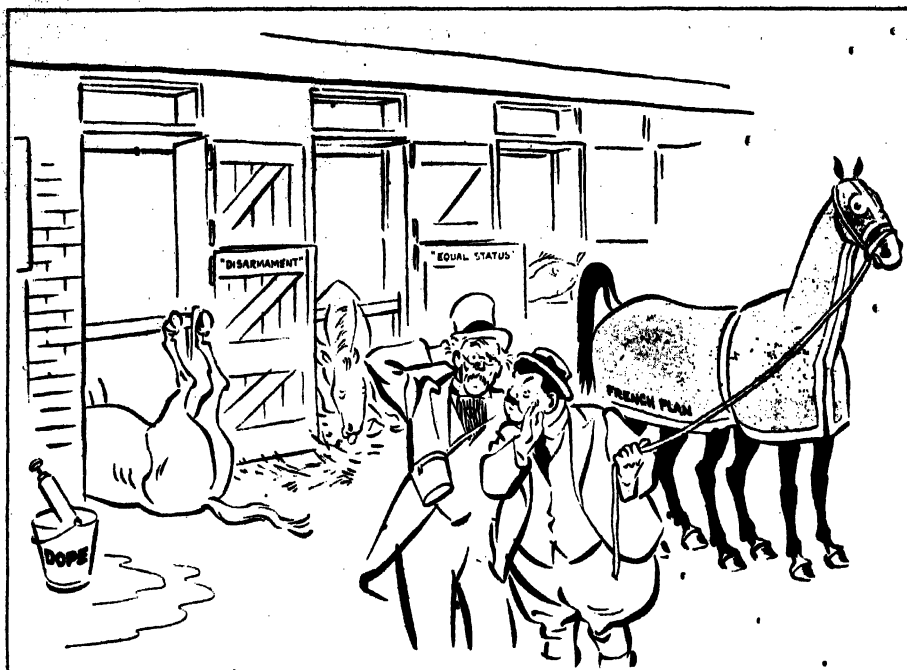
"Well, if you won't sing in our choir, just you give us back the halos we gave you last year."



[Izvestia]

[Moscow

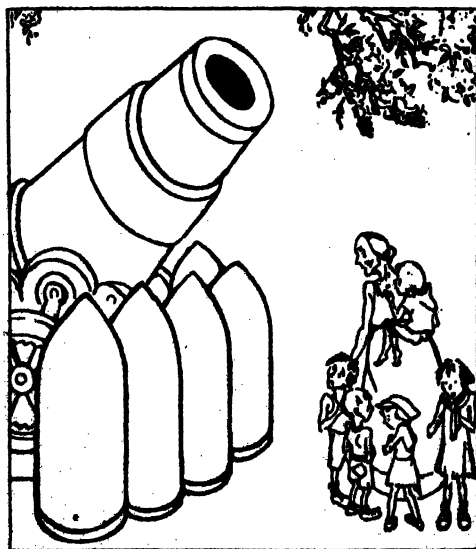
"Crisis versus Economic Conference."



THE DARK HORSE

[London]

THE CONTRAST



TWO FAMILIES

Nobelpatler]

[Rorschach]

"Look, mother, they are much fatter than we are!"

HERRIOT'S LOGIC



Kladderadatsch]

[Berlin]

France helped America to freedom, so America should help France to dominate Europe.



Strube, in the Daily Express

[London]

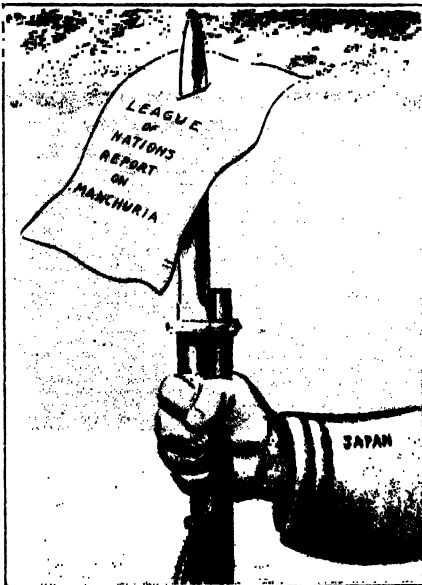
THE LEAGUE MIKADO

Lytton (not Sir Henry) —

"Our object all sublime
We shall achieve in time
To let the punishment fit the crime
—The punishment fit the crime;"

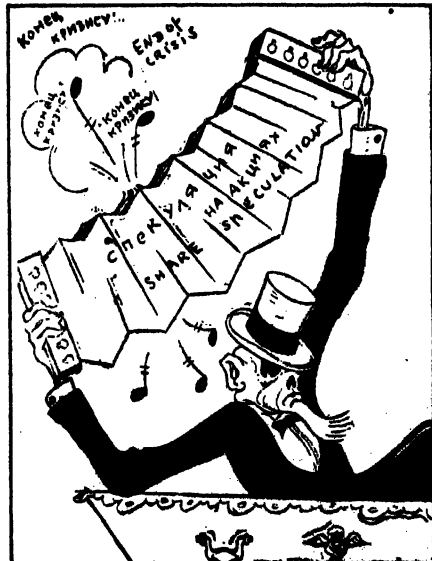
Japan—

"And make this note you sent
Unwillingly represent
A source of innocent merriment—
Of innocent merriment!"



Filepatrick, in the Post-Dispatch

[St. Louis]

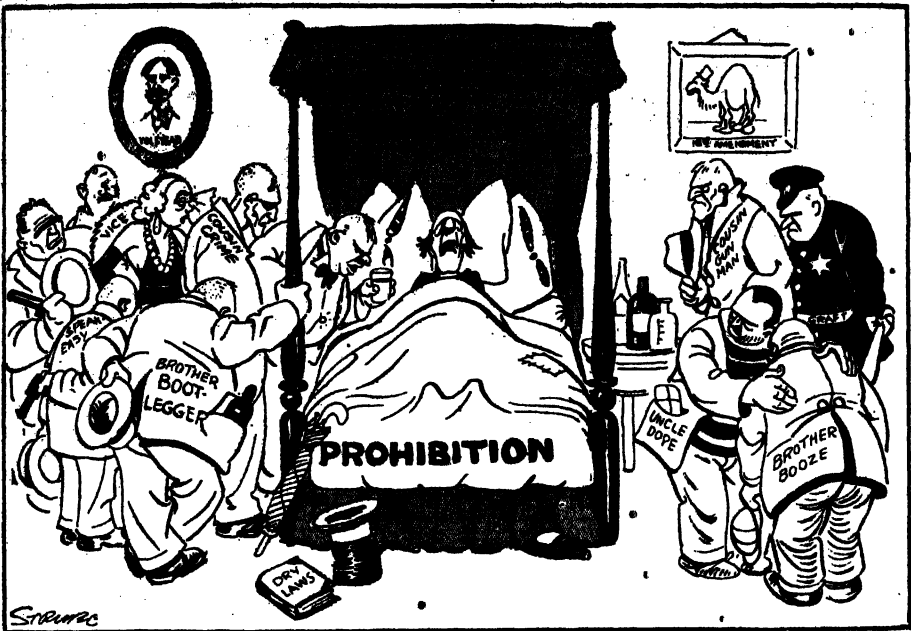


Konsomolskaya Pravda

[Moscow]

Uncle Sam—"If I am lost, I might as well go down with music—"

RECEIVED AND FILED



Strube in the Daily Express

[London]

The relatives have been summoned.



Fitzpatrick in the Post-Dispatch

[St. Louis]

New York has a new playboy.



Hanney in the Inquirer

[Philadelphia]

There's dry land somewhere.

WORLD VIEWS AND REVIEWS

GREAT BRITAIN

IS COMMUNISM INEVITABLE?

THE *Hibbert Journal* for October contains an important article with the above title written by F. S. Marvin, the historian. He begins by criticizing the terms "inevitable" and "necessary" used in this connection. People who say "Communism is bound to come" are either "timid and pessimistic" or they "have an invincible impulse to expect that to happen which they desire to happen." But assuming that Communism is not "inevitable", is it "desirable"? asks Mr. Marvin.

The Communist starts from the belief that men should hold their property in common, that private property and inequality of income should give way to a state of things in which there should be common ownership and the individual should receive what he needs for his life but nothing beyond and nothing to leave to others on his death. The land and all industrial undertakings would, of course, belong to the community, which would administer them as it now does all the admittedly common concerns, such as the police, the lawcourts, the post office, and so on. This would perhaps be accepted as a fair sketch, both by those who advocate Communism and those who do not.

Is such a state of society natural? With the growth of civilization, have more and more people expressed a desire for Communism as a higher form of life? History proves that they have not done so.

The answer must be a decided negative, however much allowance we may make for the growth of State regulation and of State and municipal enterprises in recent times. This is not Communism, nor an approach to Communism; it is not even Socialism except in the Harcourtian sense. For side by side with this apparent collectivism has gone all over the world—except in Russia and in distressed countries such as China—an even greater growth in private ownership. England is the conspicuous example where a vast extension of private savings is the welcome compensation for some falling off in the total growth of national capital. The same is true in varying degrees of all the industrialized countries of the West. While

developing "social services," which are the expression of the community's care for its individual members, they have also given a field for an increase of private property and an enhancement of personal independence unexampled in history. We are apt to overlook the latter through the prominence of the former, just as the present age appears to many people as the period of unbridled nationalism, while it is actually at the same time the scene of the greatest extension of international organization. It is so hard to keep one's eyes fixed steadily on both sides of a concurrent process, and the concurrence of two complementary movements is the law and deepest secret of human advance. Freedom and private property grow at the same time as wider organization and collective control. At least they do so in the healthier and more typical modern societies. If the Marxian reading of history were true, we should see the most highly industrialised countries, such as Great Britain and the United States, the readiest to receive the Communist gospel. If industrial development governs thought, here are the communities prepared by their schoolmaster to accept the right rule of life. Actually the exact opposite is the case. The one country which is under a nominally Communist régime is the most backward and (before the war) least industrialized of Western states. Those who have gone furthest in industrial organization are least prepared to abandon private property.

Such seems to be in briefest outline the teaching of history as to the growing desirability—or otherwise—of Communist principles. The tendency has been from a primitive state in which communities mostly small in area held their land and other possessions more or less in common, towards a more and more individualized society, with a large organization and collective control, holding together masses of men who enjoy private ownership and do their best—subject to other aims in life—to increase it. In spite of the two thousand years and more which have elapsed, Aristotle is still nearer to the truth of the matter than Marx. The areas which the Greeks contemplated as politically desirable have enlarged; Aristotle saw this going on in his own time without referring to it or allowing it to deflect his judgment of the desirable in the matter of material possessions or of political control. What he then said as to the function of private property, like the greater part of his Ethics, is as true as ever, or truer.

Mr. Marvin thus believes that no one "ism" can accurately represent the facts of social organization: with the growth of Collectivism comes an increase of personal independence and private property. Furthermore, a measure of individuality and unequal ownership of wealth is a fundamental human need. He enlarges upon this as follows:

In the State—even in Russia—although the parts under direct State control may seem to be constantly encroaching on the whole, yet at the same time fresh enterprises keep breaking out, adapting the State regulations to their own ends. This is eminently the case in France, England and the United States, now the most typical and influential countries of the West. The cases cited above of State enterprise, post-office, railways or docks, are matters of general convenience which may well come under public management without Socialist or Communist implication. We may expect in the future as in the past that if a community finds it convenient to manage collectively any part of its common life, it will not hesitate to do so, without advancing any nearer to the Communist ideal of universal State workshops or equal wages for all. Such expedients are actually both supported and criticized from the point of view of facilitating private enterprise.

As opposed to Mr. Bernard Shaw, and others who advocate equality of income, most economists point out that "inequality of income favours the accumulation of capital, and the accumulation of capital is essential in any stable society, quite apart from the question of ownership." But there is also the moral argument:

Everyone thinks it right and desirable to receive a reward for his labour, either from Mother Earth or from a fellow-man; no one thinks it morally wrong to receive more than another if he has worked harder or better for it. That being so, it cannot be part of any sane economic or moral ideal for the future to eradicate a fundamental human propensity, but rather to keep it within bounds and utilize it by education for a larger good.

Mr. Marvin does not believe that Communism can take the place of religion. "One sees no necessary connection between industrial and social Communism and the denial of those beliefs about the creation and government of the universe and the future of the soul which are more usually called

religions." He admits that "there has been Christian Communism and might be again." He doubts the sudden advent of a form of society that only suited mankind in a primitive state of existence.

Evolution and not revolution becomes more and more both the habit and the choice of civilized men. They come to realize the certain losses and the possible dangers of the latter method, just as they are learning the same lesson with regard to war which is revolution in external relations. Hence there is a growing tendency to gain the ultimate objective by adapting existing conditions and, as the world becomes linked together, this moderating influence will become still stronger. One sees this in the slow-moving activities of the League of Nations compared with the prompter decisions of smaller bodies convened for a special purpose, as at Locarno or Lausanne. The goodwill is at least as strong in the larger body as in the smaller, but it must necessarily move more slowly; and as men act more together, they will be less inclined to make violent change. Hence throughout the world, as links are set up, there will be a growing tendency to preserve the existing order and add to it. What we have seen lately in more remote and Eastern lands—in Russia, China, India and Japan, for instance—is not the coming of a new order based on the destruction of the old, but a violent awakening and re-adjustment among communities which had for some time fallen out of the general Western march. These were countries which had seen no scientific renaissance in the seventeenth century, and no industrial revolution in the eighteenth and nineteenth. These stages too must be passed through, or their results absorbed, and we may then expect the more ordered international progress which the twentieth century is preparing in the West.

VIEWS ON RUSSIA

MRS. SIDNEY WEBB, less well-known as Lady Passfield, recently accompanied her husband on a tour through Soviet Russia, and when she returned, her opinion as a life-long Socialist was naturally awaited with interest. The following extracts from the *New Clarion* and *The Listener* give a fair summary of her conclusions. The *New Clarion* article was published in the form of a duologue.

Materialism is not an accusation you lay at Russia's doors?

Far from it. I emphatically think that the moral uplift, to use a horrid expression, and the

intellectual advancement of the Russian people, is to-day far more pronounced and obvious than the increase in their material wealth and comfort.

And because of the lack of material comfort visitors find the country not to their liking?

It's no pleasure for those used to material comforts to travel in Russia to-day. But as material wealth is the world's standard of judgment, this is bad for Russia's immediate influence on the rest of the world. The average sensual man in other countries, and it is he who will be the arbiter, judges success more by the cubic space of house room per person, the amount and variety of available food and the widespread possession of motor-cars and wireless sets, than by any reformation of manners or advancement of literacy and learning.

Were you conscious of this moral uplift? Is there visual evidence of a new morality in Russia?

The most striking manifestation was in the remarkable organization—Comsomols—with their attendant Pioneers. The combination in this organization of Communist youth, numbering millions of boys and girls, of the passion for self-improvement and self-discipline with the passion for social service, and the consequent growth of personal initiative and personal responsibility is one of the finest developments the world has ever seen.

Would you say that the members of the Communist Party are of a fine moral calibre?

The Communist Party itself, a body of one and a half millions, is distinguished by its highly selected and very exclusive membership, its doctrinal tests and its stern discipline respecting personal and public conduct of its members. It is strict about personal life. Tobacco and alcohol, for instance, while not forbidden, are not looked on with favour.

What about sex?

There are two conflicting views current—one that sexual morality is loose and marriage frequent, divorce easy, and that promiscuity abounds; the other that sex is repressed, it being replaced by the almost religious zeal to make Communism succeed. I am inclined to the latter view.

The youth movement involves intimate intercourse between girls and boys; they are constantly learning, feeling and acting together; they meet continually in committees and conferences, in sports and games—"Games are not mere play; they are a preparation for creative labour" we saw inscribed over the infants' playroom—in "social inspections" and in all sorts of voluntary work and official relationships. Certainly there was singularly little spooning in the parks of rest and culture, in the great cities, or in the Kislovsk

pleasure grounds. European dancing is taboo, it being held by the faithful that its promiscuous embraces are an unwholesome manifestation of the erotic impulse.

Asked whether there was not a certain amount of promiscuity in Soviet Russia, Mrs. Webb agreed that in this respect all countries erred. But, she said, though there is freedom of choice as to conduct, people are constantly reminded that "You must not waste time and strength on sex". Mrs. Webb did not hesitate to express her views on the Russian Communists' attitude towards children and the family, which has been so freely criticised.

And what about responsibility for children?

Parental responsibility for any offspring with the parental maintenance of children by father and mother alike, according to economic capacity, is not only taught, but, what is more, is strictly enforced by law.

Communist discipline sounds almost terrifying.

Mrs. Webb allowed that it might well be because of its exceptional puritanism.

And isn't that dangerous? Might it not lead to hypocrisy and priggishness?

Perhaps among the baser sort there might be a hiding of furtive vice. At any rate there is certainly an attitude, a condescension towards, if not contempt for, their lax and slovenly elders, which is not altogether pleasing to the bulk of their fellow citizens of mature age.

Above all, Mrs. Webb, do these serious moral youths ever laugh?

Well, not enough perhaps. They may often lack a sense of humour. But don't misunderstand my comments. As a method of lifting the peoples of Russia out of the dirt, apathy, superstition, illiteracy, thieving and brutishness of pre-revolutionary days, the League of Communist Youth is magnificently effective.

I suppose as this fine body of youth rises to manhood and assumes control of the State, Communism will become more secure?

A very definite conclusion we arrived at is that the Soviet Government is perhaps the most firmly established Government in the world and the least likely to be radically altered in the next few decades.

Would you say there is any particular cause of its strength?

Metaphorically speaking, it is due to the reinforced concrete of its constitution; great blocks of mass organization in which all men and women can participate.

Such as?

The hierarchy of Soviet Democracy from the village Soviets to the Congress of the U.S.S.R.; the hierarchy of Trade Union Democracies; the Consumers' Co-operative Movement, together with the widespread network of Associations of Producers, agricultural and industrial—all these four types of mass organization being firmly held together in the powerful framework of the Communist Party.

But a new form of constitution is not a sufficient basis of strength?

No. Communism's strength rests on a moral foundation. Soviet Russia represents a new civilization and a new culture with a new outlook on life, involving a new pattern of behaviour alike in personal conduct and in the relation of the individual to the community; all of which, I believe, is destined to spread, owing to its intellectual and ethical fitness, to many other countries in the course of the next hundred years.

Not sooner?

You must remember that Russian Communism is still immature: the Plan is superior to the execution; the theory to the practice. For the raw material—the amazing mixture of races, religions and stages of social development, spread over an immense area, out of which this new social structure is being wrought, is very raw indeed, excessively diversified and, for the most part, of low grade intellect and character. Owing to the initial backwardness, some features of Soviet Russia will be, and remain, impulsive to more developed races. For instance, its crude metaphysic and its fanatical repression of heresy; not to mention the sudden disappearance of unwanted persons, seem to the Western world to belong to the barbarities of the Middle Ages.

In the nineteenth century French, American and British Parliamentary institutions were adopted by a number of countries. Do you think Russian Communism will spread in similar fashion?

No. Because I do not consider it as yet a sufficiently attractive exemplar to be deliberately chosen as a model, unless, of course, the collapse of capitalist civilization and parliamentary government becomes more catastrophic than we believe it will be.

You mean such things as lack of freedom, terrorism and general persecution. Were you conscious of such things?

Yes. Even in our casual contact with representative members of the Communist Party, the repression of free thought and free expression, in all that concerns the structure of human society, was obvious; it was in fact openly defended as a necessary "war measure" to ensure national unity

in the presence of a powerful enemy at home and abroad. More sensational, but I think more likely to disappear, is the occasional physical terrorism; the trapdoor disappearance of unwanted personalities; the ostracism and persecution of innocent but inconvenient workers.

How far will these evils cease when Soviet Russia feels secure from its internal and external enemies?

That I can't say. Social institutions devised to meet dangerous crises, do not always disappear when they have attained their purpose; they sometimes linger on, like drug taking, to poison the everyday life of the normal citizen. But whatever may happen in Russia itself, this fanaticism and terrorism, so long as it is known to go on and cannot be denied, will discredit Communism among the more developed countries such as Scandinavia, France, and Great Britain.

Mrs. Sidney Webb replied "emphatically yes" when asked whether, apart from these criticisms, she considered Russia had made a contribution towards social and economic progress. Her general conclusions, set forth at greater length in *The Listener*, were as follows:

Is the much talked of General Plan of the Soviet Union a success or a failure? Even if I were competent to give you an adequate answer—which I am not—I could not give it in a few minutes. But here is a tentative but carefully drafted conclusion which will, at any rate, serve to start a discussion. I believe that Soviet Russia if she can train in citizenship and productivity her hordes of peasants, say, up to the level of her twelve million trade unionists—a very big "if"—has solved the economic problem. This has been done by eliminating the profit-making employer, and organizing production exclusively from the standpoint of the consumption, by the whole people, of the goods and services produced by all the workers by hand and by brain. Under this planned organization of industry it seems to me that the effective demand of the consumers will always outreach production—as it certainly does in Russia to-day—and that the greater output due to scientific invention, and extended control over nature, will be continuously absorbed by the increased purchasing power of the able-bodied inhabitants, all of whom, under the Soviet system are either at work or in training. Thus there will be neither over-production nor under-consumption; human faculty and human desire will be automatically adjusted, in a steadily swelling flow of commodities and services, checked only by rising demand for increased leisure and the personal

freedom implied in leisure: not the leisure of the destitute unemployed or that of the idle rich, but the leisure which has been earned and carries with it full maintenance and a good conscience.

Whether this equalitarian State—or, as the Communists prefer to call it, this "classless society"—will be a desirable place to live in, whether it will be good or bad, I offer no opinion. It is the youth of to-day who will have to make the necessary efforts and sacrifices and risk the consequences; it is for them to decide "Whither Great Britain?" In this quest they will do well to study, alike in its failures and its success, the workaday experiment of Soviet Communism.

It ought to be a truism to say that the new social and economic order in Soviet Russia cannot with impunity be ignored by the rest of the world. But intelligent, balanced judgments are rare: most of the travellers to Russia seem to take out of that country the political prejudices with which they entered it. In contrast to Mrs. Sidney Webb, one may read with profit the following statement attributed by the *Evening Standard* to Mr. Harold Macmillan, M.P., a distinguished member of the young Conservative group in the House of Commons:

I may be condemned as dull and unobservant, but I do not feel that my brief visit entitles me to make pronouncements on the political, economic and cultural problems of 160 million people spread over one-sixth of the earth's surface. In case this unnatural reticence is misunderstood, perhaps I ought to say that I left Russia with the same political views, for what they are worth, as when I entered it.

AMERICA

THE WRITING ON THE WALL

THE American Presidential election takes place this month. Crime, prohibition, and the economic distress of the country are the chief topics of controversy. We give below three extracts from the American press which illustrate some aspects of public opinion at the present time. The first is from the *Rockford Journal*:

The handwriting is on every courthouse wall. It is so plain it doesn't take a Daniel to interpret what it means. The politicians have seen it. Like Belshazzar, king of the ancient Chaldeans, "their thoughts trouble them so that the joints of

their loins are loosed and their knees smite one against another."

Not only is a warning written on the wall but the last chapter of the giddiest and gaudiest age of American extravagance is being transcribed across the nation in bold-faced type.

For a generation or more dizzy officeholders, intoxicated by the glitter of easy money, have indulged in a wild orgy of spending money that has finally landed this prosperous land on the verge of the black pit of bankruptcy. If the truth were admitted, local governments are bankrupt already, living on money pilfered from the pockets of a nation yet unborn.

It was sweet while it lasted. The flowing stream of golden millions was a temptation few could resist. Figures indicating that ten per cent. of the population were on some kind of public payroll told only half the story. The other half was written in magnificent checks and vouchers that quietly slipped to a silent host who had their fingers in the government but whose names rarely appeared—who sold the supplies and machinery and equipment, and obtained lucrative franchises and contracts and concessions, realising fabulous sums of money.

People had come to look upon political money making as part of a fascinating national sport. They expected it. They wrote jokes about it. They condoned it. A scandal at a high point in government was winked at and laughed off. One who ventured to protest or object was at once deluged beneath a flood of clamorous shouts that he was just another "politician" trying to make himself heard. People paid small heed to one who cried out against the corruption that was soon to prove the one cancerous growth upon an otherwise healthy form of government.

There was only one end that could possibly come of it. The back of the nation cracked beneath a load of confiscatory taxes. The people could not pay. And when they could not pay, only then did they begin to take account of what was going on.

Today a chastened America stands amidst the wreckage and disaster and ruin that are the fruits of her wanton prodigality—but with a newborn, resolute purpose that the great American profligacy must come to an end, lest it destroy the vitals of this great commonwealth.

Wholesale slashing of costs and expenses today is the beginning of the end—either the end of America's folly or the end of a system of representative government that was intended as a safeguard against the precise evil which has overtaken it. It must be one or the other. If we may judge from what we hear of the voice of the people

of this incomparable government, it will be the end of folly and not the end of a government that deserves to endure.

MR. FORD'S ECONOMICS

THE *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* says that Henry Ford has gone back on his high-wage policy, and suggests a remedy:

When, some eighteen years ago, Henry Ford announced he would pay a \$5 minimum daily wage for common labour, he made industrial history. Various motives for this action were ascribed. It was said, for example, that Mr. Ford felt that the high wage would effectively guard against union organization in his plants, and it did so. It is now clear, however, that Mr. Ford had got hold of a great idea, namely, that mass production, to be successful, must be accompanied by mass purchasing power. Only by the payment of high wages and salaries would the people be able to absorb the great product of our factories.

This theory, at first bitterly opposed by Mr. Ford's fellow industrialists, has now achieved universal acceptance. Yet we now find Mr. Ford himself abandoning it by reducing the basic wage at the Ford plants to \$4 a day. It may be true that the exigencies of the depression have forced this cut, but that does not affect its significance. If the high-wage theory needed any support, the depression has furnished it abundantly in showing how unemployment and wage reductions, by lessening purchasing power, cripple our whole economic system.

Thus, although everyone may see clearly that only by restoration of mass purchasing power can the depression be lifted, the destructive force of reductions and unemployment gains in intensity. Here and there, it is true, efforts are being made to get back on the right road. General Motors, for instance, has put its office workers on a five-day week, with no salary cut. But by and large, our industrialists are turning their backs upon the high-wage theory.

We cannot and will not scrap our machines and go back to a handicraft civilization, and therefore, if prosperity is to return, it must come through the spreading of work among all who are able and willing to work, at such wages as will make it possible for consumption to keep pace with production.

PROHIBITION AND CRIME

THE repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment is not enough, says the *New York Herald*. "The conscience that abhors intimidation

and the courage that defies it must be re-awakened."

To learn that the annual crime bill of the United States today exceeds the cost of carrying on the World war is no doubt impressive. But far more important than the financial cost of this challenge to American civilization is its moral disgrace. The country is used to astronomical figures of profit and loss. Is it reconciled to the notion that for the privilege of going about its everyday business it must endure the dictation of the racketeer? The question is not one of cost but of character.

A stark picture of present conditions was recently presented by Mr. Gordon L. Hofstetter, executive director of the Employers Association, of Chicago, to the National Conference of Government at Washington. As he makes clear, the disease of lawlessness that has been fostered by national prohibition has permeated nearly all fields of industry, until there is scarcely a commodity exposed for sale whose price does not include a tribute to the underworld. The methods used to quash competition in the illicit liquor traffic have been adopted for the same purpose in legitimate lines of trade with the connivance of employers, labour unions and politicians. The result is a mammoth conspiracy of extortion against a background of blackmail, arson, murder, kidnapping, bombing and other forms of coercion.

To free the American people from this ignominious slavery is obviously the first duty of statesmanship, and to this end the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment is a prerequisite. But repeal alone will not accomplish delivery. There must be re-awakened with it the conscience that abhors the intimidation and the courage that defies it. Such a revival, we believe, is within the power of organizations like that represented by Mr. Hofstetter; of the better element of labour leaders, whose unions are now victimized by racketeers, and of an electorate in revolt against the sumptuary tyrant on the one hand and his ally, the corrupt politician, on the other. In any case, it is a revival compared with which the revival of business becomes a matter of secondary importance.

GERMANY

A GERMAN VIEW OF OTTAWA

THE Ottawa Conference was naturally followed with the keenest interest on the Continent. The following is a summary

of an article which appeared recently in the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*:

Those who have opposed preferential tariffs need not be considered to be out and out free traders: the latter really exist no longer, and those who hope for an international pooling of work and markets restrict their expectations to a carefully considered system of world tariffs. It is clear that such a movement would receive most encouragement if the greatest economic power of post-war times, the U.S.A. were to take over the management of a scheme such as England was conducting at the time when she was the greatest economic power of pre-war times. Tariffs, like all dodges, surmount the obstacle when times are good, and sharpen the crisis when economic organisations are depressed. No tariffs, however high, saved America from its worst crisis. On the contrary; the armour had lulled the country into a sense of security—the warnings, the safety valves, foreign competition, that is to say things that equalized excesses, were missing. Let us hope that recognition of this retrogression will cause the Americans to give up their errors, especially if the other party, Roosevelt and his democrats, come back to steer the ship.

After this introduction, the writer proceeds to explain "the meaning of Imperial Preference".

Particularly important is the enormous increase in the duty on copper and the introduction of a 2s. per qr. duty on wheat, both imposed chiefly as a measure against the U.S.A., together with the duties on bacon. On the other hand the Argentine has been spared, the duty on chilled beef, its chief export to England, having been fixed in relation to the quantities imported in 1931-32.

Canada's favouring of England specially harms all American exports, since, with the exception of South Africa, German merchants and merchandise have been penalised ever since the war. Any fresh harm that can befall us is, therefore, very limited, though there are bound to be further losses.

Whether the agreements will do harm or good to England is doubtful. The most risky part is their term of five years, because any tendency on the part of the U.S.A. to ease the difficulties brought about by her tariffs now comes up against the barrier of settled facts in the British Empire.

The English themselves are obviously afraid that the U.S.A., and even more hardly-hit Russians, may try some system of reprisals, and are attempting to utilise the time left before German activity can start again. Hence the sparing of the Argen-

tine and the wooing of the Scandinavian market, whose exports to England have been protected by that country.

One cannot deny that the British policy is actuated by motives that will serve the Empire as a whole, even though one may have doubts as to their success.

"What lesson," the writer asks, "should Germany draw from the British policy?"

Ottawa will change much in the world. There will be agreements between England and other countries, and chances for Germany to slip in. For instance, most small countries are glad, on account of their own restricted markets, if they can make contact anywhere. . . . We ourselves are big customers of the U.S.A. and of the British Empire. We imported from Australia last year, wool worth 96,000,000 Reichsmarks, whereas the whole of our exports to this continent did not amount to one-quarter of this sum. We sent goods to Australia worth 21,000,000 R.M. and bought from her 121,000,000. Australia's competitors in the wool trade are the Argentine, S. Africa, and Belgium. As wool importers we are worth something, and also as buyers of cotton, oils, and oil-yielding fruits, and of petroleum and Californian apples. Why do we not try to trade with the countries from whom we buy more than they do from us? That, in times of no free trade, would have some sense.

Our foreign policy must be more active, and every means of benefiting Germany must be used; but the principles of commercial policy must co-operate with the needs of both internal and foreign policies.

FRANCE

A NATIONALIST VIEW OF DISARMAMENT

POLITICAL parties of the Right and Left in France are strongly opposed on the question of disarmament. The following extracts from an article in *La Revue Hebdomadaire* provide a striking contrast to the internationalism of M. Léon Blum.

There are, at the moment, only two political questions: that of our relations with Germany and that of our budgetary deficit; are we heading for war and are we heading for bankruptcy?

On the first point, it must not be thought that war will come to-morrow. It is very evident that Germany would like to prepare for it, but it is

also evident that she is not yet strong enough. I know very well that she has secret armaments and I have not forgotten that a heavily industrialised nation is never entirely disarmed. Commercial aeroplanes may be turned in the space of a day into war machines, and chemical-product factories into arsenals, etc. None the less, our enemies have not the special materials used in modern war, and they could hurl themselves upon us only in the practical certainty of crushing defeat.

This explains their diplomacy. Because they are in the stage of diplomatic preparation for war. They present their claims in the form of this dilemma: either disarm, or let us arm up to your standard. This makes the trustful pacifists cry in their turn, "Disarm!" But if we disarmed, we should find ourselves in a state of inferiority. To begin with, because there are 25 million more Germans than Frenchmen: further still because the nation with a stronger industrial equipment is bound to conquer the other. It will in fact use methods which I may term "civil", aeroplanes, gas, chemical bombs, which it will be able to make in greater quantities than its adversary.

It is because of this that the discussions which are now taking place in the diplomatic world are so important. Germany is perhaps more interested in our disarmament, than in her own armament. If we destroy our military supplies, she will, with no effort, automatically become the stronger. If we allow her to build an army for herself, it would need many years and great expenditure to make her our superior. Also, it is when she pretends pacificism that she is most dangerous. It is when she asks for a false "equality" that she claims an immediate superiority. This is the Teutonic finesse, which, unfortunately, Mr. MacDonald is incapable of understanding, and which no statesman who was not a neighbour of Germany would discern. We must, therefore, not give in. We must refuse to disarm, and this will save us from war for a time, which may, perhaps be lengthy, if we also refuse, quite firmly, to give the right of arming freely to our dangerous neighbour. We shall doubtless be accused of being the danger-spot of Europe. We shall be told that we wish to make a vassal of Germany, that we are driving her into arming, that our foolish anxieties paralyse the commercial world. Let them say what they will, we must hold to our point as firmly as Germany does to hers. Unless we do so, there will be a catastrophe. For fourteen years we have done nothing but give in. The limit has been reached. It is now a question of life or death.

INDIA

A TEN-YEAR PLAN?

ACCORDING to the Allahabad *Pioneer Mail*, a Bombay business man wants "a ten-year plan for India on the lines of the Five Year Plan in Soviet Russia". This is what that paper thinks of such a proposal:

India has of late had such a plethora of conferences that it may be argued with some justice that one more or less would make no difference. On this ground it is possible to support the plea of a Bombay business man, for the calling of a conference consisting of 150 members, to be drawn in equal proportions from the ranks of politicians, industrialists and scientific experts. The object of these leaders in convention assembled, it is stated, would be to "chalk out a ten-year plan for India on the lines of the Five Year Plan in Soviet Russia." On the face of it, the proposal looks attractive and reasonable enough to commend itself to harassed victims of the slump—and their name is legion—who can see no way out of the chaos of India's economic life. But we may take leave to doubt whether any useful purpose would be served by such an assemblage and such a laying down of policy. In the first place, it is obvious that the conference would have no *locus standi*: its recommendations would have no sanction behind them and would be binding on no one. Even if the conference were officially recognized and given the status of authority, how would it be possible to enforce its decisions? Between the Soviet system and the Indian structure of society there is a wide gulf fixed; what is applicable to the one is anathema to the other. In this country we have still our traditional respect for the rights of property, for private enterprise and for individualism in action. Short of nationalising business (and what an outcry such a proposal would raise!) there is no means of State organisation. Yet the need for rationalisation of trade and industry remains, and as the best method of enforcing this, we would revert to our former plea for an Economic Advisory Board on the lines of those which most Western countries, including Great Britain, have established. An institution like this could direct Government policy along the right lines and at the same time control individual enterprise. It could speed up production and stimulate consumption much more effectively than an artificial plan. Perhaps Russia, which is now labouring under difficulties, will come to realise that her salvation must be found in this direction.

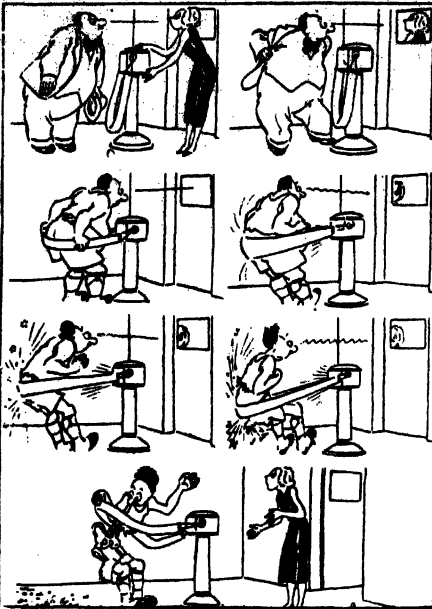
THE WORLD'S HUMOUR



[Humorist]

[London]

Village Fire Brigade Captain (to rather slack member): "NOW, I suppose, you've left the stamp paper behind!"



[Le Rire]

[Paris]

The fat man, the electric masseur, and the pretty receptionist.



[Humorist]

[London]

"A Dicky, please."

QUITE!



[Life]

[New York]

"Now I remember—I done it!"

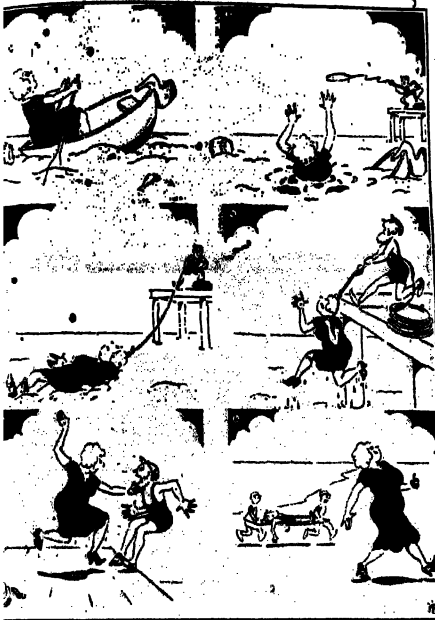


[Simplificianismus]

[Munich]

"I'm the only playwright who can dramatize the hopeless misery of the masses—the critics are all agreed on that."

"Are they? How nice—then we shall be able to afford a new car."



[humoristische Listy]

[Prague]

GRATITUDE !



[Isis]

[Oxford]

"Plough the fields and scatter."



[humorist]

[London]

Gamekeeper (referring to day's "bag") : "This ain't a shoot at all. It's a blinkin' bird-sanctuary !"

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WORLD TODAY

CENTRAL EUROPE

The Harvest of War and Peace

By LUKIN JOHNSTON

The London editor of an important group of Canadian newspapers spent a month this autumn in Austria, Hungary and Czechoslovakia. He has written for the REVIEW OF REVIEWS a most vivid article describing conditions in Central Europe, which may come as a surprise to people who do not understand how widespread is the political and economic confusion that has followed the war.

THE Donau Quai in Budapest—perhaps the loveliest promenade of its kind in Europe. With a Hungarian friend I have been dining in one of those delightful restaurants which border the Quai. It is a lovely evening in September, soft and warm; from a neighbouring café comes faintly the rhythmic music of a Tzigane orchestra. The tables all round us are well filled; crowds of well-dressed people walk slowly up and down the brightly lit walk alongside the majestic Danube. There are army officers among them, complete with shako and long flowing cape from which the sword-hilt protrudes—reminding the mere Englishman irresistibly of Ruritanian musical comedy.

Across the river, bright with the twinkling lights of river-boats, the giant illuminated statue of St. Gellért stands out against the dark hill-side; a mile further downstream the fairy-like towers of the Coronation Cathedral look white and ghostly in the blackness.

It is difficult to believe that three hours ago, within ten miles of the centre of this lovely city of splendid buildings, luxurious restaurants and sumptuously equipped curative baths, I was wandering about in settlements of destitute people who live in conditions of appalling squalor. You may say that London, Leeds or Liverpool have their slums—but they can show nothing like these hovels and holes in the ground where Budapest's homeless exist. Hundreds of families in one settlement of this kind were living in tiny shelters, knocked together with odds and ends of timber, their sole means of existence the daily bowl of soup served out by Charity; or, perhaps, existing

on the leavings of the city markets, for there is no "dole" in Hungary. Some of the hovels had collapsed altogether from sheer rottenness, and the families, women and children and all, were camped practically in the open. Of ordinary, decent sanitation there was none, and water for the whole settlement had to be carried from a few distant standpipes. Another we visited—the Augusta Settlement—where, in long lines of war-time huts, families with six and seven children lived in conditions of utter poverty and overcrowding.

That is just one of the startling contrasts which seem to strike one at every turn in these chaotic countries of Central Europe.

How can one paint the picture of the fantastic contradictions of life in these unhappy lands, once part of the vast Austro-Hungarian empire? Wealth—and poverty; luxury—and squalor; bursting corn-bins—and half-starved peoples; peace-loving citizens—and bristling bayonets! Such paradoxes; such tragedies!

The Background of History

Satiated with statistics, bored with long-range political argument, I wanted to get a close-up of these peoples whose affairs so preoccupy the minds of European statesmen. In London, Geneva and Lausanne I had heard so often predictions of "imminent disaster" unless "something" was done quickly to rescue the Succession States from the slough of bankruptcy and discontent into which they had fallen, that the phrase had ceased to excite me.

Scores of students of international affairs



Parliament Buildings, Prague

have stated their views on these problems. Economists have analysed their trade and finance in every printed form, from massive tome to pithy newspaper article. But the wisest of them have so often disagreed on fundamental issues, that the impressions of a peripatetic journalist, plunging rashly into the chaotic scene for a few weeks, can do nothing to further confound a situation already past understanding to the average Englishman.

As a background even to the most cursory examination of Central Europe today, however, one must start with some knowledge of what has led up to all the present trouble.

Everyone knows that thirteen years ago the mighty Austro-Hungarian empire crashed into the dust. Statesmen of the world put their signatures to the Treaties of St. Germain and Trianon by which the unwieldy agglomeration of peoples and races was split into fragments. Today all the wiseacres are saying that one of the biggest jobs which faces European statesmanship is to piece together again, in some sort of workable economic federation, the shattered remnants of the old "ramshackle empire." Thus far, despite innumerable prophecies of "imminent disaster," the palliatives have risen no higher than the pouring of fresh millions of money in loans into countries already bankrupt past redemption. Political bitterness, racial jealousy, mutual sus-

picion and hostility have doomed to failure all attempts to bring the countries together.

The treaties of St. Germain and Trianon marked the climax of the idealistic doctrine of self-determination. Vast territories over which the Hapsburgs had held sway were parcelled out among peoples whom, for centuries, they had ruled and whose national spirit they had endeavoured to crush by tyranny and aggression. New nations came into existence; others, suddenly freed from the hated Hapsburg domination, found their boundaries enlarged beyond their wildest dreams. Little did they care if, in their new possessions, were millions, as intensely patriotic as they, wrenched forcibly from their fatherlands. In the intoxication of those first mad days of freedom began the orgy of Nationalism which, in due time, was to bring misery unparalleled to millions and which has reduced Central Europe to the verge of anarchy.

Today in Austria and Hungary the ever-widening stream of human misery let loose by the treaties can be seen in full flood, while already it begins to engulf their neighbours, Yugoslavia and Roumania, and threatens even Czechoslovakia, richest of them all in natural wealth.

Boxed in behind fantastic tariff walls these little nations have tried for thirteen years to battle against the economic laws of nature. Common-sense in internationa-

relations has been swamped beneath the wave of unreasoning desire to be free, at whatever material cost, of partnership with, or dependence on, any neighbour whose ambitions might conceivably run counter to their own. Trade is being brought virtually to a standstill; money, owing to exchange restrictions, has ceased to perform its normal function. Hundreds of thousands of workless are on the verge of starvation, kept alive in some cases by a beggarly "dole" from the state; in others, dependent for the barest existence on Charity. In Hungary, though accurate figures are not available, 200,000 at least, it is said, are workless of a population of 8,000,000; in Austria 350,000 out of 6½ millions are unemployed; in Czechoslovakia almost 500,000—double the number of one year ago—are idle. And behind it all are the spectres of racial rivalries and hatreds which had their origin in the misty past.

See how the mad merry-go-round works. The peasant-farmers of agricultural Hungary are reduced to the extremes of poverty, exceeding even the low standards customary to them in normal times. Their old markets in industrial Slovakia (now part of the new Czechoslovakian state) as well as those in Austria and in old Bohemia, are closed to them by prohibitive tariffs. Huge sums have been unwisely invested in an effort to industrialize a great agricultural country. It is not necessary to go further than the outskirts of Budapest to find great factories, built with foreign capital, whose gaunt, smokeless chimneys tell the tale of unsound economics dictated by the general political intransigency. At the same time half of Austria's great industrial plants are idle, their markets vanished and their work-people existing on "doles" from the bankrupt state.

Here is an instance—an extreme one perhaps—of the fantastic absurdities to which international jealousy has reduced these people. Of late smuggling of farm produce from Hungary, where it is overabundant, to Austria, where there is a shortage, has become so prevalent that

a sucking pig can be bought for 5 or 6 pengoes (3s. 6d. to 4s.). In Austria such a delicacy costs anything from ten to eighteen schillings (7s. 6d. to 13s. 6d.). Therefore, Hungarian peasant women have taken to smuggling live sucking pigs across the frontier, dressed in baby clothes and well "doped" with wine to keep them quiet!

Or again—in Prague, capital of Czechoslovakia, there is a shopkeeper who handles photographic supplies. He wished to import films from England, but owing to the impossibility of getting foreign currency with which to pay, he sought some means of barter. Finally it was arranged that he should export Pilsen beer in payment for his films!

Instances of similar cases could be multiplied many times in all the Succession States. Tariff walls and currency restrictions have forced every state to "dig in," in the impossible effort to make each one sufficient unto itself—as we shall see presently.

Conditions in Austria

For the moment let us look more closely at conditions in Austria, most bankrupt state of them all, and see how its people have fared. As you approach by road, in every direction trudges the tragic army of unemployed. Men and women wander aimlessly from one village to another, begging for food and plunged in despair.

If you pause on your way to Vienna at resorts like Salzburg or St. Wolfgang, the shadow of human misery slips away for the moment, since tourists have flocked to Austria this season and Salzburg's musical festival has been the most successful in its history. At St. Wolfgang you may be lucky to get a room at "The White Horse Inn" for, contrary to all predictions, the lakeside resorts in the Austrian Alps have had an excellent season.

In villages along the Danube (if you brave the appalling roads in your quest for information) you will find little sign of real distress, for though prices for produce are low, the maize, vineyard and potato harvests have been good and the peasants cannot starve. Low as their standard of life may

numerous cases. For example, in Hungary the peasants in neighbouring Hungary.



White Horse Inn, on the Wolfgang See

So you come to Vienna, once the proud capital of the all-powerful Hapsburgs. You may wander from one splendid palace to another—from the Hofburg to Schönbrunn—and dream of the days when Franz Josef and his brilliant court held sway. There are Art Galleries, among the finest in Europe, and fascinating museums which beckon you; there is the Ringstrasse, with its busy traffic and cafés still crowded (albeit plain water and pastries have replaced the costly wines and sumptuous foods of former days). There is the Prater, the great pleasure park beside the Danube, with its bright lights, its music, roundabouts and giant wheel. Up on the heights of Kobenzl there is luxury, too—fine restaurants and music and dancing on summer nights. But all this superficial air of prosperity, they will tell you, is part of the effort of Vienna to make a brave showing; to maintain an outward air of gaiety and brilliance in order still to draw the tourist.

To those who knew it in the great days gone by, Vienna is but a city of ghosts, a shadowy mockery of its former splendour. Everywhere, to the true Viennese, are haunting memories of the old days. Here is Frau

Sacher's—gay enough, perhaps, it seems even now to the casual stranger. But to one who remembers the old lady herself, with her pug dogs at her heel, her cigars, her sharp tongue and her heart of gold, Sacher's of 1932 is but a shell, desecrated by the common folk who now sit in the places of archdukes and countesses of the glittering days of yore.

Perhaps you may go to Demmels, the famous teashop near the Hofburg gates, where once all the rank and fashion of the court used to gather to gossip and sip aperitifs or liqueurs and sample the marvelous pastries. The pastries are there to-day, as delicious as ever, perhaps, but nowadays ordinary folk, like actors and actresses, sit in the seats of the mighty.

You ask, perchance, what is the great church with the twin openwork towers. Ah—that was a votive offering from the subjects of the Emperor Franz Josef in thanksgiving because, in the gardens nearby, he was saved from death from an assassin's bullet merely by the thickness of his collar. So every street and square in Vienna reeks with memories of the Hapsburgs.



Workmen's Dwellings in Vienna

But today—how different! It is true that the streets are crowded with well-dressed people. The shop-windows of the Körtnerstrasse are filled with expensive goods, as fine and costly as those of Piccadilly. But the prices are for the benefit of tourists only, as you may discover by a little judicious bargaining. Viennese who know the ropes, pay no more than 70 per cent of the marked prices. Apart from tourists, they will tell you, the only residents who have money to spend are the rich Jews, the bankers, and those from Poland and elsewhere, with big investments outside the borders of Austria. Of beggars there are thousands; the streets are full of them. At every corner stands some ill-clad wretch appealing for alms; outside the cafés half-starved men and women sing feebly or content themselves with mumbling extracts from their own pitiful stories. At night a horde of prostitutes, driven by poverty, haunt the city's thoroughfares. You may hear tragic stories by the score of erstwhile aristocrats or one-time wealthy middle-class people reduced to conditions of terrible poverty. There are soup kitchens

specially for them, and social workers can fill your ears with tales of suicides due to privation and despair.

Luxury for the Poor

But now comes the paradox again. For despite the beggars and all the evidence of bitter poverty, a few minutes' run by tram will take you to huge blocks of the finest workmen's dwellings in the world. The Socialist Municipal Government of Vienna has built more than 60,000 flats and houses in pleasant surroundings which today accommodate nearly 200,000 people. An approved workman, a member of the Socialist party, can rent a three-roomed flat in one of these splendid buildings for the equivalent of from 5s. to 20s. a month. There are communal laundries, equipped with every modern labour-saving device; crèches for children with attendants and medical inspection; shower-baths available for all; cinemas and playgrounds for the children, and wading pools for them in hot weather.

Perhaps you may be tempted to enquire politely of the Social Welfare worker who

acts as your guide, whether the capital to erect these great buildings came from England or America. At once you will be told: "Not at all; they are all paid for—there is no debt of any kind on them; taxes have provided the capital cost and started them debt-free." It would be discourteous, perhaps, to suggest that it seems paradoxical that a country which can find millions for such buildings as these should be unable to pay the interest on its foreign debts. But there it is—the harassed Vienna property-owner, who now, probably, lives on a bowl of soup in one room of his spacious home, has provided all the money for the homes of the poor. Thus Vienna, capital of the most bankrupt state in Europe, has found millions in cold cash to spend on comfortable homes for 200,000 penniless workpeople!

The Viennese have grown used to upheavals. They take the topsy-turviness of life with a kind of semi-ironic resignation. If you ask, casually, how things are going, the reply may be, in the catch-phrase of the hour, that "the situation is hopeless but not serious." In the shops you can buy a badge to pin in the lapel of your coat with the grimly humorous motto, "Please do not speak to me of the Crisis"!

The Viennese spend so much of their time dreaming of the glories of the past, for the simple reason that the present is a nightmare and the future one long vista of hopelessness. They are a people without a country; Germans by race and language, but out of tune with their brethren, doomed in any case to be cut off from their natural Fatherland, they have nothing to which to be loyal, except the past. The mighty capital of an empire has degenerated into the freak metropolis of a puny state. Two years ago they favoured Anschluss—not, probably, because they wanted to be linked to Germany for the future, so much as because it offered the only chance of escape from the hopeless present. Had Anschluss been achieved it could have brought small satisfaction to the easy-going Austrians to have been linked to the sternly disciplined Prussians. Certainly it could not have solved Austria's economic difficulties.

Vienna's only hope of prosperity, or even stability, in the future would appear to be

as the rallying-point of some new Central European federation. And for that the unhappy Viennese may have a long time to wait.

One does not need to be an economist, however, to see the hopelessness of the economic outlook in Central Europe. Nearly one-third of Austria's 6½ million inhabitants are crowded into Vienna. Before the war the industries of Austria had a home market of 55,000,000 people to supply. Now each of the Succession States has vastly increased its industrial capacity, with the result that, although each has a very restricted home market, the aggregate capacity of their factories is many times greater than before the war. The textile industry is an example. In 1918 Austria had most of the spinning-mills of the old empire, while most of the weaving was done by the Czechs. Far from making an agreement to co-operate, each country has proceeded to build up both branches of the industry. The result is that although Austria and Czechoslovakia have home markets of only 6½ and 13½ millions respectively, instead of 55 millions, their productive capacity is much larger than that of the old empire.

The same conditions apply in other industries. Ten years ago Austria imported 90 per cent of her wheat requirements, 75 per cent of her rye and large quantities of potatoes and dairy produce. Now the position is reversed and the once industrial Austria has idle factories, but potatoes and dairy products to export, if anyone will buy them.

In Czechoslovakia one hears expressions of satisfaction because, by tremendous energy and intensive methods of cultivation, the country has now become almost self-supporting as far as wheat is concerned. Lately new measures have further restricted wheat imports by increasing the proportion of rye to be used in bread. If common-sense, instead of politics, ruled Central European economics, one would say that this was hardly a matter for congratulation, because self-sufficiency for Czechoslovakia in wheat means added poverty for Hungarian peasant-farmers.

Bohemia used to supply almost the whole

sugar requirement of the empire. Today Austria has established her own industry and imports not more than 10 per cent of her needs. Agricultural Hungary, which formerly purchased her textiles and agricultural machinery from Austria and Bohemia, has developed these industries on her own and has even produced railway rolling stock for export to the Balkans and to India.

The average Englishman, living in comparative peace and stability on the far side of the English Channel, says, quite naturally, "What is the matter with these people? It's obvious that to live they must trade together. Why don't they stop quarrelling and get on with it?"

And that question brings you right up against the hopelessly involved political and ethnographical problems of Central Europe—problems which may be touched on here only so far as they thrust themselves on the notice of any traveller who keeps ears and eyes open.

This is, indeed, the proposition one puts, in polite form, to all those with whom one discusses these questions. I put it to a score of Czechs, Hungarians and Austrians. Without exception they assured me, in the first breath, that they quite agreed—economic co-operation was essential. They were all for it; they wanted to put aside politics and jealousy and bickerings over the past and trade with their neighbours on rational lines. They spoke these pious platitudes with such sincerity that, for a moment, one thought that a new day must actually be dawning in international relations! One soon learned, however, that, with the best will in the world, the animosities of centuries, rekindled and redoubled in the last war, die hard.

Can They Forgive and Forget?

A Hungarian, whose forbears had played a great part in Magyar history, said to me: "Yes, of course we must stop cutting each other's throats and learn to live together in harmony. We Magyars have been proving what warriors and heroes we are for a thousand years. It's time to forget it and get down to business."

But the next moment he was telling me with flashing eyes how the Czechs were deliberately ruining Hungary, stifling her trade by tariffs, cutting off her markets for grain, and trying forcibly to crush the national spirit and culture of the Hungarian peoples now within the boundaries of Czechoslovakia! As he warmed up to talk of the wrongs of Hungary, his fine, brown eyes blazed with the passion that all Hungarians feel when they think of their dismembered country.

Indeed, the wrongs of Hungary are very real; and few people would now attempt to justify the iniquities of the Treaty of Trianon. Two and a half million Hungarians have been wrenched from their fatherland and handed over to neighbouring states, without ethnographic, political or economic justification. Hungary will never acquiesce in such treatment, any more than an Englishman would agree to hand over Lancashire, Cumberland and Yorkshire to the Irish Free State. But, unjust as the peace terms were to Hungary, no one has been able to suggest any way of readjusting Hungary's boundaries except by war, and weightier matters at present occupy the attention of those in a position to make war.

It really seems useless for the people of Budapest to continue (metaphorically) to stamp their feet and repeat the parrot-cry (which can still be seen decorating doors and bill-boards) "No, no, never"—meaning that they will never accept the peace treaty terms until Hungary is reunited. It does not help matters for Hungarian youths to chant the refrain "I believe in one God, I believe in one Fatherland, I believe in the resurrection of Hungary."

Perhaps, however, if the moderate and statesmanlike utterances of General Gombösh, the new Hungarian premier, can be taken at their face value, it may at last be dawning on Hungary that it is useless under present conditions to agitate for frontier revision. Europe requires economic sense and stability to return before political questions, involving the whole structure of the Continent, can be tackled with any hope of success.



In the Austrian Alps

Czechoslovakia

The Czechs, too, have their historic grievances, of course. Like King Charles' head, the Battle of the White Mountain in 1620 bobs up repeatedly in discussion, for it was after this battle that the flower of the Czech nobility was massacred and their generals and patriots executed by the Austrian victors. But the Czechs of today are good business men, and are less obsessed with traditional hatreds than some of their neighbours.

In thirteen years they have worked industrial miracles in their country. Eighty per cent of the natural wealth of the old Empire lies within their borders—and they have made full use of their opportunities. Cut off from their natural nearby markets, they have launched out and found markets for their industries in China, South America, Britain and in all the world. Only within the last twelve months has the full tide of the depression hit them, so that today their unemployed number 400,000 and they face the prospect of a heavy budgetary deficit. Under these conditions they are more than ever anxious to come to terms with their neighbours.

Though the Czechs are less badly off economically, they have to cope with tremendous minority difficulties which do not exist in either Austria or Hungary.

Imagine the complexity of uniting a country, carved in freakish, irregular shape out of the middle of Europe, in which there is no present possibility of majority government! Here are 6½ million Czechs allied with 3½ million Slovaks, whose language is similar but not identical, and who, though racially more akin to the Czechs, for centuries have followed the fortunes of the Magyars. Within the western (German) frontier of the new state are massed 3½ million Germans of whose loyalty the Czechs are none too sure and who may be presumed to be more interested in the "Grosse Deutschland" movement than in the permanency of the Czech state. There are 750,000 Magyars by no means content with their lot; at the extreme eastern end of the country 500,000 Ruthenians whose ultimate ambitions lie rather in the direction of an independent Ukrainia, or with Russia, than with the new state.

Under such conditions, charges of forcible denationalization are hurled at the Czechs

from all sides, as is only to be expected. They are accused of sacrificing Slovak industries to the advantage of those in Bohemia ; of keeping all important Civil Service appointments in the hands of their own people, of fostering resentment by their policy over the language question, and of unfair treatment in other matters. On the other hand, the new state has done wonders in raising the general standard of education and in promoting prosperity generally.

It must be said that, on the surface, at least, a degree of freedom, which seems amazing in view of past history and present problems, is allowed the Minorities. Both the Germans and the Magyars have their

own language newspapers ; their own language taught in schools. At Bratislava, the Magyars have their own theatre where there is an annual two-months' season of only Magyar plays. Germans, Magyars and Ruthenians (and, of course, Slovaks) are proportionately represented in the coalition government.

But Czechoslovakia, despite its wonderful industrial and agricultural progress and the capacity of its administration, cannot sleep soundly o' nights while the great powers wrangle over armaments and spheres of influence and while Hungary retains the fading hope of regaining its lost territories.

Fear of their neighbours forces them to maintain a huge army of 140,000 men and to cling to their alliance with France as their only hope of survival in the event of a new war in Europe. In September, as I drove through the country I passed huge guns, columns of transport and khaki-clad troops on the march. With these warlike pictures in mind, I asked a prominent Slovak politician what chance there was of Czechoslovakia reducing her armaments.

His reply was what I expected. "How can we reduce our armaments", he said, "while Germany is in a state of turmoil, while Hitler's followers breathe fire and slaughter and the 'Grosse Deutschland' movement gains momentum every day? How can we disarm while Hungary

maintains her present attitude? Czechoslovakia is threatened on every side and, much as we dislike pouring out money on armaments, there is no other course open to us until political conditions change."

Fear, indeed, is the bogey which keeps all Central Europe in turmoil. There is no security anywhere, nor can there be until the statesmen of Europe take their courage in their hands and determine to revise, not piecemeal, but on the broadest scale, the Treaties of Versailles, St. Germain and Trianon.

Thus Czechoslovakia, the most vulnerable state in Europe, an artificial nation,

neighbours, and maintained thus far against great odds, with courage and ability which compel a measure of admiration from all the world, is ringed about with enemies. This little nation of 13½ million people is the chief obstacle which bars the path to a European hegemony of which Germany still dreams. Without the powerful aid of France, which furnishes the General Staff of the Czechoslovakian army, the new State could not hope to survive.

Fear brought the Little Entente between Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia and Roumania into existence. Fear forces these nations to maintain armies which, in the aggregate, dwarf those maintained by the former Empire. If you add the 265,000 soldiers of Poland to the numbers maintained by the five Succession States, the total comes to more than three-quarters of a million men—apart from auxiliary forces, armed police and frontier guards which would account for a further 140,000. To this appalling total the "disarmed" states of Austria and Hungary contribute only 55,000.

The fear which dictates the military policy of Central Europe and which is dragging the nations down to ultimate anarchy, cannot be removed until the Great Powers compose their differences ; until they cease to play off the little nations one against the other and lead the way back to sanity and common-sense.

A CENSORSHIP OF BOOKS

By CHARLES MORGAN

The problem of Censorship is one that concerns a variety of human interests. All over the world there are conflicting opinions as to what people should be allowed to see, or read, or wear. In this article the author of 'The Fountain' deals with censorship as it affects literature; and the subject being of some importance we give in "The Contributors' Club" an opportunity for exchange of views.

A CERTAIN Morality Council, which I will not more particularly advertise for I have no desire to aid its schemes of publicity, recently declared its intention to begin a campaign which, if it were successful, would result in the censorship by a committee of books, plays and films. The present position is that intervention by the police may, after trial in the courts, lead to the suppression of a book, a play or a film, but that, apart from these interventions, which are extremely rare and are to be regarded less as a censorship than as a weapon held in reserve against flagrant indecency, books may be freely published, while plays are subject to preliminary censorship by the Lord Chamberlain's office and films to a voluntary censorship, instituted by the film-trade itself, for its own safety and convenience. The Lord Chamberlain's decrees have the force of law; those of the film-trade, though effective in practice, have not.

It is easy to argue that this position is anomalous, but it is false to argue that the censorship of books, plays and films ought to be uniform, for the three arts differ in their nature and in their means of access to the public. If complete liberty were allowed to film exhibitors and makers, it is possible that many children might suffer greater harm than they now suffer, for their access to film theatres is regular and easy. But the access of children to books has not the same regularity and ease, nor do they receive the same impression from the written word as from the picture seen. I say this in parenthesis, not because I wish to defend the existing censorship of films, which appears to me to be misguided, but to show that there is a genuine distinction, in this matter, between books, plays and films. The argument that because one is censored in a particular way the others ought to be censored in the same way has no foundation in experience or reason. The point is worth insisting upon because the Morality Council will unquestionably make what use they can of the logic of uniformity which is, in this instance, fallacious. One might as well

argue that the soil good for one crop is necessarily good for all.

The three departments of art must then be considered independently. The subject of film censorship is so complex that I shall not enter into it here, and of plays I will say this only—that, though the principle of the censorship of any art is to me obnoxious, I am inclined, on grounds of expediency, to support the Lord Chamberlain's practice of it. I think the Lord Chamberlain acts as a liberating rather than a restrictive force for this reason: if there were no preliminary censorship of stage-plays, timid managers, faced with the possibility of police intervention after the initial expenses of production had been incurred, would be more timid than they are. They would be compelled to undertake heavy expenses without any guarantee that those expenses would not be turned suddenly into dead losses, and, in consequence, the difficulty of original dramatists in reaching the stage would be increased. As it is, to seek the Lord Chamberlain's licence involves a manager in no financial risk, and the granting of it enables him to go forward with reasonable security. As for the suggestion that some other authority—presumably that of an elective morality committee—should be substituted for the authority of the Lord Chamberlain's office, I can see no reason to support it. The Lord Chamberlain is advised by men of the theatre experienced in the exceedingly difficult art of estimating, from a script, the effect of a play in performance. It is highly improbable that any Morality Committee would do the work as well.

TO pass on from films and plays to consideration of the proposed censorship of books is to enter a territory of freedom which, I contend, ought to be fought for inch by inch against all invaders. Powers already exist to exclude from this country certain exceptional books; they have been, and are still being, exercised against part of the work of D. H. Lawrence; but there is no power to compel a book to submit to

censorship before publication. As for the existing powers, I will not now dispute them, though it is my conviction that they have been abused; I am here concerned only to resist the new proposal for a preliminary, arbitrary and general censorship of Literature.

I hope that when responsible men and women are canvassed by the Moral Reformers they will not listen to the argument that a general censorship is necessary to prevent the corruption of public morals. There is here no room for two opinions. The argument is a lie. There already exist powers to suppress books that are said to corrupt public morals. Whether those powers ought to exist at all, whether they are or are not rightly exercised, is not now the question. What matters is that they do exist and that the machinery of a general censorship cannot be justified on the ground that they do not.

But there are subtler and less extreme arguments that may be advanced in favour of the proposal, and these I wish to meet. There is a genuine peril that thousands of men and women may be persuaded, because the other aspect of the case is not represented to them, into giving ill-considered support to an agitation for a general censorship of books. If they do, the consequent harm may be irreparable.

They will be asked, and may consent, to say to themselves: "I am no violent puritan, but many books are published that do no good to anyone and may do harm. It seems to me not unreasonable to appoint a responsible committee that shall decide whether, on the whole, a book will do harm to the community, particularly to the youth of the community, and whether it ought to be suppressed." Let us examine this proposition. It is true that many books are published which "do no good"; that is in the nature of books which men write who are not artists. If these books do harm, what is the nature of the harm they do? Rule out from consideration those that are openly and deliberately pornographic and obscene. Such books are printed, but protection against them already exists at law, and is effective. A censorship would be aimed, not at them, but primarily at books which put into the heads of readers ideas, perhaps of

politics, perhaps of religion, perhaps of love, which the censors considered undesirable. It is of the utmost importance that anyone who inclines towards support of such a censorship should realize the extent of the discretionary power he advocates. In order that a few books may be suppressed which he would be glad to have suppressed, he is handing over to a committee power to put in chains the whole literature of England. If he helps to create the instrument of suppression, he will find that he has signed a blank death-warrant. Having in his mind nothing but the mild purpose of keeping from his daughter a few novels which, he thinks, she would be better without, he may find that he has re-inforced his political and religious opponents, has put shackles upon scientific discussion, and has enslaved art. For my own part, I do not believe that I should serve my daughter's interests by restricting her reading in any way; but even to those who hold a contrary opinion on this point I say that restriction, if there is to be restriction, ought not to be applied at literature's source. The advocates of censorship may be guileful enough to speak a moderate language; but they are inevitably making claim to immoderate powers, and are submitting a vast public interest to the governance of their idiosyncrasies. If we look back upon the course of literature and consider what writers and what books—Shelley, Fielding, Smollett, Fraser's *Golden Bough*,—would certainly have been interfered with by a Morality Committee, the argument against a general censorship is unanswerable. The danger is that moderate men, confronted with the limited problem of their daughters' reading, may not pause to consider the wider effects of censorship, or to realize that against extreme indecency protection already exists. If once it is understood that the advocates of censorship are asking for general powers to dictate from their own prejudice, their agitation will fail. We are not a nation of extremists; our history has taught us how arbitrary power may be abused, and that it is never more grossly abused than by a nominally democratic committee on moral or artistic issues.

A RHODESIAN RANCH

The Farmer's Daily Duties

By WILFRID ROBERTSON

For twenty years Wilfrid Robertson lived in the Lomagundi district of Rhodesia, just south of the Zambesi. He raised cattle, grew maize, tobacco and cotton, and hunted every variety of African game. Then, in 1929, he returned to England, where his new trade of writing has helped him to resist the "call of the bush."

ACCORDING to the official lists of the European inhabitants of the country, the Rhodesian cattle-raiser is styled a "farmer", but "Jack-of-all-trades" would be a more correct designation. Living on a block of land several thousand acres in extent, and divided by many miles of primeval bush from the nearest tiny white settlement, his activities have perforce to be extended far beyond the limits usually considered in more civilized countries as those belonging to the art of agriculture and cattle-breeding. Doctor and dentist, blacksmith and bricklayer, policeman and peacemaker, slayer of dangerous beasts and healer of their victims, all these and many other jobs revolve upon him. Yet these extraneous duties bring their own reward; though divorced from the amenities of civilization, the rancher's work varies so much from day to day that the relaxations and amusements which are necessary to those who live a more ordered and specialized existence are hardly missed. In that diversity, perhaps, lies the charm of life in the wilderness.

The day's work begins with the appearance of the first grey in the eastern sky. The air drifting in through the wide-open windows of the house is full of the dawn-scent emanating from the surrounding forest, and from the detached kitchen behind the dwelling comes the crackling of a newly-lighted fire. Presently the cook-boy comes in with the white man's morning tea. The latter throws aside the mosquito-net which covers him, drinks the hot liquid, rolls out of bed, and pulls on his shirt and shorts. The daylight increases swiftly. The appearance of the upper rim of the sun above the horizon is the signal for the cook-boy to hammer, with a rusty piece of iron, on an old plough-disc

that hangs beneath the back verandah. The thunderous note of this primitive gong is the call for the natives employed on the place to turn out of their quarters, and assemble for the orders of the day. A minute later they arrive, and line up at the back of the house ready for their instructions.

Not all the staff of the ranch attend the early morning roll-call; those who have received their orders over night, or who have regular jobs such as cattle-inspection, ploughing, and wagon-driving, go straight to their work. The gang that awaits the arrival of their master is a motley crew. In the foreground stand the two head natives, the neatness of their attire betokening their better pay and sense of what is due to responsibility. Behind them are grouped the rank and file, clad either in the simplicity of nature, plus a loin-cloth, or else in garments which, at first sight, could easily be mistaken for portions of discarded fishing-nets. One or two individuals display as their sole garb a single worn-out grain-sack, converted into a shirt by the simple expedient of cutting holes for arms and head in the bottom, inverting it, and slipping it on like a herald's tabard.

Medicine Man

At times a member of the gang is absent, and enquiries reveal the fact that he is sick. One of the head natives is sent to fetch the absentee for doctoring; meanwhile the rest of the party receive their orders, and depart about their several tasks.

Presently the head native brings along the invalid, a miserable-looking object wrapped in a dingy blanket. The fellow squats down before the rancher, looking with lack-lustre eyes at the ground before him.



Natives Awaiting Orders

"Well?" enquires the white man in the native language, "What's the matter with you?"

"I'm very sick, Master."

"So I see, but where are you sick? Where's the pain? Head? Chest? *Matumbu*?"

"Yes, Master", is the illuminating reply. . . .

At the very start the amateur doctor is confronted by a blank wall; the first effort towards forming a diagnosis fails completely. Usually, however, continual experience has taught him much, and he is able in a short while to gather a fair idea of the nature of the malady before him. Often the native is suffering from an attack of malaria, a sickness almost as common among indigenous natives as among exotic white men. The rancher fetches the quinine bottle from the house, and issues the tabloids and the necessary instructions.

"You must take two of the *muti* now", he ends.

Few natives can take a pill adroitly. The invalid waves aside the cup of water that is offered him, places two of the pink five-

grain tablets of quinine in his mouth, and, without change of expression, solemnly chews them to powder between his teeth.

"The Master's medicine is good", he comments *sotto voce* to the head-boy beside him, "it has plenty of taste in it. . . ."

During twenty years of amateur doctoring among the natives—workers on my ranch, inhabitants of nearby villages, and people who have come in to me in hunting-camps—I have had to attend to sufferers from almost every malady and mishap that African flesh is heir to. Sometimes the work of attending to cases was purely humdrum; sometimes unspeakably revolting; and sometimes provocative of mild amusement. To quote a trio of cases will be sufficiently indicative of the lonely rancher's daily clinic.

Item the first. A woman from one of the native villages on the ranch. She brings up a child of about ten years old; will I give her some of the white man's medicine for him? She pulls forward the shrinking youth, and indicates an arm which is a mass of suppuration. As the child stands there, the matter drips from his arm, making yellow splashes on the sun-baked ground.

In answer to my enquiry as to how he came in this condition, she informs me that the youngster, when asleep one night the previous week, had rolled over into the fire that burned in the centre of the hut.

"Why wasn't he brought to me ages ago"? is my query.

"We had our own medicines." She points to the remains of a filthy black mess with which the injury has been coated. "But now the place has become so bad, we have brought it to the master to cure."

That was always the way; wait till the last minute before coming for assistance, though they knew that I issued medicines free to natives living on the property, whether employed by me or not. Their procrastination makes the injuries fifty times more difficult to heal, and far more costly in material. I do what I can, and dismiss the woman with orders to bring the child again on the morrow without fail.

Item the second. Two men: one with a fresh cut on the side of his head, rudely but effectually bandaged with *hor dzi*; the other with a broken crock in his hand. Both come also from one of the villages on the estate. I presume that it is the lad with the wound who needs my attention. But I am wrong, it is the fellow with the broken crock who is the applicant. It seems that the damaged native has broken the plaintiff's best water-jar; will I make the offender pay for it? I reply by asking the defendant how he came by his wound, and after mutual vituperation between the two, arrive at the fact that it has been caused by a blow from the outraged owner of the pot. The plaintiff sweeps this assertion aside as a matter of no account, and reiterates his demand for two shillings as damages. Defendant produces a shilling from some hole in his ragged loincloth, which is refused indignantly by the crock-owner. I tell the latter that he has already exacted half his payment in the shape of the blow, and that he'd better take the proffered billing and be thankful. Immediately he capitulates, and goes off grumbling. The defendant follows, very cheery. No doubt he considers that the wound was well worth the other shilling saved.

Item the third. Fellow with a rotten tooth, a rare occurrence among natives. Will I lend him my dental pliers so that a friend of his can extract it? He shows me the offending molar, and adds that a pal has already had a try with a (probably stolen) pair of bicycle pliers, but has made a mess of the job. I should just think so. . . .

Killer of Vermin

The destruction of vermin is another of the regular calls upon the time of the Rhodesian cattle-rancher. The pests he has to contend with are not rats and mice, but somewhat larger creatures; the species of vermin are the lions and leopards that roam the illimitable bush, and make periodical raids upon the cattle running on the ranch.

The news that a lion or leopard had had a meal of beef the previous night usually was brought to me by the head native in charge of the 3,000-acre wire-fenced paddock concerned. Generally the bearer of evil tidings turned up about an hour after sunrise, and found me just finishing breakfast before leaving for my morning's tour of inspection round the ranch.

The summons to a kill by carnivora always had precedence; other work had to be shelved till the matter had received attention. Upon hearing the news it did not take long for me to pick up a rifle and cartridges, jump on a bicycle, and speed along the narrow winding paths through the forest to the spot where the messenger had left his second-in-command to await my arrival. At that point I left the bicycle, and, guided by the native, hurried through the trees to the place where the dead and half-eaten beast had been located.

It was seldom that the marauder was found at the kill, for in that country both lions and leopards almost invariably retire to their daytime haunts with the coming of the first grey of the dawn. However, I advanced cautiously, and with ready rifle, in case the cattle-killer was still in the vicinity, and a shot could be obtained at him. Presently my guide and I arrived at the scene of the previous night's tragedy. In the middle of a circle of broken bushes and



The End of a Calf-Killer.

bloodstained trampled grass lay the half-devoured carcass of the victim. The slayer, a lion, had left the neighbourhood.

The native and I cast around for spoor, a difficult thing to find amid the tangle of grass, fallen leaves, and bushes. At last we discovered a just-discernible track, a merest indication of bent grass-stems which showed which way the lion had gone. We followed the faint trail; but I knew from experience that there was little hope of obtaining a shot at the marauder. He would, I knew, hear our approach long before there was any chance of seeing him, and would slip off with cat-like silence into the deeper recesses of the forest. This proved to be the case, and presently I gave the word to abandon the pursuit and return.

Were it not for the inveterate habit of the great felines in returning to a kill the following night, the rancher would seldom be able to destroy the lions and leopards which prey upon his stock. But this habit greatly facilitates the work. The desired result can be accomplished in three ways: by sitting up with a rifle the following night in a tree near the kill, and awaiting the beast's return;

by setting a trap-gun; or by poisoning the carcass with strychnine. The first is seldom efficacious; for night-shooting is tricky work at best, and a cattle-killer is the most wary and cautious of beasts. If it obtains the slightest inkling of the presence of the hunter, it will move silently away before the man with the gun is aware of its proximity. The setting of a trap-gun, or the laying of strychnine are far more effective. The latter is a weapon that I hated to use, but, being a matter of livelihood and necessity, strictly sporting methods could not be allowed to apply to the matter of removing vermin.

The next morning the kill would be revisited. Sometimes I would find the marauder dead on the spot; but at times the poison did not take effect, or the trap-gun wounded instead of killing instantly. Then came the most exciting part of the work of cattle-protection, for the beast had to be trailed up and shot. I know of few more thrilling jobs than that of following up a wounded and enraged lion or leopard through dense bush; for the beast has every advantage of cover, and almost invariably lies hidden till the pursuer is within a few yards

before charging savagely. 'It is a business needing steady nerves, and straight and quick shooting. Before now I have slain an on-rushing beast literally at the muzzle of my gun.

Policeman

In a country where police-troopers are perforce few and far between, the rancher has to take upon himself many of the duties that, in more settled countries, are those of the official guardians of the law. It is a matter of common expediency. The rancher is on the spot, and he hears of the crime long before it could possibly reach the ears of the official police, many miles away. By acting at once, he is able to catch and hand over many a criminal who would otherwise have time successfully to evade capture; and in the work the amateur is assisted by the native sufferers from the crime that has been committed.

Few ranchers bother their heads to take action in the case of minor peccadillos, of natives wanted for tax-defaulting and the like. But when it is a case of theft or murder, there are few who do not make every endeavour to lay hands on the malefactor, and send him to the nearest police post under armed native escort. Sometimes the capture is made easily, for the wanted man has failed to guard against the sudden swoop from an unexpected quarter; at others an error in judgment, or insufficiently quick action, results in the escape of the criminal.

The following are a couple of typical incidents which occurred on my own ranch, illustrating the nature of these sudden calls to take up the rôle of amateur policeman.

A murder had been committed at a native village some forty miles from the spot where I was living. Though it had only occurred the previous night, the native employees on the ranch had already heard of it, and of the identity of the perpetrator, through that wonderful process, the "bush-telegraph."

Shortly after dark two of my head natives came to the house, and told me that the wanted man had just entered the native quarters, posing as a time-expired labourer returning to his village beyond the Anglo-Portuguese border. He had asked for food and water. The others were detaining him

with light conversation pending my arrival. Would I come and arrest the man? I dropped a pistol into my pocket as a precautionary measure, and hastened over to the quarters.

I found the malefactor sitting beside one of the twinkling fires that burned between the huts. My sudden appearance out of the darkness, coupled with the concerted encircling movement of the natives, showed him that bolting was useless. I drove my capture before me to the meal-store, locked him up there for the night, and put an armed sentry outside.

The following day I made arrangements to send the wanted man to the nearest police-post, twenty-five miles away. I deputed two of my biggest natives to act as escort; one of them being armed with an old gun, and the other with a couple of spears. They advised urgently that the prisoner should be tied up before being released from the store, saying they feared, that he might escape on the journey. This I vetoed, telling them that surely they were big enough, and sufficiently well armed, to prevent any attempt at levanting.

Some two or three days later I happened to meet the local O.C. of police, who told me of the captive's arrival at the police-post.

The escort had taken no chances. As soon as they were comfortably out of sight of my house, they had stopped the prisoner and tied him up to suit their satisfaction. Then, with the rifle-carrying native in front, with his weapon at the slope, and the other behind to prick forward the captive with the points of his spears, they had struck out once more for their destination. On the arrival of the party at the police-post, the malefactor was in a state bordering on collapse. His arms had been fastened behind him so tightly that the elbows touched, and his body had been swarthed in yards and yards of native bark-rope till he looked more like an Egyptian mummy than a living entity. The O.C. told me that the captive quite brightened up when he was cut free and taken off to the cells—and no wonder!

At another time a series of robberies had been taking place at the villages dotted about the surrounding district. Food, blankets,



A Deputation
awaiting the
Settlement of
a Dispute.

and other goods had been disappearing from the natives' huts like puffs of smoke, and even sheep and other small livestock had been vanishing abruptly. Once or twice the thieves had actually been seen by the villagers as they fled with their ill-gotten gains; but so far they had managed to elude pursuit and vanish in the dense timber.

One day a cattle-herding native of mine came up with a piece of interesting news. When searching for a lost beast amid a rugged range of hills in one corner of the ranch, he had discovered a well-concealed cave which showed signs of occupation. This, he was convinced, was the secret lair of the marauders. I went with the native to view his find. The place was unoccupied, but it contained many signs of prolonged habitation.

At sunset that evening I approached the cave once more, accompanied by two of my best natives. The place was still empty. I and my retainers ensconced ourselves within the cavern, and patiently began to wait for the return of the thieves. There was a good chance of them appearing after full dark had fallen, for few natives care to move about at night. With a lighted acetylene bicycle-lamp hidden under a sack beside me, and a loaded shot-gun across my knees, I watched the cave-entrance dim till

only the spangle of bright African stars determined its position in the surrounding blackness.

The faint rattle of a displaced stone sounded from down the hillside, followed by a rustle of branches softly parted. We sat up and listened. Another rustle, and then two figures appeared at the mouth of the cave; the starlight gleaming dimly on the blades of the spears and axes they carried. One silhouette was laden with a live sheep, which at that moment uttered a plaintive bleat, and the other bore a bundle of miscellaneous loot.

I flashed out the hidden lamp, thrust forward the gun in the faces of the thieves, and called to my natives to spring upon them. The next few seconds were hectic. Bundle, sheep, spears, and battle-axes flew in every direction, and a spinning cocoon of thieves and thief-takers rolled out of the mouth of the cave and down the steep hillside. With a wild twist the naked marauders wrenched themselves free and dodged madly into the darkness, followed by a couple of stabbing orange flashes from my gun, and a rip of shot through the leaves. The attempt at capture had failed, but the effect was salutary. The robberies ceased abruptly; no doubt the thieves realized that the locality was getting unhealthy for them.

Engineer and Builder

Apart from extraneous duties which have no connection whatever with the ordinary pursuit of agriculture and cattle-raising, the Rhodesian rancher and farmer must be able to turn his hand to a vast number of different accomplishments connected with the development and smooth running of the estate. In a country where all agricultural machinery is handled by natives, breakages are frequent; and it is usually out of the question for the damaged member to be sent to the nearest professional blacksmith for repair. It would mean weeks of delay and prohibitive expense. In the case of the bending of a plough-axle, a two-inch-thick bar of steel, the rancher has to be able to dismantle the section, straighten, and retemper it on the spot—no light job with primitive tools and a thick and heavy piece of solid steel. Welding also is often called for; and sometimes he is compelled to re-make parts completely from pieces of old metal which happen to be on the place.

The rancher must be able to superintend the manufacture of bricks, and have a knowledge of the constituents thereof; for all the bricks needed for the buildings are made on the spot. He must be his own bricklayer and builder as well; no untrained native can erect anything except his own rough hut of grass and bush-poles. A thorough acquaintance of well-sinking is also desirable, with its accompanying cognizance of blasting-work, and the subsequent erection of the necessary pumping-plant. These are but a few of the varied activities which must be understood, and attended to day by day.

It may well be asked how a knowledge of these different accomplishments is acquired, and the answer is embodied in the trite proverb about necessity being the mother of invention. When a man is cut off from

all possible assistance from professional blacksmiths, builders, and the like, he soon learns to puzzle things out for himself, and pick up information from neighbouring ranchers and a score of other sources. At first he makes many mistakes, but with practice comes perfection.

As the day's work starts with the dawn, so the approach of sunset heralds the close of the rancher's varied round. He turns his steps in the direction of his homestead. The shadows of the trees lengthen to infinity, the sun sinks behind the purple hills, and the swift-falling darkness of the tropics comes on apace. Pennon-winged nightjars, those most ghostly of birds, flutter up before his advance, the long and snow-white feathers attached to their wings flashing like spectral lamps in the gathering murk. Overhead, small bats flicker across the blue-black sky, now spangled with a host of stars such as are never seen in foggy climates. The noise of firewood being chopped echoes from the native quarters, and from one of the villages on the estate booms faintly the distant sound of a drum. Beer has been brewed that week; the drum is the call to the "dance".

Lights gleam from the windows of the house as he reaches it, and, as he steps on to the verandah, the cook-boy comes forward with the necessary adjuncts for the daily sundowner. A great institution, that evening whisky; it bucks up the tired body, gives an appetite for dinner, and, above all, keeps at bay the faint but fever-provoking chill in the air after the passing of the sun.

The rancher's twelve-hour round is over. It has been an ordinary and typical day, yet one which has been full of unexpected incident. And the morrow, he knows, will bring forth a further series of variations from the normal; occurrences which make fascinating the life on a lonely Rhodesian ranch.

ONE MAN'S INDIA

By T. EARLE WELBY

This is the third of Mr. Earle Welby's series of articles on India. The writer was born in that country and subsequently lived in it for many years as a journalist. The story of his experiences, and the point of view that he expresses, are interesting and highly original.

IX

THE Fort was an anachronism, I admit, but not nearly so much of a survivor beyond due date as you might suppose. In that part of Northern India, two reasonably long lives were then long enough to take men back to the days when the *pax Britannica* was only just being established, and the grandfathers of my host's retainers had served a soldier of Fortune.

A diminutive affair of thick mud walls enclosing not much more than an acre of ground, and with no pride left to it except that of the great gateway of carved and inlaid red sandstone over which a quasi-military guard was mounted night and day out of mere routine. Within, a circle made by a thinner and lower mud wall merely to separate the master's residence from the quarters of the retainers; within that a two-storied house of white stone, with windows filled in with lace work carved stone and doorways that had no doors, so that split cane or heavily quilted curtains had to be hung against all of them. Everywhere the sensation of looking on things tarnished in the denial to them of their immemorial and right uses. Have you ever visited mews, mews in the very oldest sense, that had suffered long neglect, and seen the hawks wearied and weakened by their inactivity, peevishly stretching from their blocks on perches wings that were meant for the ecstasy of the chase? Well, the people in the Fort and the semi-feudal tenants in the neighbouring villages brought that image to my mind several times during the two long visits I had paid to a host who seemed to have lost all interest in his ancestral vocation, and to have discovered nothing else of interest in life.

Insignificant as the Fort, holding no more than a bodyguard, and drawing on no more than a few hundred adventurers outside, must always have seemed, the place had been the starting point for raids that covered more territory than is constituted by a dozen English counties. The sword of the old soldier of fortune, now a mere ornament on the wall of one of the upper rooms in his grandson's residence, was bought dear, and always found worth the money, by those who still affected to rule great principalities. Speed and immeasurable audacity and a flair for the cavalry warfare of that period ensured that the old soldier of fortune should never lack an employer, and on a day his own countrymen gave rank and reward to the old soldier of fortune for that he had never been bribable into fighting against them, and gave him confirmation of the villages he held by right of capture long ago, and took from him and his men, they too well rewarded, all that had made their lives worth living. As I drove in at dusk of a sharp North Indian December day, I could see well enough in the Fort what had come to the place and its people from the blessing of the long peace.

My host, revealed by a flaring torch held by a servant, awaited me a few steps in front of the house made gloomy by heavy curtains. I knew well enough that since the time of his great grandfather no marriage had brought European blood into the family, and that it would be idle to expect in my host's appearance any reminder of his grandfather, the old soldier of fortune; but when he had taken me within, into a small room full of guns and derelict books, with its good corner of comfort by a strong fire, I was taken

aback at the look of him. To my knowledge he was only in the late forties, and already he had fallen into the obesity and indolence which descends early on the Oriental not absolutely compelled to exertion, and apparently even earlier on many persons of mixed blood. He had had some reputation as a horseman where that reputation is not easily won, and I discovered for myself on the only day he ever came out shooting with me that he was an altogether exceptional snipe shot; but the man who moved heavily across the little room to get me a drink in welcome looked as if he had lived soft all his days. His face, much darker than that of the average well-born Indian, had traces of good looks above but had run to jowl; his body so much suggested inertia that once he was seated it was difficult to imagine him ever moving again.

And indeed, when he had poured our first two drinks, he could not be at the pains of stretching forth his hand to pour their successors. That was done by his wife, who strode into the room presently, a tall and splendid figure in her well-judged Indian dress, the costume of a Mohammedan lady, wide trousers tightened at the ankle, and over a quilted vest the cloth which covers head and shoulders. She was from near the Frontier, of aristocratic origin and of a frankness which I suppose may be partly explicable to those two facts but which remains utterly unmatched in my necessarily restricted experience of Eastern women. She was ready enough to talk, but it was not to that end that we were met. Her function, at a flicker of her husband's eye-lid or the slightest gesture of his hand, was to fill our miniature tumblers with half-and-half of whiskey and water without disturbing the reverie into which he had lapsed. By the rule of the master of the house, for three-fourths of the time to dinner we drank Scotch, for the other fourth Canadian Club. My host never drank anything till this time of the day, and never drank anything after it. His habit of life was simple: a stroll in the morning round the fine garden which startled the eye with its profusion of jessamine and marigolds; a *chota haari* of chupattis; prolonged

brown study in an easy chair, on the verandah if the weather permitted; an almost purely oriental and very heavy meal at one o'clock; a long siesta; those two hours of concentrated, almost entirely silent, drinking; a light evening meal, a cigar and, surprisingly, some conversation; then bed.

On what my host meditated I could never discover. To the affairs of his still very considerable estate, over which by the terms of the British Government's gift to his grandfather he was absolute lord, he seemed to give no attention, waiving aside his capable Mohammedan steward when approached on any matter. He had fits of generous charity towards his people, and was invariably kind, familiar, and in jest on the rare occasions when he saw any of them; for weeks at a time he never went outside the outer wall of the Fort, and of the degradation between the inner and outer walls where horses with noblest Arab blood in them had been allowed down several generations to contract the grossest misalliances, I think he chose to have no knowledge. Except that he was punctilious about courtesies and enquiries when he met a guest first thing in the morning, and carefully produced half an hour's talk after dinner, the presence of a guest seemed to have scarcely any effect on him: alone or not, for hours he sat in his well-filled armchair, brooding on Heaven knows what.

X

I threw out a hint to his steward, who had snatched a day from his busy life to come out snipe shooting with me, and all I got in reply was, "*Yahin bahut khyli bat hain*," "Here there is much dream talk." I had heard none from my host, and I got none out of the literal-seeming retinue that went with me whenever I was out shooting, except once. The men, rather a ragamuffin crew, though keeping a queer touch of the the army still about them, were nearly all very dark and somewhat coarse of feature, even here and there with that hint of Abyssinian blood which you would often

find (for an historical reason into which I cannot now enter) in some of the descendants of the irregular soldiery of the eighteenth and early nineteenth century. Among them I noticed one young man fairer and more aquiline of feature, of Pathan origin perhaps. To him late in the day, when shooting had worn off whatever little constraint there was, I privately and wickedly put the question what would happen to all these resigned and bored *jawans* (young men, but really soldiers or potential soldiers) in the event of a grand break-up in India. "As you can see, Sahib, by looking at them, their fathers did not know how to beget sons, but if once more there were riding some of them would ride." And first and last that was all I heard during two visits to the Fort to tell me that anyone on the estate gave a thought to the old days and to the causes of the ennui that had descended on all of them. Yet I do not doubt that the steward, who was himself the grandson of a squadron leader in the old irregular force and who knew all these people profoundly, was right when he said that there was a good deal of dream talk. The old military tradition lingered on, queerly revealing itself where one least looked for it. There was an old, emaciated, still vigorous grotesque of a man, making his livelihood as the shikari, who checked the depredations of wild pig and blue-bull in the crops of half a dozen villages, who on a day began to gabble to me what were obviously military commands, but what remained to me mere noise except for the sharply reiterated "grand flax!"; and on a sudden light broke on me and I said to myself, "Good Lord, he's saying, Ground Firelocks, he is as old as *that*." But I would dwell now not so much on his age, taking him back to the era before the percussion cap was invented, as on the astonishing way in which an old military tradition, particularly if it be illegitimate, will linger on in parts of martial Northern India. I have not heard it, but there are men no older than myself who have caught on Indian lips the eighteenth century French drill book of the masters who dined with us British for India, and indeed, only a few years ago, an inspecting British officer found some Imperial Service troops in

Cashmir being 'drilled quite naturally in French.

Think on that, and remember that when you have officially covered up a thing in India, and said it is not, it likely enough lingers on somewhere. What my friend the aged shikari was doing with his gabble of archaic English foot drill, where all about him were only the descendants of an irregular cavalry, I have not the slightest idea; but I doubt not that to this day there are in many out of the way parts of British India, let alone certain Native States, not merely grey-beards, but potential fighters, cherishing obsolete teaching — with that of all good teaching which never becomes obsolete.

My host at the Fort derived from but one of the minor soldiers of fortune who found their opportunity before British power was pushed right to the Frontier. For the descendants of adventurers far more famous or infamous it was even thirty years ago far too late to look; where any left a family always it had oriental blood in it, always the indisposition to care actively for its heritage. And if by arduous research you were now to discover the descendants of their troopers, you would not find them conscious of their ancestry. My Fort was exceptional, which is partly why I have dwelt on it. But draw your wide inference that still in parts of Northern India, whether or no any adventurer of European blood ever established himself there, there are those for whom the great peace has been the numbing of every nerve of delight.

Of course, it is impossible that there should come home to the mind of the reader in England any true idea of how utterly unbalanced the natural military power in India is, of how very militant are powerful minorities crowded away to the North-West, and of how unmilitant beyond European conception are the huge populations to the West and South. It was easy enough for me to think of such things as I jogged back in the dusk in a jostle of born free-booters on their beastly, squealing, fighting stallions; it is not easy for the stay-at-home. To begin with, you cannot grasp without a violent effort of

the imagination what the word non-militant means when applied to certain huge populations in India. Everyone of us in Europe has an ancestry that any swashbuckler might envy; the most peaceful little tradesman or clerk has in his veins the blood of scores of fighters. But in India you may find vast communities that for a thousand or even two thousand years have known nothing of the sword except the feel of its edge when applied by a conqueror. At the other extreme, and geographically concentrated in the North-West, are communities that for centuries have borne the sword by habit, faith, zest, generation after generation. The contrast is unique. The great province of Bengal, with a population roughly equal to that of great-Britain, can yield not one single soldier for our Indian army, which is, and for more than half a century has been, recruited strictly with a view to taking all suitable, and rejecting all unsuitable, material. The Punjab, with only half that population, contributes 86,000 first rate fighting men to that army. Thus well over half the indigenous military power of India is derived from a single province, and if to the contribution of the Punjab we add some 16,000 men from the neighbouring United Provinces, and some 7,000 from Rajputana, which borders on the Punjab to the North and the United Provinces to the East, we have, virtually, all the good fighting material which India proper yields. The friendly state of Nepal across the border, friendly to the British through thick and thin, but not under British or destined to be under Indian control, supplies nearly 20,000 admirable soldiers. For the rest, except that there is a rather useful 7,000 from the vast province of Bombay, you may journey through provinces as large, in an instance, as France or, in another instance, as Spain, and know yourself among populations with no aptitude for arms, and containing important communities that have been bred down the ages to be incapable of doing so.

XI

Forgive me if I seem to turn aside from my trickle of reminiscences and to labour a

point like a leader writer. In the days when I was a leader writer, editor of a Daily in India, I was careful to abstain from the notorious rupee-and-virgin cliché, "were the British to withdraw from India, within a month there would be neither a rupee nor a virgin in Bengal." But it was impossible for an Englishman knocking about among the martial peoples of the Punjab and the United Provinces and aware of the South West and the South, to refrain altogether from speculation about the course of events if races so disparate were left to adjust matters for themselves. I do not know that much thinking or dreaming went on in the generally rather thick heads of the races that give us our finest Indian soldiers: but this thing was brought home to me hundreds of times in earlier wanderings and during the period of my serious journalistic labours—that the idea of permanence in rule can never be grasped by the fighting races, nor indeed by nine tenths of the Indian populace anywhere. India has known so many empires: there have been no less than seven Imperial Delhis. It was amidst the ruins of one of the old Delhis that an old Moham-medan gentleman, of whom I had asked the way to some ampler group of buildings, once glorious with the pomp of a conqueror, said to me, "here are the Lords of Dust till they are blown else whither." The idea of the evanescence of empire has haunted the Indian mind through triumphal no less than through decadent epochs. Even those who made the greatest of Indian Empires, the very Moguls, knew and openly avowed that power was ephemeral. Why, in that very City of Victory, Fatchpur Sikri, how often, staying there in the rooms kept by Government for guests who would have the deserted city to themselves of an evening, how often have I read on one of the proudest of man's monuments, "the world is a bridge, said Jesus, pass over it but build not upon it"—and in how many other of the proudest of the old Mogul buildings may one not detect

In capital and corridor
The pathos of the conqueror

The peoples of India have never been convinced that our rule was permanent, and

now they know that it is to be modified and attenuated until it disappears. Not yet have the martial peoples crowded together in the North-West of India begun to dream new dreams of opportunities when political power does not coincide with military power. It is likely that the dreaming may be long postponed by the sagacity with which the Simon Commission has devised a plan for keeping the control of the Indian army in exclusively British hands for a lengthy and undefined transitional stage. But it is absurd to suppose that those who have regarded every *Raj*, up to and including the British, as temporary, will suddenly accept the new indigenous government as based on everlasting rock. The fighters among them keep, and sometimes as if these were things of yesterday, their old memories, and it is certain that when the Indian army is at last transferred to the ostensible control of an indigenous authority, fighting men here and there will enquire at what date and by virtue of what power the non-martial races acquired the right to order them about. I have often enough talked with the elders and the young men of villages from which decade after

decade the area of that terrible outburst. With two minor exceptions, I have visited every place famous or notorious in the history of the mutiny; I have lived in several; my childhood, when the mutiny was not thirty years old, was spent in part near the place of a siege and in part in the place of the supreme massacre of British captives. Never but once did I hear any significant allusion to the mutiny, though a child's ears will catch a thousand things that are kept from the ears of elders. In the year of Queen Victoria's first jubilee, though not as far as I remember coincidently with any loyal demonstration, a wild-eyed Indian, probably, I now think, under the influence of *bhang* or *ganja* or some other drug, went about the roads at R—for a few hours screaming out that he had been in the Mutiny and was not to be put upon by the upstart British. The bazaar took him with indifference where he was not actually repelled. And it is quite safe to say that with the exception of a few score of denationalized seditionists lurking on the Continent or in America and a few hundred degenerate

adequate knowledge of the minds of some, at any rate, of the fighting races of Northern India.

A movement in the admirably steady Indian army would be a sinister development, and one without precedent since 1857. Seditionists have tried often enough during the last twenty-five years to tamper with the loyalty of the army to the British Crown, but being, in God's dispensation, peculiarly unable to understand the psychology of the fighting races, have used the most foolish of arguments in appealing to 1857. The army contains no elements willing to be reminded of the Mutiny: where the thing is not brushed away as an irrelevance it is regretted as a discredit, but the feeling it chiefly rouses is boredom, unless native soldiers are confronted with some memorial of the work the loyal units in 1857 did on the side of the British at Delhi or elsewhere. And it is particularly to be noted by those here who work the Irish analogy, and get themselves hopelessly wrong in consequence, that 1857 excites no feelings among the general popu-

regarded or now regards the mutiny as a national effort or cherishes any bitterness about the sometimes very drastic methods used in its suppression. An English intellectual, whose Indian friends were presumably of a certain political complexion, has endeavoured to persuade us that numbers of sensitive Indians think of such an avenger as Neil in much the way that we think of the arch-criminal of Cawnpore, Nana Sahib: it is, sheer nonsense. Whatever little feeling has been laboriously worked up is confined to the descendants of Indians who emphatically did not take part in the Mutiny, members of communities whose traditional part in great commotions is being spurned aside as not worth killing by either party. The Mutiny is not thought of by any of the fighting races of India as providing any sort of a precedent, and if ever the disastrous day should come when the militant minority of the North-West, constitutionally incapable of politics and only too likely to feel itself out-maneuvred politically, finds itself disposed to seek redress by force, its

actions will be such as cannot now be calculated.

It cannot be too plainly said and, in all the years I knew India, I never came upon any historical grievance rankling in the mind of any considerable community. There was one great native state with an historic dispute which, however, in no way affected its loyalty to a paramount power; but inside British India I never heard of a single event of the distant past the memory of which inflamed the mind of even a particular community. To have talked to any land-owner or peasant or trader about the outrageous Clive and the intolerable Warren Hastings, and to have asked whether they did not burn to avenge the defeat at Plassey, would have been to excite stares of complete non-comprehension. Already some feeble efforts were being made by two or three poor specimens of the Indian intelligentsia to work up feeling with false versions of Indian history, but they were of no avail. The one really strong movement, and one directed with great skill, was B. G. Tillak's Mahratta renaissance. But though Tillak's movement led, and in his own intention was always meant to lead, to hostility against Great Britain, as far as the bulk of the adherents went they were actuated by pride in the past of their race rather than by resentment against any particular act of the British. It was devotion to the memory of Sivaji, not animosity against any British ruler or soldier of the past, which drove them, and but for Tillak's scheming the movement need not have brought about conflict with the British.

But thirty or twenty years ago my friends among the castes from which recruits are drawn did not speculate on remote contingencies! The Indian politician, if exceptionally they had at all heard of him, was a being who moved academic resolutions in

the wholly irresponsible body known as the Indian National Congress. The animosities of my friends were local, and usually concentrated on the village moneylender, whose actuarial expectation of life in the absence of British authority would perhaps not have exceeded the time required for getting a knife out of a sheath. Their indebtedness, like the indebtedness of most in rural India, was fantastic, and incurred almost wholly for non-productive purposes and always at rates of interest which Shylock would hesitate to charge. A daughter's wedding, dowry, and wedding feast taken together, meant anything from five to ten years cruel indebtedness, and there were those who were in debt for life, and whose sons would continue the hopeless task of paying off the debt. Daughters, as one of the main causes of expense, and as moreover in the higher castes not easily to be married within the permitted limits, had tended to be a little scarce in some parts of the country, and though before the days of which I myself have memory, female infanticide had become dangerous, I can recall at least one village in the North in which the proportion of surviving female children was maintained only under constant and very unambiguous hints from the District Officer. But my friends, if in some aspects ruffianly, were good men and true, and in after years when I was tied by the leg in the editor's office in a great Indian city, and much exposed to Indian politicians, the memory of them was a tonic. As I have already boasted, never in my Indian journalistic days did I use the cliché about the rupees and the virgins in Bengal; but under such irritants as prickly heat and Indian politicians provided, I confess I was sometimes glad to think that those risks to purse and person, if fortunately remote and easily insurable with the British *Raj*, still existed.

(To be continued.)

MAKING THE SUBMARINE SAFE

By ANDREW R. BOONE

The submarine has not yet been prohibited as a legitimate weapon of naval warfare. When disasters occur in course of training, many people must wish that it had never been invented. The writer of the following article describes some recent ingenious tests in rendering aid to a stricken submarine. Fresh air and food can be delivered to men in a trapped craft, and telephonic communication established between them and the outside world.

EVER since the introduction of the submarine, naval experts have been concerned over the question of its safety. It was only a short time ago that the submarine section of the United States navy carried out some decidedly original experiments in this connection, and the officials of our own navy are continually conducting such experiments and trying out new devices with the sole idea of rendering submarine navigation as free from risk as is humanly possible.

This is all to the good, for it is clear from what has happened at the Disarmament Conference that the submarine is to remain for the present. Though we had the backing of America, our plea for its abolition as a weapon of war by international agreement entirely failed to awaken any encouraging response from the other naval powers. This is because they place very great reliance upon this craft, both as a weapon of offence and defence, and give it a prominent place in their naval plans.

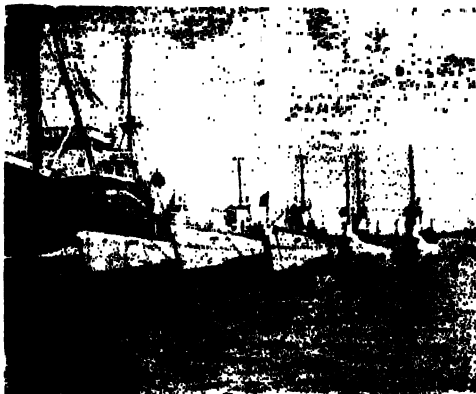
certainly capable of fulfilling many important rôles. There is its co-operation with the battle fleet, when its function is to attack the heavy ships of the enemy and destroy as many as possible, or failing that, to throw their line into confusion. It can be used for reconnoitring the position of a rival fleet; as a defence against harbour and coastal

attack; for mine-laying, and bombarding an enemy's coast; as a carrier for aircraft; and as a means of picking up airmen after a raid. Indeed, there is no craft that can be utilised in so many ways both as a means of offence and defence as a submarine.

Not only was the British and American plea for its abolition unsuccessful, but nothing apparently can be expected in the way of modifying its operations in the event of war. Thus the submarine remains, and with it the problem of making under-water navigation as free

from danger as possible. It is a matter that has exercised and still continues to exercise the best brains and inventive faculties of the naval experts of the world. Yet one would almost imagine from the many safety devices and inventions which are continually appearing and the claims made for them, that submarine navigation had at last been robbed of its terrors.

To a certain extent this is true. A submarine crew trapped in a disabled vessel



American Giant V Boats.

from the world and doomed to a lingering death. Air lines can be run down, attached to special valves, and pure air from the surface pumped to the suffocating men. Food of all description, in sealed packages, can be delivered by divers to the men through the escape hatch. There is also now an ingenious device by which telephonic

communication can be promptly established between the rescue ship and the entombed men, enabling conversation to be carried on at will between the submarine and the vessel on the surface. Should the men desire to leave their disabled craft and return to the surface, they may do so by means of a safety apparatus, a simple device resembling a gas mask and containing a supply of oxygen. Those used on the British boats not only enable the men to reach the surface quickly and without hindrance, but also aid in keeping them afloat until they are picked up.

Unfortunately, however, it is only possible to communicate in this way with a sunken submarine if she is lying in fairly shallow water. If the vessel has sunk far out at sea in deep water no divers can reach her, and pure air and food cannot be delivered to the imprisoned crew. In fairly deep water, however, the crew can still escape, one by one, by means of their safety apparatus. But curiously enough, all the serious accidents which have happened to submarines—I refer, of course, to disasters in time of peace—have occurred in relatively shallow water.

A submarine can easily remain under water for a period of forty-eight hours and even longer and then rise again to the surface. In that time her loss would be reported and her whereabouts probably located. Meanwhile the officers on the craft would be making every effort to remedy any defect in the vessel's machinery and would not abandon the ship until every hope was gone. When they discovered that it was impossible to bring the vessel to the surface and it was necessary to leave her, they would escape by means of the safety apparatus which is supplied to every member of a submarine crew.

But the great danger of submarine navigation is not the failure of the machinery to act for an hour or two, but damage to the vessel by collision. It is the dread of every submarine navigator. A collision occurs, plates are ripped open, water pours in, followed perhaps by an explosion, setting up poisonous fumes, and the men are drowned

or killed by fumes before anything can be done.

II

IT is now virtually agreed that the loss of the British submarine M2, off Portland, was due to collision. Divers found the hangar door and upper conning-tower hatch open. No doubt the water poured in here before they could be closed. In some respects the M2 was a "freak". She was one of four designed during the War to carry 12-inch guns. It was hoped they would be able to sneak up to German battleships or cruisers and put them out of commission with a few well placed shots from a heavy gun. It was found, however, that the great weight of the big guns and their turrets made the craft slow, unstable, and hard to handle. One was lost at sea, two were broken up, and the fourth ingeniously converted into an aircraft carrier. The M2 was unique in that she was the only under-sea boat which carried a plane all set up and ready for observation work. Her seaplane was the smallest ever built. The American and French navies have submarines which carry planes "knocked down" inside them, but they have nothing to correspond to our lost submersible.

Glance at our submarine disasters and you will discover that they have occurred in comparatively shallow water as a result of collisions. In 1924 the L24 was rammed off Portland with the loss of 42 lives. In 1925 the M1 went down off Start Point with a loss of 68 lives. In 1929 24 lives were lost when H47 was sunk in collision with L12 off the Pembrokeshire coast. Then we have the case of the *Poseidon* lost in Chinese waters in June last year. This was also due to collision. She went down twenty-one miles from land in fairly deep water. But the majority of the crew were saved, escaping by the conning-tower hatch.

The superb conduct of Petty Officer Willis, who was the means of saving many valuable lives, is deserving of reference. When the collision occurred he found himself cut off with a number of his companions in a slowly flooding compartment, in total darkness

save for an electric torch, for the lights had failed." "Willis first said prayers for himself and his companions," said Mr. A. Alexander, the First Lord of the Admiralty, in referring to the loss of the submarine in the House of Commons, "and then ordered them to put on their escape apparatus, making sure they all knew how to use it. He then said he was going to flood the compartment in order to equalize the pressure with that outside the submarine, and having explained how it was done, he told off each man to his station. He also rigged a wire hawser across the hatchway to form a support for the men to stand on while the compartment was flooding.

"While the compartment was slowly filling, Willis kept his companions in good heart, while one able seaman, Nagle, passed the time in instructing the Chinese boy in the use of the apparatus, and was undoubtedly instrumental in saving his life. . . . After two hours and ten minutes the water was about up to the men's knees, and Willis considered the pressure might be sufficient to open the hatch. With considerable difficulty the hatch opened sufficiently for two men to shoot up, but the pressure then reclosed the hatch, and it was necessary to await further flooding to make the pressure more equal before a second attempt could be made. After a further hour, by which time the men in the compartment were nearly up to their necks in water and the air lock was becoming very small, a second effort was made. This was successful, and the hatch opened, and four other men came to the surface, including Willis himself, all of whom were picked up by boats."

III

ALL the rescue and salvage ships of the American navy have been supplied with a very ingenious device for establishing telephonic communication between a stricken submarine and a rescue ship. These "talk-



Demonstrating the use of the underwater reproducer against hull plates.

dropped into the sea from a rescue vessel, it actually hunts the submarine on the bottom of the ocean. Once it begins to function, it works better at greater depths, down to 1,800 ft., than in shallower water.

Through portable speaker-receivers set up on deck an untrained operator, by pushing a button on an ordinary broadcast transmitter, can talk with the aid of this device with a crew below even though the submarine's power may have been shut off. All that is necessary is to attach storage batteries to the speaker-receiver, plug in earphones and transmitter, drop the reproducer overboard, push the button, and talk.

As the sound of the voice flows down the cable, it leaps from the reproducer through a quarter-inch of sea water separating the ear's diaphragm from the metal wall of the submarine and passes through the hull plates, which set up vibrations that generate sound waves within the air space of the hull. The hull itself acts as an acoustical receiver.

But how do the men within the submarine talk back? They merely speak slowly, distinctly, and a little louder than ordinary. These sounds in turn vibrate the hull plate to which the reproducer is clinging and their voices leap from the bottom of the sea to the auditor aboard the surface ship.

The under-water reproducer is intended

design a huge watch charm and weigh about two hundred pounds. The device, or ear, which both speaks and listens, contains a powerful electro-magnet. When one is

submarine and surface vessels after the submarine has lost its power through disaster or other means. This is the amazing feature of such a combination of telephone and

radio. In the past, one of the acute problems in rescue work has been the continuance of communication, often carried on with much distress to divers operating during storms and in freezing water, by hammer-tapping on the submarine.

Before the under-sea reproducers were sent to the fleet, a series of tests carried out in Washington demonstrated their efficiency. There a decompression chamber, composed of an outer and an inner compartment, was prepared. The chamber duplicated those aboard ship used for decompression divers by lowering the pressure gradually after they return from a deep dive.

Several men took their stations within the inner room and the water-tight door was closed. Then the floor of the outer compartment was covered with six inches of water. After that, the reproducer was laid in the water, first face down, then on edge against the wall separating the two rooms. The cable led up from the water through the outer door to a portable speaker-receiver. An operator spoke into the microphone. His voice carried up through the water, through the steel wall, and into the inner compartment. The men inside then talked back, and the apparatus functioned perfectly.

The reproducer talks and hears through both sides. Thus, no matter which diaphragm is turned toward a submarine, the crew will hear its welcome words. The diaphragm does not touch the submarine's hull, however. Practical use with the fleet has demonstrated that the diaphragm functions better when separated from the hull by a thin film of water. For that reason the diaphragms are clamped to the reproducer by cap screws instead of flat-headed screws. The caps stand out one-fourth of an inch from the reproducer.

It was the writer's privilege to watch the talking ear in operation. From the deck of the U.S.S. *Holland*, mother ship of the powerful submarine Division Twelve, I saw the undersea reproducer attach itself to the hull of the *Bonita*, a nearly 400-ft. long submarine. In actual use, the device would have been lowered on a rubber-covered cable carrying a bronze wire core one-eighth of an inch in diameter. Attached to the reproducer

was a 6 ft. long cable, with a clip by which a diver, feeling his way alongside a submarine in the ooze, could fasten the device permanently to a submerged vessel. Thus, in case storms swept the sea or the vessel rolled over while awaiting a rescue, it would not be torn loose from its magnetic mooring.

When the reproducer slid down the port side of the *Bonita*, the magnetism tended to pull it flush against the hull, thus demonstrating its self-contained power and ability to stick.

Only in one case is it felt that the apparatus might fail to make contact. Should the search for a submarine be prolonged and the craft roll over and sink in the mud the reproducer, if lowered without a diver, might be dragged over the vessel. In that case a diver would go down to establish contact. Then voices from the deep would reach the surface and continue to be heard as long as the craft remained under sea.

IV

ANOTHER interesting test watched by the writer was the passing of food to the crew of a submerged submarine. One hundred feet below the surface of the Pacific, a short distance off the southern California shore, a naval diver stood on the deck of the submarine *Bass* with his helmet pressed hard against the metal side wall of the conning tower. Using International Morse Code, two quick taps for a dash, one tap for a dot, the diver asked the crew what, if anything, they wanted.

"Send us food," shouted a voice within the tower, "and some cigarettes."

The words resounded within the narrow confines of the *Bass's* upper works, filtered through the heavy steel wall and into the diver's helmet.

"All right," he tapped back. And a few minutes later a basket of groceries was placed on the submarine's back porch and the crew lunched on fresh milk and water sent down in ordinary fruit jars, and tinned beef fresh from the navy commissary.

The *Bass* had gone down earlier in the day to test the delivery of food under water through one of its two escape hatches. The *Ortolan* followed the *Bass* out from San

Diego, searched with grapnels along the bottom of the sea, then sent down divers to locate the *Bass's* exact position and hand food in to the crew.

For several months prior to the food exercises, the crews had been trained in the use of a special life-saving device known as the Momsen lung, after the name of its inventor. In operation and working it is somewhat similar to the Davis Safety Apparatus now in use in all British submarines. With this oxygen-filled artificial respirator strung around their necks men can escape from any submarine, even from a great depth. Two, four, or six sailors at a time clamber up into the escape hatch. The water-tight door leading down into the submarine is then closed and the outer door of the hatch opened. As the water pours in, it fills the hatch up to their necks and they stand with their heads in an air pocket. One by one, they duck down through the door and go up the air line to safety.

It is by the reversed process that food is passed into the submarine. The divers place the sealed provisions in the hatch from the outer door. They then close the outer door, signalling by taps to the crew that the food is there. The men in the submarine then drain the water inside the hatch down into the bilges, open the lower door, and take the packages from the shelf. Hot soup and roast beef can be delivered to a submerged crew in this way in handy waterproof containers. Now experiments are being made with non-collapsible hose through which larger volumes of liquid food may be poured.



The Safety Hatch through which Food is delivered

Up to the present nothing but air has been pumped down the lines. Since these collapse when the air pressure is turned off, it would be necessary to run liquid food through the compressors. Thus, to fight back the crushing force of the water, hot soup going down a rubber line would enter the submarine in a fine spray.

While submarines roam the high seas, often in water so deep that rescue and salvage vessels could be of no aid to them, the major disasters to these craft, as already stated, have occurred in relatively shallow water, from 100 to 150 ft. But naval divers often descend to greater depths than this, in fact, one American naval diver, in 1915, slid 306 ft. down a line to inspect a lost submarine at Honolulu.

In this way something is being done to mitigate the dangers that accompany, even in peace time, a weapon still held to be necessary for war.

FILM TOPICS

An Almost British "Thriller"

AS a film *The Old Dark House*, now being shown at the Capitol Cinema in London, has three claims to notice. It is, first, a good "thriller." It is, secondly, an adaptation of a novel by Mr. J. B. Priestley. It is, thirdly (and authorship apart), an almost British film.

On the screen, as on the stage, the thriller is one of the oldest-established of old-established favourites. On the screen the use and virtue of thrills are not confined to one type of tale, witness any Harold Lloyd skyscraper-comedy. And on the screen the possibilities of thrilling are, as compared with the possibilities of the stage, immeasurably vast.

In these circumstances the record of film thrillers can only be called disappointing. Speaking from memory, I can recall only one that was really imaginative—a French film version of Edgar Allan Poe's *The Fall of the House of Usher*; and only one that was entirely satisfactory—the American film of a play called *The Cat and the Canary*. For the rest there is a long and rather dreary procession of "murder mysteries" where there is very little mystery, varied by an occasional ghost tale in which it is difficult to believe in the reality of the ghost.

IN technique and setting *The Old Dark House* reminded me now and again of *The Cat and the Canary*. In both there is an old and lonely house to which a large party comes in a storm, and in both the wind blows back curtains with sinister significance. But for the most part the use Mr. James Whale as director makes of the house is original, while the story is entirely so.

Philip Waverton, his wife, and a friend Roger Penderel are benighted in a storm in the Welsh mountains (why the producers substituted the present title for the "*Benighted*" of Mr. Priestley's novel is another of the mysteries of Hollywood). They take refuge in a house on a hilltop, to which they are admitted by a half-crazy butler called Morgan. Its owners, one Horace Femm and his sister, receive their unexpected guests in a manner which is a model of eccentricity.

Soon after they have sat down to a supper unwillingly provided, two other travellers arrive to demand shelter. They are Sir William Porterhouse, a self-made Lancashire merchant, and Gladys Du Cane, *alias* Perkins, a chorus girl with whom he is week-ending. As they sit around the fire after supper, discussing themselves

and their philosophies, there is every promise of a comedy of character.

The promise is no sooner made, however, than it is broken by a succession of weird incidents. The lights go out. Philip, sent to the top floor to fetch a lamp, finds one door bolted and barred, with remains of a meal on a table outside, and another from behind which comes a sound like a baby's cry. Morgan gets drunk.

The inhabitant of the locked room proves to be Saul Femm, the mad brother of Horace, and the baby's cry the voice of Sir Roderick Femm, their 102-year old father—his part, incidentally, is played by an actor who is, in fact, that age. Sir Roderick warns the visitors that Saul is a pyromaniac—please to remember the Fifth of November—and Saul lives up to his reputation by trying to set fire to the house when he is let loose by the now sodden Morgan.

Whether he is prevented, and, if so, how, are questions whose answer must await the seeing of the film, if the film's thrills are to be enjoyed. It may, however, be safely said without advance derogation of excitement that these questions are answered with ample horror of incident, though with surprisingly little exaggeration, and that the ending, to the song of birds on the mountainside, is a masterpiece of anti-climax.

The only defect, indeed, is that this anti-climax lacked antecedent climax, for though the incidents are there, the horror and the mystery, there is no one horrible and mysterious incident to which all the others lead. Without having read Mr. Priestley's "*Benighted*," I suspect that this defect is due to the faithfulness to his original of Mr. Benn W. Levy, who adapted this novel for the films.

If that be the case, he is to be congratulated on the respect he has shown for another man's work, and open to criticism for the misunderstanding he has shown of the medium through which that work was to be presented. The novel's way is not the film's. In the novel, so elastic are that term and form, incident may succeed incident with no finality, and a lack of apparent connexion may be compensated by making each incident quasi-complete in itself.

IN the film, and especially in a film which depends in such large part on action, a crescendo must be seen. And if the book on which it is founded cannot be made to yield that crescendo, then that book is not perfect material for translation to the screen.

Complaint of imperfection is, however, an all but universal complaint, and made alone, would, in this case, amount to ingratitude. For while *The Old Dark House* lacks the completeness of, for example, *The Cat and the Canary*, it has other qualities which raise it far above the level of the average film.

Its cast is incomparable:—Ernest Thesiger, as the eccentric Horace Femm; Eva Moore as his sister; Brember Wills, as the lunatic Saul; Raymond Massey as Philip; Charles Laughton as the Lancashire merchant; Lillian Bond as the chorus girl. Their acting is flawless, making of each character an individual such as I doubt Mr. Priestley ever made. Their English is a joy to hear.

Their names are English, and household names in the English theatre. Their director, James Whale, is an Englishman too. And although this film was made in the United States, it has a distinctively English character, even down to one very English joke.

All the more does one regret that no English film company had sufficient sense to see the possibilities of Mr. Priestley's novel, to find a director for it, and to give these actors employment in it in their own land.

But there remain other subjects innumerable to hand. There is, for instance, Mr. G. K. Chesterton's "*The Man Who Was Thursday*", whose stage virtues the Russians saw some ten years ago. Is it too much to hope that English film producers (lacking, apparently, the capacity to use their own eyes to strike out their own path), may yet use them to follow where others have led? I fear, from past experience, that it is.

W. H. H.

FILM NOTES

MARBLE ARCH. *Tempest*.

No Shakespearean reflection on the screen, but a tale of the German underworld, with Emil Jannings as star villain. Crook films may tire, but Jannings never. To this study of a criminal he brings the thoroughness, so conscientious as to be near genius, we saw first in the now famous *Vaudeville*. Moreover, there is an exciting story, and—for those who like these things—I don't—a new "vamp" heroine, Anna Sten. As she is a good actress it is to be hoped she will survive the over-adulation with which film publicity agents spoil everything.

ACADEMY. *En Nat*.

Sweden shows the way. This story of a condemned soldier's last night of freedom is not everybody's meat, and for my personal taste relies in its love scenes too much on the visual and too little

on the mental stimulus. But its typically Swedish faults are redeemed, first, by fine acting, and, secondly, by an ending in which the soldier is compelled by his sense of honour to fight his way back from a love affair to a firing squad. It is sufficient commentary on other films that his end should be shocking.

EMPIRE. *Blondie of the Follies*.

Marion Davies and Billie Dove in a "back-stage" story of two actresses fighting for pre-eminence. Competent enough and occasionally amusing. But when will Hollywood learn that we are not specially interested in either its or its relatives' affairs?

PLAZA. *The Vanishing Frontier*.

An excellent reversion to early film type. This picture of California in 1850 is naive, improbable, almost burlesque in its emotions. But there is the action—wild horses and shooting; and the Californian scenery—authentic and incomparably grand. If only some director trained in the modern school could be turned on to one of these stories he would make of it such a film as only Hollywood at its best can make.

CARLTON. *Movie Crazy*.

Harold Lloyd at something near his best, and as always, immense fun.

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BOOKS OF THE MONTH

LIVING HISTORY

ENGLAND UNDER QUEEN ANNE. Vol. II:
Ramillies and the Union with Scotland. By Professor
G. M. Trevelyan, O.M. (*Longmans, Green.* 21s.)

(By Roger B. Lloyd)

The particular niche in the Temple of Clio where Professor Trevelyan sits was once rather crowded; but to-day he is almost the only historian to be found there. The niche is the one reserved for the writers of narrative history on the grand scale. Who else among living historians aspires to wear the mantle of Macaulay and Bryce? Clio does not lack her servants, but they all stick firmly to the particular period they have made their own; and even those whose period extends over many centuries, like Professor Coulton on the one hand and Hilaire Belloc on the other, limit their interest to the particular aspect which is suggested to them by the subjectivity with which they view the field. The author of this book, who is also the historian of Wycliffe's age, the Stuarts, and the Risorgimento, is indeed the only great practitioner of the extended and objective narrative left.

He begins one chapter by stating the difficulties involved in his variety of historical writing. "War and politics," he says, "are the two horses the historian must drive abreast, for they alone can be harnessed to a logical narrative of events." And in this second volume of his *England Under Queen Anne*, he continues to keep his two horses so magnificently in line that the casual reader is not made aware of the extreme difficulties of so doing. We begin the book with the famous General Election of 1705, and then pass to a fine and graphic description of the defence of Gibraltar under Prince George of Hesse, powerfully aided by the insufficiently famous Admiral Leake. A few chapters on the minor campaigns abroad and the politics at home describe the preparations and set the stage on which Ramillies was fought. That battle was decisive as even Blenheim had not been. It put an end once and for all to any possibility of a Bourbon hegemony in Europe. Professor Trevelyan has written many battle-pieces in his time, but never one better than this; and he has dealt with many generals, but for none of them has he quite the same depth of sympathetic and admiring perception as for the Duke of Marlborough.

Ramillies is the watershed of the book. That once told, the author is free to turn to the long and complicated story of the negotiations for

union between England and Scotland. There follow a hundred pages which, for one reader at least, constitute the cream of the whole book. They are really enthralling. They begin with a long account of the state of Scotland, and merge into a wonderfully clear description of the bewildering variety of individual leaders and national forces who, often unwittingly, at last steered Scotland into the Union. In that long story there are a hundred touches of drama, and material for whole libraries of historical novels. It is thoroughly complicated, but the author resolves much of the complication by clarifying at the start the issues at stake, so that the reader is in possession of a clue to it all.

"Union could only be obtained by consent, and consent had to be purchased by sacrifices made on both sides. The Scots were called upon to sacrifice their independent Parliament; the English to admit them to the jealously guarded trade with the colonies."

Perhaps it is true that Professor Trevelyan picks his way so easily through the tangled motives of the great because he has so true and human a perception of the values of posterity. Not the magnificent Queensberry, not the pathetic and brave martyr Green had the key to the regard of posterity, but an obscure, unofficial agent of England, a pamphleteer who nearly got lynched in the High Street of Edinburgh—Daniel Defoe.

"But destiny had other uses for him than to die in a bicker on High Street. At that moment, half the world away, in an uninhabited island of the Pacific, a Scottish sailorman was wandering sadly through the brushwood along the high rock ridges, his gun on his shoulder . . . the most utterly friendless and forgotten of all Queen Anne's subjects. Defoe had never yet even heard the name of Alexander Selkirk, whose story he was to render far more widely known to remote posterity and distant lands than is the tale of Marlborough's battles or the passing of the Treaty that made Great Britain." Historians, by the nature of their trade, deal with the portentous people of the earth. But how many so clearly recognize the ultimate superiority of the artist?

This book is probably the peak of Professor Trevelyan's trilogy, for it is hard to see how the third volume is going to rival it. On any showing a really great book, it is not too much to prophesy that when his books are all open and the judgment on them finally set, *Ramillies* and *the Union with Scotland* will have the supremacy.

THE FUTURE OF EAST AND WEST. By Sir Frederick Whyte. (Sidgwick & Jackson. 3s. 6d.)

(By W. H. Hindle)

As might be expected from a man who has performed such distinguished service to both China and India, this little book is a stimulating contribution to world politics. Sir Frederick Whyte is too well acquainted with his subject ever to allow us to forget the diversity of the Asiatic peoples, and too respectful of ideas ever to divorce them from the facts on which they are founded. But his approach is philosophic, and by means of it he puts the excursions and alarms of to-day in their true perspective, which is that of history.

In part his book is itself a history, brief but admirably clear, of the three nations which are in the forefront of Asia to-day. Taking India, China, and Japan in turn, he shows how each was "awakened"—to use a loose but convenient term—by contact with the West; how each has learned from the West how to use Western scientific and political weapons; and how each is now turning those weapons against the West. He also shows, with an impartiality rare among English admirers of the East, how Western conquest, though sometimes brutal, has not always been the conquest of force.

In each country, of course, the contact with the West has had results differing as widely as the Indian differs from the Chinese or the Brahman from the Moslem. And in India, the country to whose political birth-pangs the world pays most heed, the final conflict may well be spiritual rather than political—a conflict within Hinduism rather than between Hinduism and Western materialism.

But in each the problem is how to adjust institutions founded on democracy to nations in which earlier social forms persist. The problem brings internal dissension—between caste and caste in India, civilian and militarist in China, military caste and new commercial class in Japan. It also brings at times what looks like a united Asiatic front against an aggressive Europe.

But to the millions of China, India, and Japan, the political squabbles and civil wars reported so liberally in the Western Press are of less moment than the social changes which Westernization—the substitution of a new philosophy of life—has brought in its train. To both social and political changes the "unchanging East" will adapt itself. And when the moment for final adaptation comes the question will not be whether East or West, but whether Geneva or Moscow, is to be the guide.

Danger might appear to lie in that choice too.

forbearance in the West the latest metempsychosis of the East will be but a part of the general metempsychosis to a new world order.

THAT IMPERILLED FREEDOM. By Lorin L. Baker. (Graphic Press Publishing Company, Los Angeles. \$3.50.)

(By George Brandt)

During the past year the American public has been bombarded with books revealing the sins of large corporations. The usual conclusion has been that Wall Street and Washington have joined hands in a diabolical plot to ruin the nation. This is such a book, pointing its moral through the story of the Julian Petroleum Corporation of Los Angeles, and the wildcat promotion scheme that caused its spectacular ruin. In some 336 pages, remarkable for their aggregation of "inside facts" and unusually bad writing, the author takes this case as an example of corrupt business practice. When he has finished he has damned not only prominent California financial and political leaders, but Republican National Party leaders as well.

The story of the rise and fall of an oil company in the hands of get-rich-quick promoters, in itself, has drama, and holds interest despite a total disregard for narrative clarity, endless repetition of cant phrases, and violent accusations unsubstantiated by facts, in the telling. But aside from this, the book is devoted to the sort of arguments one hears at Marble Arch. Perhaps the most striking of these is that it was tainted Julian money that paved the way for Hoover to the White House. In a final hundred pages the author rushes frantically over American politics at large (with Julian innuendoes), and in his impassioned abandonment of national politics to big business he suggests no remedy. The book, except for the self-contained drama of Julian Oil, has far too few evidences of either rhyme or reason.

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ing, as the East has changed. And with proper

AUSTRALIA, HUMAN AND ECONOMIC. By Arthur Jose. (*Harrop*. 10s. 6d.)
(By John Linnell)

It is regrettable, perhaps, but true that Britain's oversea Dominions should require as much interpretation to the mother country as in fact they need. Those, however, who are willing to recognize this fact and are at pains to find things out for themselves will welcome so comprehensive, if condensed, an account of Australia, her history, resources, conditions and difficulties as this, by the Editor of the *Australian Encyclopædia*. If to some extent his book is designed not only as a guide to the understanding of Australia but also as a defence against misconceptions disseminated by the press, at least he cannot be accused of giving us more than the bare facts in rebuttal or of sparing criticism where it is called for. Thus his book, with its balanced and judicial attitude, may be taken as a fairly reliable guide by all who, wishing to know the truth, require it in brief and readily assimilable form. For a book of its size and length it is surprisingly full of really valuable information on every aspect of the Dominion's life, and Mr. Jose is to be congratulated on the readability of such a marvel of compression. The only major fault in his book (and this, perhaps, is his publisher's error) is the absence of a first-rate, and preferably a folding, map of the Dominion to guide the reader as he goes; while some of the plates, notably those of representative fauna, might have been better placed in relation to the text.

AN ORIGINAL WAR BOOK

UNWILLING PASSENGER. By Arthur Osburn (Faber and Faber. 10s. 8d.)
(By David Stewart)

Some of us who saw War only in its own place, that trench-world of Flanders so hard to relate to known realms of human existence, have long awaited a book that would tell us the story of that first impact of war upon peace in 1914. We have imagined ourselves landing, marching forward amid scenes almost as familiar as those of our training, wondering how what we knew in theory would work out in practice. And then. . . .

The first part of *Unwilling Passenger* tells us what we wished so urgently to know. Colonel Osburn—then an R.A.M.C. Captain of some twelve years service—joined the 4th Dragoon Guards as their Medical Officer on mobilisation. With them he rode from north of Mons to the edge of Paris, then back to Ploegsteert, before he was wounded and left them. The Fourth were the first British troops to engage the enemy (at Soignies), shared the cavalry charge at Elouges with the 9th Lancers, helped to reverse (through the courageous energy

of Major Tom Bridges) the abortive infantry surrender at St. Quentin, took full share in covering the long retreat, turned and rode ahead, when the Germans gave ground, across the five rivers to the heights above the Aisne. The chances, the fears, the confusions, the excitements, the heroisms of this strange reality of war are here set down in plain and vivid account. They enthrall and they convince. No one has done quite this for us.

And the first part is not all. Colonel Osburn was back in France by January, 1915, and served there from that time on until the Armistice. The same clear eye sees trench life in the Salient, the same pen tells us what the early improvised ambulance trains were like to live and work in: sketches for us lively eccentrics like Meyricke, "Mackenzie" and the Comte de Vauvineur, presents a masterly one-man view of that all-but-fatal German counter-attack at Cambrai on November 30th, 1917. And we finish with seven swift pages of peace—at Addington convalescent camp, in Ireland, on the Rhine.

Colonel Osburn is first and foremost a narrator: and as doctor, as professional soldier, as a man of education and wide sympathies who has travelled the world with his eyes open, he constantly enriches his record of things seen and heard. We can be grateful for these qualities: and should forgive him for their sake when he turns aside to argue special cases or to enter fields of general controversy in which he is less at home.

The book is well got up and pleasant to handle: but mis-spellings of place-names are distressingly frequent.

A PUBLISHER'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Memoirs of a Misspent Youth (1872-1896). By Grant Richards. With an introduction by Max Beerbohm. (*William Heinemann*. 15s.)

Autobiographies are to-day one of the most popular forms of literature, especially when the writer, whether famous or obscure, is able to reveal to us something intimate about the lives of the great. We have been charmed by the memoirs of William Rothenstein. Now comes Grant Richards, a friend and contemporary of the artist, with more tales of the "naughty 'nineties", of Wilde and Shaw and Wells. Grant Richards uses his skill as an author of fiction to enliven the truth about his early days (until he became a publisher at the age of twenty-four) in Oxford, London and Paris. "One of the things I like best about this book is the end of it," says Max Beerbohm—"because it isn't an ending. . . . There is more to be told." At least people who are interested in the author's world will look forward to the next volume.

Grant Richards worked for nearly eight years under W. T. Stead in the early days of the *Review of Reviews*. His account of that experience at Mowbray House is most interesting. "In those days", he writes, "Miss Belloc was in the office; the office was Miss Belloc . . ." We learn, too, that Hilaire Belloc, brother of the lady who became Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes, "did" the French magazines for the *Review*:

"He must have been very young, and he had, even in those days before he had served his time in the French army, before he had been to Balliol, before he had written a book, enough presence to occupy the greater part of any one of the chambers in those streets running down to the Thames. I hesitate to use a French word about him, a Frenchman, but he was even as a youth and no doubt unconsciously a master of *panache*. One day he came striding into the outer office flourishing a heavy stick. The place quite clearly belonged to him . . ."

"There was never a more challenging figure in the public life of this country than William Stead," wrote A. G. Gardiner some years ago. "Whether you liked him or disliked him, agreed with him or disagreed with him you could never be indifferent to him." Grant Richards is clearly of the same opinion, in spite of his aversion to spiritualistic séances at Mowbray House, described with a humour and restraint that are characteristic of this entertaining book.

R. C.

NEW FICTION

COLD COMFORT FARM. By Stella Gibbons. (*Longmans, 7s. 6d.*)

THE HOUSE UNDER THE WATER. By Francis Brett Young. (*Heinemann, 8s. 6d.*)

QUEER STREET. By Edward Shanks. (*Macmillan, 10s. 6d.*)

PUBLIC FACES. By Harold Nicolson. (*Constable, 7s. 6d.*)

SONS. By Pearl S. Buck. (*Methuen, 7s. 6d.*)

(By Eric Gillett)

Do you enjoy those stark, passionate novels in which inarticulate and tiresome rustics perform their dreary antics before a conscientiously gloomy background? If you do, please don't read Miss Stella Gibbons's gorgeous *Cold Comfort Farm*, where middens, byres and sukebind abound, and the curious farm of the Starkadder family is furnished with every ancient inconvenience. Miss Gibbons transports a pleasantly modern young person to the Sussex home of her remarkable cousins, the Starkadders, and the competent girl has an exciting time in coping with the numerous

problems which have been set for her by the lust-and-dirt school of pretentious bucolic novelists. Common sense and laughter prevail, and Seth, Judith, Amos, Micah and Reuben Starkadder, Adam Lambsbreath, old Aunt Ada Doom, Big Business the Bull, and all, are jollied into a more normal way of living, while Flora Poste marries an entirely eligible young man. *Cold Comfort Farm* is the best fooling, and Miss Stella Gibbons is the most considerate of novelists. In order to help the critics and her less perceptive readers she has adopted the method of Baedeker and marked her finer passages with one, two, or three stars, in degree of merit. Only considerations of space prevent me from quoting a few of these rare descriptive pieces. Connoisseurs of humour and parody should not miss them.

By a strange chance I read Mr. Brett Young's *The House Under the Water* immediately after I had finished *Cold Comfort Farm*, and I was shocked to find that Mr. Brett Young has fallen a victim to some of the weaknesses guyed by Miss Gibbons. The novel-reading public owes nothing but gratitude to Mr. Brett Young for the excellent work he has done in *Portrait of Clare*, *My Brother Jonathan*, *Mr. and Mrs. Pennington*, and many other novels, but his new book demands serious criticism. It is largely a picture of life among the Welsh hills and there is a liberal ration of the delightful descriptive passages that occur in Mr. Brett Young's books. Unfortunately he is much less sure in his characterization than is usual. Griffith Tregaron is a strange, romantic, excitable creature, half genius, half mountebank, and the troubles which his temperament brings upon his family are described with great ingenuity and resource. With the rest of his characters, Mr. Brett Young is less happy, and he often falls into a trick of over-writing which is foreign to him. I hope that he will steer clear of mannerisms in his future work.

I enjoyed Mr. Shanks's *Queer Street* thoroughly. It is a readable tale, not very ambitious in spite of its considerable length, which has as its centre of interest the Bran-Pie club and the patrons of that rather seedy institution. Shady financiers, journalists, notoriety, and very modern young women abound, and Mr. Shanks has gathered up his ends so skillfully that the reader's sympathies are captured and comfortably maintained for nearly seven hundred pages. Mr. Shanks is to be congratulated on an entertaining, unpretentious story, thoroughly well told.

Mr. Nicolson's *Public Faces* is a disappointment. His particular province is the world of fact and fiction which he exploited with complete success in *Some People*. He is not at ease in

writing a full-length novel, and he is inclined to spend far too much time in meticulous descriptions of his people, who would be rendered more convincing by a fuller account of their actions and much less attention to their personal appearance. *Public Faces* is a political novel. The publishers rightly describe it as a commentary on English politicians, English bureaucracy, and international frailty, which is staged in the Foreign Office. I have criticized the book with some severity because I believe that as a biographer and as the author of *Some People*, Mr. Nicolson is one of our most interesting and considerable writers. As a novelist he appears to me to be lavishing his talents on an uncongenial medium of expression.

Mrs. Buck writes beautifully and her knowledge of China is authentic and mercifully free from nonsense about the glamour of the East. Her principal literary influence is the Bible and her prose has a balance and rhythm that are grateful to the ear. *Sons* depicts the efforts of Wang Lung's sons to get away from the soil which was so dear to their father, but their struggle is unavailing. To those who appreciate a good novel and to those who would increase their knowledge of Chinese life and customs I commend *Sons* and Mrs. Buck's earlier writings about China.

THE POETRY OF T. S. ELIOT. By Hugh Ross Williamson. (*Hodder & Stoughton*. 5s.)
(By John Linnell)

Whatever one's opinion of Mr. T. S. Eliot, his poetry, and "all that", few will have anything but praise for this scholarly first book of criticism

labours will do Mr. Eliot it would be hard to estimate. But undeniably, whether he makes us disciples or not, he does the reader considerable service in making his subject intelligible, though perhaps no less irritating than before. Doubtless we shall continue to be riled, as in the past, by Mr. Eliot's superior erudition, his abrupt transitions, and the cryptogrammatic method so well exemplified in *The Waste Land*, and for that the more the pity. For Mr. Eliot is a poet, and of no mean order, despite his apparent refusal, and his friends', to consider the cultured public to be worth the effort of a greater straightforwardness. Or is it that Mr. Eliot cannot help himself; that despite (or because of) writing to a theory he defeats his own efforts with the reader? They are vital considerations, these, upon which will depend posterity's judgment of Mr. Eliot's measure as a poet. After all, Homer, Dante, Shakespeare,

Goethe, or (to come nearer to Mr. Eliot) Donne and the Metaphysicals, at their remotest, most classical heights, hardly required, or require, the same degree of elucidation that Mr. Eliot needs for many of us; and it is such considerations, besides his over-scorning rejection of Romanticism as even permissible or possibly worthy of consideration, that make us doubt Mr. Williamson's judgment when he hails Mr. Eliot as a master among poets. Be that as it may, we are indebted none the less for perhaps the best and most painstaking book that has yet appeared on this thorny subject. Mr. Williamson has succeeded, at least, in sending one previously exasperated reader back to Mr. Eliot's work. The more the pity that his subject so patently and persistently lacks those varieties of patience, forbearance and clarity that have gone to the making of this book!

RECOMMENDED BOOKS

GENERAL

PEPYS. Edited by R. G. Howarth. (*Lent*. 7s. 6d.)

BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE. By Glennell Wilkinson. (*Harrap*. 8s. 6d.)

NAPOLEON. By Hilaire Belloc. (*Cassell*. 16s.)

THE GLORY OF THE HAPSBURGS. By Princess N. Fugger. (*Harrap*. 18s.)

AS WE ARE. By E. F. Benson. (*Longmans*. 15s.)

MODERN MONEY. By Lord Melchett. (*Secker*.

SLUMP. By H. Hessel Tiltman. (*Jarrollds*. 12s. 6d.)

FAITH AND SOCIETY. By M. B. Reckitt. (*Longmans, Green*. 15s.)

LETTERS FROM SIR OLIVER LODGE. Edited by J. A. Hill. (*Cassell*. 10s. 6d.)

TWENTY YEARS IN TIBET. By D. Macdonald (*Seeley, Service*. 18s.)

FICTION

MEMOIRS OF SATAN. By Gerhardt and Lunn (*Cassell*. 7s. 6d.)

COSMOPOLIS. By R. Croft-Cooke. (*Jarrollds*. 7s. 6d.)

AS A MAN GROWS OLDER. By Italo Svevo. (*Putnam*. 10s. 6d.)

Books to Come,

A personal and critical study of Sir William Orpen is announced by Messrs. Seeley. The appreciation of his art has been undertaken by Mr. P. G. Konody, and the man will be dealt with by Mr. Sidney Dark. In this instance there really is a good deal of point in dividing up a book into "the man" and "his art": Sir William Orpen had an interesting and amusing personality of the type that lends itself to journalistic treatment, and so alert a journalist as Mr. Dark may be expected to make good use of a good opportunity.

With all the discussion of industrial problems now in progress, the English edition of Professor Liefmann's book on *Cartels, Concerns and Trusts*, which Messrs. Methuen are publishing, is timely. Nowhere has industrial combination of certain kinds been carried so far as in Germany during the last thirty years, and this authoritative consideration of the possibilities and problems of combines in the world to-day should have real utility.

Messrs. Jonathan Cape give prominence among their announcements to a new life of Wagner by Guy de Pourtalès. It is claimed that this is the "most completely modern" biography of Wagner, but many will find it a stronger recommendation that Paderewski regards Guy de Pourtalès as one of the best living biographers of musicians.

A great many people on the look-out for a good book for children will eagerly fasten on *Peter Duck*, by Mr. Arthur Ransome, which Messrs. Jonathan Cape are issuing at 7s. 6d. It is a far cry from the days when Mr. Arthur Ransome was a critic whose style was occasionally reminiscent of Pater and who wrote a book on Oscar Wilde. Nor is it the easiest thing in the world to recognize the journalist specializing on Russia in the author of *Swallow Dale*, or *Swallows and Amazons*, both of which have had a huge success with children.

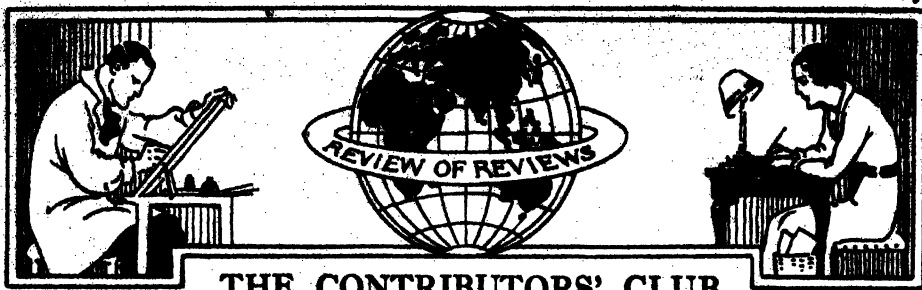
Though this book will be out as these words are read, I make no excuse for drawing attention to the first English translation of Basile's *The Pantamerone*, which Messrs. Lane, The Bodley Head, are issuing. Though the original, which was first published in 1634, has been thought by some judges to rank among the world's great collections of tales, it has remained in virtual obscurity on account of having been written in an archaic Neapolitan dialect which has been too much for the great majority of Italian scholars. Benedetto Croce, the eminent Italian philosopher, who had devoted many years to study and elucidation of the work, has now co-operated with Mr. Norman Penzar in preparing the first English version.

The habit of issuing the limited edition of a new book some while before the edition for the general public is made available seems to be becoming commoner. Messrs. Chatto and Windus have adopted it for Mr. Aldous Huxley's *Texts and Pretexts*, the limited edition of which is out a week before the ordinary edition. It is a combination of anthology and commentary, and shows Mr. Huxley engaged in an endeavour to arrive at a securer philosophy than his brilliant earlier works have revealed.

T. E. W.

Children's Books

The December "REVIEW OF REVIEWS" will contain a selected list of books suitable for children, arranged for easy reference.



THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

WE introduce this month the work of two young artists who have not previously submitted cartoons or caricatures. William Shaw, who lives in Langho, near Blackburn, writes that he is nineteen years of age and has always been keen on art, particularly black and white illustration. He obtained a "Distinction" in art in the School Certificate Examination of the Northern Universities, and in 1931 he passed the Higher S.C. Examination in Art. But since then his work in a solicitor's office has prevented him from finding much opportunity to develop his talent.

His drawing "Industry," which we reproduce below, deserves high praise. Its

realistic, almost satirical comment on modern civilisation is both original and a stimulant to thought.

The four cartoons on the opposite page were sent us by T. B. Pyburn of Sunderland, who at eighteen is employed as a telephone operator. Drawing is his hobby, and though he has had no training he looks forward to a career in that direction. Humour combined with study of character is evident in his caricatures of four well-known politicians.

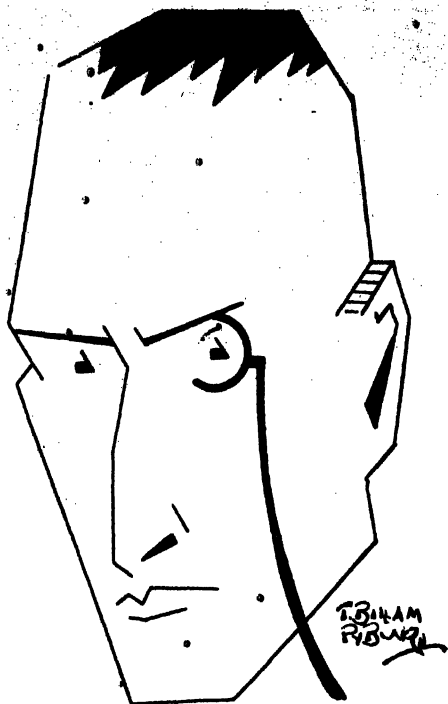
Cyril Mason was a contributor to these pages in October. His cartoon, reproduced here, which provides a comment on the



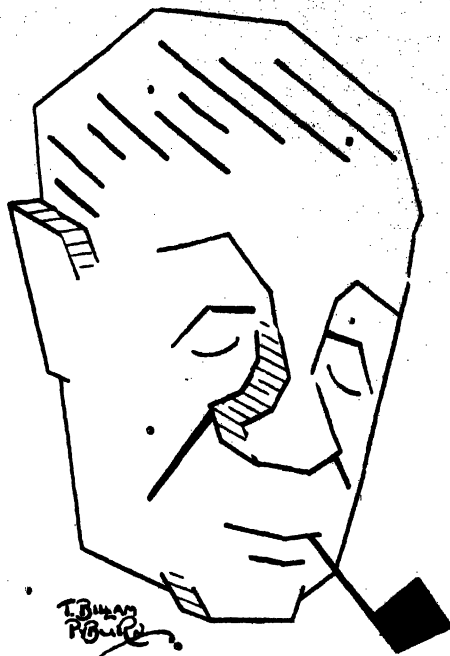
[Shaw]

INDUSTRY

[For the Contributors' Club]



Sir Austen Chamberlain



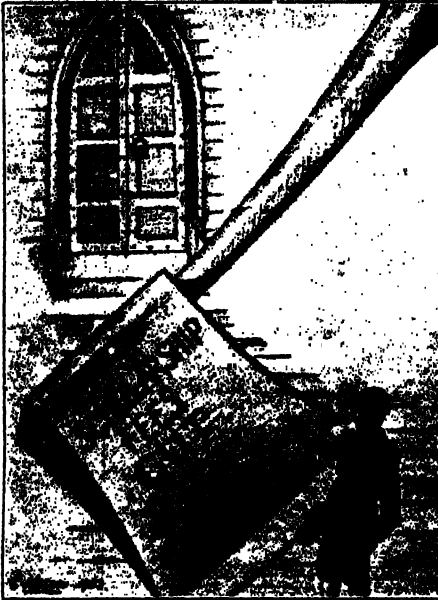
Mr. Stanley Baldwin



Mr. de Valera



Mr. Neville Chamberlain.



Mason

[For the Contributors' Club]

"They shall not Pass"



Bradshaw

[For the Contributors' Club]

The Fourteenth Anniversary

economy cuts imposed by the Government, is most topical.

The same may be said of the work of W. B. Bradshaw, whom readers will remember as an unemployed railway-engine stoker. Some of Mr. Bradshaw's work reminds one of the political cartoons that are a feature

of *Punch*. An example of this is his drawing "The Fourteenth Anniversary," reproduced above, which marks a tribute to Armistice Day.

Fourteen years since November 11th 1918. Many of us, looking at the full page "Disarmament" cartoon, will agree with

COMPETITION No. 1.

What do you read, and why?

We offer a Prize of two guineas for a short essay (not more than three hundred words in length) on the daily and weekly papers and reviews you are in the habit of reading, saying why you read them in preference to others.

All attempts, marked "Competition No. 1" in the left-hand corner, must be addressed to the Editor, *Review of Reviews*, 38, Bedford Street, W.C.2, and must reach this office not later than the first post on December 30th. The result will be published in the January number.

We reserve the right to publish any attempt submitted.

Each entry must be enclosed in a separate envelope.

The prize may be divided between two or more competitors.

Pseudonyms are permissible, but must be accompanied by real names and addresses. If the user of a pseudonym desires that his name shall not be published in the event of his winning a prize, he must say so in sending in his attempts.

The decision of the Editor is final, and no correspondence can be entered into with regard to the competition.

MSS. cannot be returned.



[Bradshaw]

SITTING ON TOP OF THE WORLD

[For the Contributors' Club]

the artist that Mars is still "Sitting on the top of the World."

TO OUR READERS

The principal features of the Contributors' Club are the amateur cartoons and caricatures which we reproduce each month. They have already reached a high standard of excellence, and we know that this encouragement to young artists is much appreciated by our readers.

We must remind contributors that their work should reach this office by 20th of each month, and be accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope and biographical details.

The written work submitted has not been so promising. In future we propose to

encourage written contributions under two heads, viz., correspondence and competitions.

Correspondence.—We invite readers to write letters, as brief as possible, on any subject of importance that strikes their attention in the REVIEW OF REVIEWS. This month we publish an article on the *Outline for Boys and Girls and their Parents*, edited by Naomi Mitchison; and another by Charles Morgan, the novelist, on "A Censorship of Books". Both these subjects, particularly the last, are very suitable for an exchange of views.

Competitions.—We intend holding competitions from time to time, with the idea of encouraging the prose and poetic talent of our readers. Details of the first competition are given on page 86.

THE GLEANER

MORE SLANDER

"You must be more careful," said the Adjutant to his clerk. This letter's addressed to the 'Intelligent Officer' instead of the 'Intelligence Officer.'"

"Beg pardon, sir."

"I should think so. You ought to know there's no such person in the Army."—*Evening News.*

THE DECIDING FACTOR

Beginner: "Now, my man, I want to hire a horse. How long can I have it out?"

Groom: "Well, sir, we usually leave that to the horse."—*Vari Hem.*

THE LIMIT

Doctor: "Put out your tongue, my dear. Right out."

Youngster: "I c-can't put it any further out. It's fast at the back."—*Daily Despatch.*

LUCKY

The midday whistle had blown when Murphy shouted: "Has anyone seen me vest?"

"Sure, Murphy," said Pat, "and ye've got it on."

"Right and I have," replied Murphy, gazing solemnly at his bosom, "and it's a good thing ye seen it, or I'd have gone home without it."—*Capper's Farmer.*

THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW

"Are all the news cameramen here?"

"Yes, your honour."

"Lights O. K.?"

"Yes, your honour."

"Sound O. K.?"

"Yes, your honour."

"Good, then let justice take its course."—*Judge.*

RETORT COURTEOUS

Porter: "Miss the train, sir?"

"No. I didn't like the look of it, so I chased it out of the station."—*Evening News.*

CORRECT

A Virginia family was training a coloured girl from the country in her duties as maid. On answering the telephone the first day she brought no message.

"Who was that, Sara?"

"Twarnt nobody, Mr. Baily, jes a gentleman say 'It's a long distance from New York' and I says 'Yessir it certainly is!'"—*Judge.*

A LATE AWAKENING

Henpeck (at police station): "My wife has disappeared."

Constable: "When?"

"A fortnight ago."

"Why didn't you come to us before?"

"I couldn't believe it. I thought I was dreaming."—*Lustige Blätter (Berlin).*

MOTERING AND POWER-BOATING

A Review of the October Shows

By EDGAR N. DUFFIELD

THAT twenty-sixth annual exhibition of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, the trade union—to speak plainly—of the producers of cars, tyres and accessories, motoring requisites and supplies, for use ashore and afloat, was a magnificent demonstration of the will to prosper. Everybody concerned knew that such a demonstration was necessary, because everybody had seen that Life was both Real and Earnest, during the first nine months of 1932. Austins had made a really fine best of a bad year. Austin Ordinary shareholders were able to read the lists of Irish Sweepstake awards in a very calm, resigned fashion. But a good many other folk concerned in the automobile and allied industries must have gone to Olympia determined to go down with the band playing, and the nett result is that nobody has been sunk.

Having myself spent several years on either side of the mat, selling as well as buying the things one uses to motor, I enjoyed this Show immensely, because so very many of the things displayed were so very usefully different from those exhibited even a year ago. There was of course a mascotty, chromium-plating, duo-tone-finish element. It is natural to some folk to use a little too much of hair-oil, and to bedeck what were otherwise respectable motor cars with things of negative use and still more negative ornament; but by diligent searching one could find cars which impressed one by the restraint and sanity of their embellishment and equipment, just as much as by the soundness of their design and nicety of their construction, in the sense of putting-together. Over and over again one could pause and gaze—revering the self-control of folk who had decided that man wants but little here, below, and does not buy motor

cars primarily to become possessed of ash-trays and dill-dolls—at nice, clean-limbed, upstanding, serviceable motor cars, carrying nothing just for the sake of inflating a specification by its description.

THERE is a Continental trend observable in bodywork. Over and over again one sees where money has been spent in creating mouldings, flutings, extravagances of line and contour, which merely add to cost, and provide additional resting-places for dust and mud. It is a conviction of mine that the Englishman does not excel in ornamentation. He is by nature a plain-sailing, straight-forward sort of chap, unafraid to stand up in singlet and shorts, deeming bracelets or nose-rings unnecessary. He thinks in straight lines, or purely geometrical curves. He is apt to slip-up when he monkeys with a set of pearwood "curves". He should leave their use to the European.

Nobody can quarrel with a straight line, or a circle. Opinions may differ vastly as to anything between those. For example, I examined a smallish saloon whose appearance was marred by three lines. The framing, the encasement, of its rear side-window or "light" made one line. An entirely useless body-moulding slightly to the rear of that window-frame made another line. And then the curvature of the rear panelling of the body itself added a third. Looking at the rearward half of that car, one's eye was jazzed by three lines, dangerously close together, so that one began to wonder which was the right line, and why the others did not accord with it?

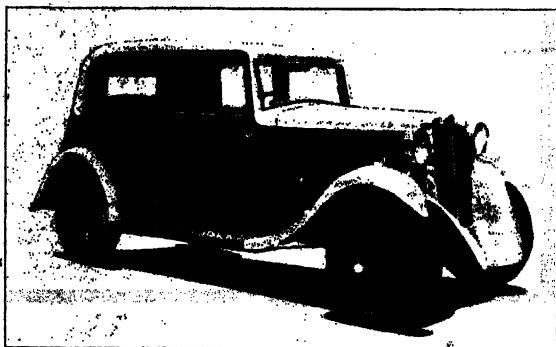
I cannot draw; but let the reader take a protractor and ruler, and pencil three-lines—one at an angle of 90, one at 60, and one at 45 degrees with the horizon. Let him

draw them closely together, and of such lengths that all their ends, upper and lower, are on two levels. The result is a mess; simply a quarrel. Then let him draw another three, all at one angle with the horizon, and the effect of those three parallel lines will be much more pleasing to an orderly, tidy brain.

EXTRAVAGANCE of line and "adornment" in coachwork was, however, the only really weak spot that I saw, unless I add meagreness of what flying men call "visibility". Far too many cars are so built, as to bodywork, that their occupants cannot see out of them nearly as freely or liberally as might be wished. Why, to be "sporting", one should sit in a body with

But there are on our roads today thousands of people who really want to see their wing-ends, before they know whether they can go ahead safely or must bide a wee, and there is real, urgent need for far more of "visibility" than is afforded in a majority of bodies of enclosed or enclosable types.

Low roofs, high belt-lines, single-panelled windscreens, with badly placed wiper-gear-boxes, are dead against safety. One should, in 1932, *not* have to crane and peer and calculate whether or not one has ample sea-room, while navigating one of the tangles created by a combination of London's traffic control, a surplus of gigantic motor omnibuses and coaches, and a serious percentage of fellow-motorists who have paid



The A. J. S. Twelve-4, with anti-vibro steering, a free wheel on fourth speed, and other decidedly interesting features, apart from the general air of desirability, at £375.

next to no headroom, and have to crane one's neck to see what is happening, either through the windscreen or through the windows, I really cannot understand; but it is a fact that a majority of "sports" coupés and saloons are so built that none of their occupants, not even the driver, is able to see what is happening outdoors. I measure 5 ft. 6½ in. I am therefore a small, short man. But a majority of "sports" coupés and saloons at Olympia from October 13th to October 22nd last were so built that a man of fully 6 ft. in height could not see as freely ahead as is desirable, in urban traffic of today.

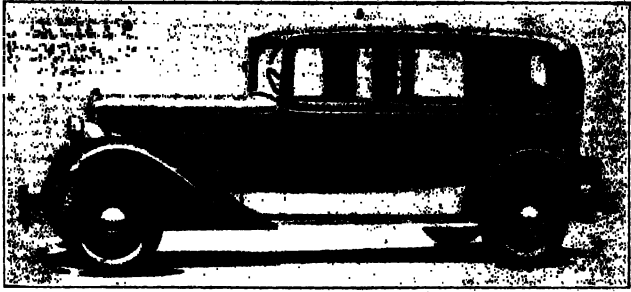
I know my car's width, *any* car's width, because from childhood I have been used to gauging the width of a dog-cart. The merest glance tells me whether I have 6 ft. of road along which to pass, or have not.

"£5 down" and will think about the second instalment when it's due—the insurance company meanwhile holding the melon, poor dears!

They *are* a serious percentage, these £5-downers. A young lady accused by the police of travelling at 45 to 60 m.p.h. from Hinchley Wood (near Esher) to Putney, was before the magistrates at Kingston on Thames, on October 6th. A motor-cycle patrolman chased her, and described her third-lining. Her solicitor, defending her, said that his client admitted driving a little too fast, but she did not think she was inconveniencing anyone, and he submitted that dangerous driving had not been proved. He added that Miss Blank was earning only £3 10s. a week, and was buying the car on the hire-purchase system.

An Austin Twenty "Ranelagh" limousine, the costliest Austin exhibited at Olympia, yet only £575, very completely equipped.

The Austin Motor Company's stand was among the few really congested with visitors at Olympia, perhaps, to a degree, because of the recent declaration by Austins of dividends of 20 per cent. on their Preference and 50 per cent. upon their Ordinary shares.



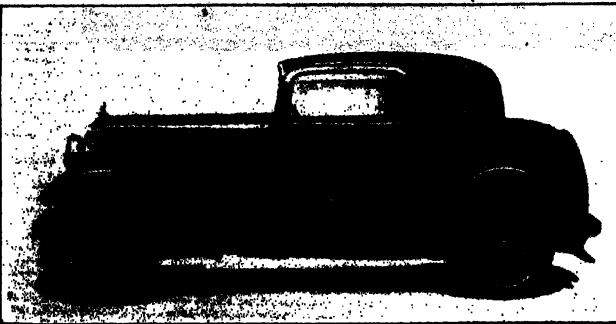
The Chairman said the Bench were agreed that it was one of the clearest cases of reckless driving that had been before them for a long time. It was a wonder there was no accident. Defendant would have to pay the small fine of £5, plus 10s. 6d. costs, and her licence would be suspended for two years.

That incident is typical of dozens of which one can read every month. Business is business; but it is highly dangerous to the community at large (and, not a bit of good, really, for the motor car business) that anybody "respectable" in the eyes of hire-purchase retailers should be able to obtain possession and use of a motor vehicle by paying "£5 down." Such motorists have no sense of responsibility. If, when, they crash, the insurance company have to clean up the debris, and reward themselves with it. Compulsory insurance was essential; but for anybody and everybody to be able to get hold of a car by paying instalments of £5 per month (that payment including insurance premium, and therefore relieving the user of the car of all legal, financial, material responsibility) is economically reprehensible; and if the automobile industry cannot be maintained except by

the continuance of such a state of affairs, the sooner it is wound up the better.

Some folk will never be circumspect save by compulsion, with condign punishment lying in wait for neglect of care. While anybody or everybody can drive a car for £5 per month, plus running costs, no regulations promulgated, no roads built, can ever be safe, and the vagaries of hair-brained £5-downers can bring about the death of a couple of dozen of useful, purpose-serving members of the public in the persons of 'bus or coach passengers, their vehicle wrecked by its driver's endeavour to avert collision with the £5-downer. There is in me no money snobbery, or car snobbery. I'd like anybody and everybody to enjoy the freedom of the road; but liberty must not be license, and 50 per cent. of £5-downers are a curse, a pest, an active menace to the rest of our road-users. Having now let off a little magisterial steam, and adjusted both wig and ruffles, back to the Show.

I FIND that there was a Morris two-seater at £100, £5 less than the price of the least costly Austin; but it had only a three-speed box, whereas the Austin Seven



The newly marketed Daimler Fifteen-6, with an overhead-located mushroom-valved motor, mounted with a sports coupé body, at £465, generally conceded to be the most attractive feature of the Daimler Company's exhibit.

at £105 had a four-speed box, with a twin-top third. The Morris similarly equipped, as to transmission, also was priced at £105, so that Austin and Morris "tied" for honours in the matter of lowest price.

I should have preferred the Austin, on several counts; but then I know from personal experience, as well as that of numerous friends, the quality inbuilt in every Austin product, whereas it is several years since I sat in a Morris car, or an M.G., or a Wolseley.

I regarded the Austin exhibit as the most widely attractive. One has to think of prices, and the Austin range begins at £105, soaring to £575. We shall be a long while waiting for a real motor car which costs less than a hundred guineas, and we do not need to consider the feelings of people who feel

devoted to Olympia. A man of very decided personality, he has found in recent years that everybody calling at his stand has insisted upon personal attention, often to the inconvenience of really important callers. He, like Commander Robinson, was therefore a free-lance, strolling here and there, seeing all that was to be seen, and at liberty to linger and chat when and where he wished.

CROSSLEY Motors, Ltd., were found at the Show to have increased body-types on their recently marketed four-cylindere Ten to eight, the complete cars ranging from £265 for a "family" saloon, or £295 for a four-seated open job, to £385 for a super-sports saloon. Actually there are two Ten chassis, a standard and a sports model, the



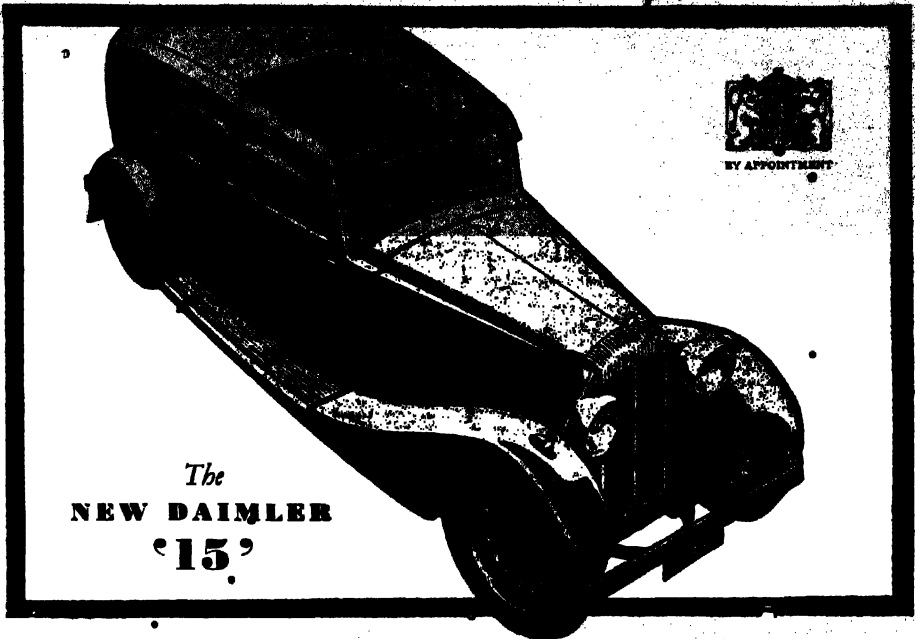
One of many "special" bodies on the Ford V-8, at The White City, where the Ford Company ran an exhibition of their own during the period of the Olympia Show. This sports coupé was by W. J. Reynolds, of East Ham.

obliged to spend very much more than £575, true as it is that I should like again to be in the £800 class.

A FIRM who were absent from Olympia for the first time in many years are A. W. Chapman, Ltd., the inventors, patentees and manufacturers of Leveroll seat-equipment, Thermorad car-heating plant, Nevajah shock-absorbers, Pirouette turntables (for portable radio sets), and such. Mr. Arthur Chapman has now attained his ambition, in that his Leveroll equipment of one type or other is fitted upon a majority of the British cars boasting adjustable seats, and his works at Hurlingham are now in production of such a volume that he can no longer afford the time formerly

sports engine carrying two carburettors, special manifolding and duplicated overhead inlet valves, with laterally placed exhaust valves—a method of valve-disposition which has served very well everybody who has used it, although for years it was peculiar (among well-known cars, anyhow) to the English Humber and the American Essex (as first built, when only an 18 h.p. four was available).

Other Crossleys were the 15·7 "Silver", 20·9 "Golden" and 20·9 "Super" sixes, by now well-known as dependable, nicely behaved cars; but it is significant to me that Crossleys have decided that a four-cylindere job shall be their latest contribution to advancement. Their complete range in price is from £265 to £895.



The
NEW DAIMLER
'15'

A THOROUGHbred

A new Daimler is born. 15 hp. £450.

A new Daimler is always an event, but this is an epoch. It revises all our ideas of what money will buy. Remember, first of all it is a Daimler, every inch of it from the radiator fluting to the ribs of the petrol tank; Daimler power, Daimler design, made in the splendid Daimler tradition. It is all that and more.

Much more. It is a Daimler fitted with the Daimler Fluid-Flywheel Self-Changing Transmission that puts it ten years ahead of everything that comes near it on the road, the new Daimler Transmission that with a single dab of the foot has put all the gear levers and clutches in the world into the museum.

The new "Fifteen" is for the owner-driver, the man of taste who does not want a chauffeur-driven car but must have a thoroughbred.

Let us send you full particulars of the Daimler and Lanchester range. Write your name and address in the space below and post to
THE DAIMLER COMPANY LTD. COVENTRY

Daimler
for £450

Other Daimler models include

'20' from £725

'25' from £875

'40' from £1550

'50' from £1650

All fitted with the wonderful

DAIMLER
FLUID-FLYWHEEL
SELF-CHANGING
TRANSMISSION

which is also available on the new

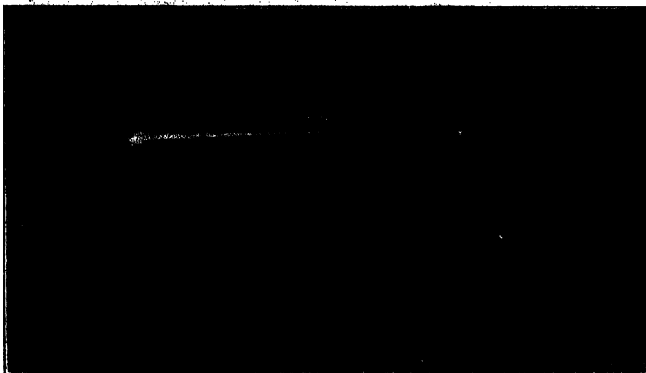
Lanchester

'10' from £315 '18' from £595

STRATSTONE, LTD., the principal distributors of Daimler and Lanchester cars, announced during the Show that they had been honoured with an order for a 25 h.p. Daimler for the use of His Majesty King George V., who, I believe, uses nothing but Daimler cars, ceremonially or informally.

But that one must, as a manufacturer, remember price, is clear when one sees Daimlers exhibiting cars costing less than £500 to buy, and Lanchesters offering a very finished product from £315. Folk like those do a lot of wet-towelling before they step down on to the gravel, you know! They have for years been accustomed to catering only for thousand-pound sort of people, and therefore doing things "regard-

sold before they were built." If anybody had told George Lanchester, five years ago, that one hundred per week of *any* Lanchester, at any price, would ever be built in weekly hundreds, he would have felt as an elephant feels when the tiniest *badmash* in the bazaar strokes one of his hind feet with a feather. He would have decided that it felt good, but amounted to nothing. Thus getting down to the gravel can prove very pleasant, in the motor car business, just as it pleases tiresome old fellows at the club to say that there was a time when they kept half a dozen hunters, as well as a couple of hacks and a pony for the youngsters. Somebody says that "sorrow's crown of sorrows is remembering happy things." Maybe; but



A Lanchester Eighteen-6 saloon, at £595, with Daimler fluid flywheel and pre-selective self-changing epicyclic gear-box, a very sound proposition in every respect.

less," incorporating anything and everything desirable, their selling-prices the very last of their considerations.

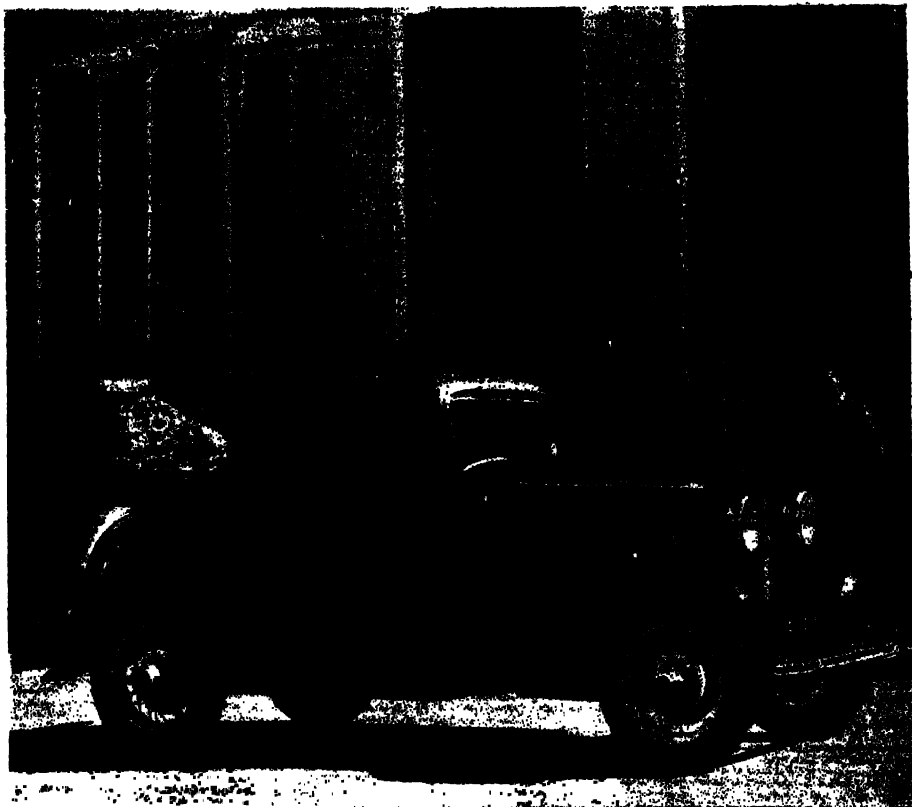
WINNING that War brought a lot of us

there is also a glow of enjoyment in the bombazeen-covered bosom of the seaside landlady when, showing her rooms, complete with horsehair upholstery and waxed fruit she explains that she did not *always*

grilled herring eats just as well as a "blue" trout, and costs far less, one being unable to poach the trout and "win" the dressing. The more the pleasure, therefore, in finding what sort of Daimler one can buy for £450, what like of Lanchester it is that can be bought for £315. I regarded the Lanchester as the more interesting car, and that not because the Ten was £315, whereas the Daimler was £450, or £465. Long before the Show the Lanchester Ten was streaming forth from Sandy Lane in weekly hundreds—

Daimlers, Lanchesters are out for Big Business. They realise, good, easy men, that for every lucky bargee with a couple of thousand pounds to spend on a motor car, there are hundreds whose spending-limit is somewhere from three to nine hundred pounds. It is from such that motor car producers have to secure their patrons for a good many years to come, and I am not going to say that this is at all, for a moment, regrettable. It is a sign of the times, an augury of the end of Mammon—

That Early Thrill Recaptured?



THE FORD V-8 DE LUXE COUPE, £2935, AT WORKS, DAGENHAM

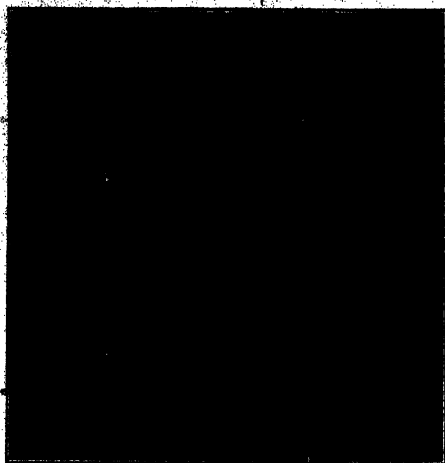
Do you remember times when every drive had a thrill, "a kick in it"? Long while ago, but this Ford V-8 has recreated that state of affairs. The more experienced, the more blasé, you have become, the more you will enjoy the use of the car which all but thinks for you. "Pace? All that is safely used under modern conditions.



Noiselessness? Of a degree that gives the word a new meaning. Yet no car of comparable performance—to ignore performance refinement—costs so little, to buy or to run! Ask the local Ford dealer for a fully descriptive booklet, illustrating four alternative body-types, priced at from £230, at Works, Dagenham. Ask him to arrange a road test.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED

55 Basing Street, London, W.1 (Regent 7272—15 Lines) Dagenham, Essex (Ralpham 300—17 Lines)



Jubilee worm-drive hose-clips are now used by Westminster's City Fathers to secure litter-baskets to lamp standards, and other civic and municipal authorities are testing them, with a view to their adoption for similar service.

worship. No longer need a man be measured mainly by his possession of pieces-of-eight. That is clearly good, because it gives *me* a chance to breathe, once in a while.

THE Ford Company's own show, at the White City, came to be because the Ford people had rather miss Olympia, one show at best, lasting one week, than miss a hundred-odd of agricultural and other exhibitions, held up and down the length and breadth of Britain, from January to December. That's all there is to it.

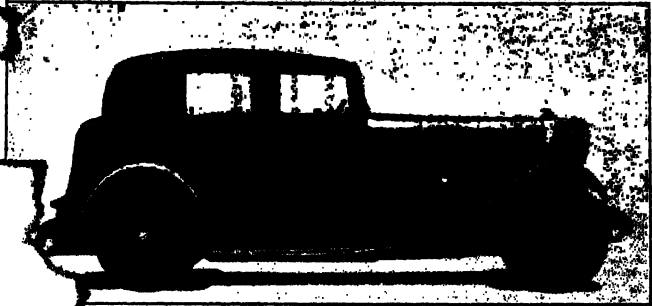
In the event, Fords appeared to be doing quite a lot of business at the White City. Spectacularly so. Dealers won, with their displays of essentially and almost disconcertingly non-standard bodywork mounted upon Ford 8 h.p., 14.9 h.p., 24 h.p. and—particularly—V8 chassis. But Sir Percival Perry and Mr. A. R. Smith, the chairman and general manager of Ford Motor Company Limited, the two men who matter, had just as lief sell a couple of hundred thousand chassis per annum, in complete cars, and if these "special" bodies put the standard Ford bodies right out of business—something which will never happen, quite by the way—they would not lose a whole heap of beauty-sleep. This I say advisedly, because it is no secret that the new Dagenham plant is devoted to chassis production, body-building (at least so far as regards passenger-car coachwork) being the pidgin of another and an independent concern, located alongside the Ford works, at Dagenham, but no part of them.

I AM still open-minded about the 8 h.p. Model Y Ford. It is a good buy; but I regard the 14.9 h.p. Model AB-F two-doored saloon, at £180, as being even better money's worth than is the 8 h.p. two-doored saloon at £120. I am sufficiently old to know how very trivial is a matter of £5 or £10 of Inland Revenue duty, in relation to the cost of motoring as a whole. Motorists who were not, ten minutes ago, motor car company's salesmen, and sales managers, whose mentality suggests that they were in

The New Sunbeam Speed Six, a sports car with notable docility if one wishes to use it for ordinary, urban service. As illustrated, it costs only £745, with two spare wheels and tyres.



The Talbot Six saloon, at £495, is a model of only 9 ft. wheelbase, as illustrated, also available with a 10 ft. wheelbase, and a six-seater saloon body, at £525.



the pickle business fifteen minutes ago, attach an entirely artificial importance to a car's tax-rating.


I would prefer to be taxed through my petrol-tank, it is true. It seems idiotic to me that I have to pay £10 per annum to keep my old Triumph for any wife's shopping, so that she can run into Kingston and Surbiton, three or four miles from home, once or twice in each week. I'd far rather pay for that car's use of the road through the medium of an increased fuel-tax. But as we have the h.p. tax, and do not look a little bit like getting rid of it (for reasons many of which are highly discreditable to those most concerned with its abandonment), I figure-out the total cost of our family motoring (there are three of us, using two cars only, at present) and decide that the sum total of the Inland Revenue duty on both cars would buy petrol insufficient for either of them to travel very far.

I say, therefore, that this £1 per h.p. is a swindle; but no more so than is the fact that I have to pay 1s. 3d. per ounce for tobacco, or buy whisky at the rate of 12s. 6d. per pint, or buy English matches at seven times their pre-war price, 10½d. per dozen boxes, instead of 1½d. (an economic fact, this last, which inspires Protectionists to unusual flights of eloquence).

If anybody asked me which were the Ford cars to buy, which of them best illustrated Ford wizardry, I should cite the 14.9 h.p. four and the V-8. To be able to get a very good two-doored saloon on the 14.9 h.p. chassis for £180, as on the V-8 for £230, plus the cost of my journey to Dagenham to take delivery, strikes me as wonderful. I think the V-8 the better buy of the two. Certainly it carries £30 of Inland Revenue duty, against the £15 of the 14.9; but I have satisfied myself that it will travel at 20 or 21 miles per gallon of Pratt's High-Test petrol, as against the 28 or 30 miles per gallon of the 14.9, and anybody who pretends that motoring in the four-cylindred 14.9 h.p. Ford is comparable with motoring in the eight-cylindred 30 h.p. Ford—well, he lacks education, if not intelligence also.

MY latest doctor—I enrol the kindly brutes not singly, but in battalions—says that he would love a Ford V-8, much as he likes his Austin Twelve-6. He is not bothered by the difference in consumption. But he *does* boggle at the £30 of taxation. I hope that he knows more of medicine than of mathematics!

I guess that he motors some 15,000 to 20,000 miles per annum, driving from



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18.2 h.p. and the Twenty 23.8 h.p.* by tax-rating, so the new model comes between the two in dimensional progression. The Sixteen and Twenty have new gear-boxes, of the synchro-mesh, twin-top order, controlling shock-absorbers, pump-feed for the fuel system; but their more numerous details will be found in body-work at present. Sixteen prices range from £450 to £500 of the standard Twenty from £500 to £550.

The new "Speed" Sixteen is recently at present standardised as a sports saloon body. With a chassis-price of £500, the figure asked for the completely equipped car is £745. It is not intended to give a high maximum speed, but to make quite easy, non-fatiguing, the maintenance of a cruising speed of 60 to 70 m.p.h. Its engine has overhead valves, pump cooling, thermostatically controlled radiator shutters, pressure-fed lubrication, battery and coil ignition, and a Zenith carburettor.

Hydraulically operated brakes are fitted, as on the Sixteen and Twenty, the chassis-lubrication is centralised, and the wheels, thank goodness, are not disfigured by chromium-plated discs nearly as big as the brake-drums!

THE Marine Section of the Olympian Exhibition was frankly disappointing, not merely in the spectacular sense. What had happened it was difficult to understand, but Olympia as a whole shone rather pallidly in relation to the Ford Show at the White City, and power boating enthusiasts who went to Addison Road expecting to see their money's-worth must have been grievously disappointed.

I suppose that all this points to the fact that neither the car nor the boat industry can, at present "afford" an annual show. We know of course that the boat industry is much the poorer, if only because there are fewer firms in it; but it did seem, as one strolled around, that the collective boat-builders of the United Kingdom might have put in an appearance more impressive than that which they made.

Some of the firms who did exhibit might have made a better representation. All



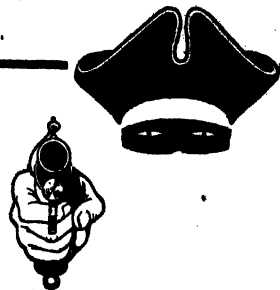
TRIUMPHS provide the comfort of big cars at small car cost. Bodies are hand made, of fine appearance flush-fitting sliding roof, rain and draught proof . . . four wide doors . . . deeply cushioned seats in real leather . . . long, supple road springs . . . hydraulic shock absorbers . . . hydraulic brakes . . . "Protectoglass" all round . . . petrol tank at rear . . . bumpers. Every Triumph is a De Luxe Model . . . there are no extras . . . everything you can conceivably require is included.

Write to-day for full details of Triumph Super Eight Models £155, Super Nine £189, "Twelve-Six" £198 and "Southern Cross" Sports £225.

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The finest light car
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DON'T BE HELD UP!

Don't let faulty oil rob you of speed! Use the new Sports "Filtrate" (Regd.) and drive under . . . of speed without fear of . . . Especially manufactured Sports "Filtrate" gives perfect lubrication to "fast revving" engines. In 5 gallon drums at 8/10 per gallon, 1 gallon tins at 8/1, and handy quart tins at 2/3.

SPORTS

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"THE OIL WHICH STANDS UP TO IT"

is not a spectacular object in or by itself. Anything less inspiring to the general public than a stand filled with engines cannot be imagined; and for a firm who have quite a reputation as producers of complete craft to be content to show engines only, or half a dozen engines for one boat, is for them to fail signally to create boat-mindedness among people who still have to be persuaded to use boats in addition to, if not instead of, cars.

The Birmingham sale was good, comprising a Bantam motor and an 18-ft. Mercury, at £220 and £375, respectively. Both craft on eye very pleasantly.

The Boat Mfg. Co., had a 12-ft. runabout, 14-ft. runabout, very consistent at £18 and £50.

Brookes of Lowestoft, showed a 12-ft. dingy, equipped with their Dingy-motor. Their 10-12 h.p. Diesel-type bodies a good deal of attention.



A 26-ft. yacht's tender, equipped with a Thornycroft RB-6 plant of 140 b.h.p., giving a speed of 32½ knots. Time was, and not so long ago, when only torpedo boats or destroyers travelled at such a pace; but this is a Thornycroft job throughout.

BOTH Brookes of Lowestoft and Hylands of Wakefield seemed to me to have overdoped the engine element, and the British Power Boat Company were content to be judged on their engines alone. Very fine engines, we know, as was made evident during the recent Poole meeting, when Power-engined craft won 24 trophies, including four firsts. We know also that Mr. Scott-Paine's company are unable to maintain any stock of boats, their demand up to now exceeding the supply; but all this does not make a Roman holiday, and as a

It was a very neat, workmanlike job; but I wonder if it is not prohibitively weighty, in relation to its output? To continue the thread dropped in my October notes, British designers (of engines generally, and not merely of c.-i. motors), really must bear weight, in relation to power, more seriously in mind than they have so far done.

THERE is a tendency among them to skimp in other directions (while they prate about "the teachings of aircraft experience", bless their innocent minds.)

altogether ignoring the weight of a big, husky, robustly-constructed, heavily engine.

We know perfectly well that a motor must be rigidly, substantially constructed, to be of any use; but an engine rated as of 10-12 h.p., which weighs with its necessary accessories, with a tremendous handicap. It is its own 6½ cwt., as well as the contents or burthen of

I am not crazy on the power-to-weight ratio, because of the penalties, in light-car engines, of too great a reverence for lightness; but it would seem that the designer of marine power-units can very usefully give more attention in the future to weight than he has given in the past.

The utilitarian success, the efficiency, of the Austin Seven car, and the Ford cars, has been due very largely to their admirable power-to-weight ratios. I have no Ford data by me; but the Austin Seven's engine develops 10.5 brake horse-power at 2,400 r.p.m., and the complete Austin Seven saloon, ready for the road, weighs only about 10 cwt.

There is a p.-w. ratio of 1 b.h.p. per cwt., which makes a weight of 797 lb. for an output of 12 b.h.p. look perfectly farcical.

What is the weight of the Austin Seven's motor I can only guess; but if the saloon as a whole weighs only 10 cwt., the power-unit with gearbox cannot possibly weigh more than 2 or 3 cwt. at the utmost.

THUS while I admire everybody who is having a stab at the Diesel proposition, everybody so occupied must keep weight in view, or he is gravely likely to toil all night and catch nothing.

I am, I must admit, prejudiced against Diesel zealots, because they do protest too much; and so many of their calculations

THE



TIMES

An illustrated monthly magazine catering for Ford Owners, Ford Dealers, and Others Interested in Ford Motor Vehicles, Fordson Tractors and Ford Aircraft.

It is that, all that, but that's not all. In it is much to read for folk who are interested broadly, generally, in road and aerial transport.

For the twelve months ending Dec. 31, 1931, the guaranteed average monthly net sales were

43,399 COPIES

This would seem to suggest that there must be something in "The Ford Times."

A specimen copy will cost a postcard. A year's subscription amounts to 6s. 6d. inside Britain.

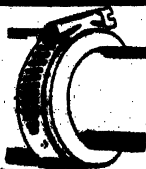
Publishing Office:

27, GLASSHOUSE ST., LONDON, W.1

are based upon the present market price of fuel oil. Let the oil barons see a really big demand for what is vaguely called Diesel oil, and up will go its price, the late Lord Bearsted having stated an eternal verity when—to the surprise of the unthinking—he said, on a memorable occasion, that "the price of petrol is *what it will fetch*." That is the price of anything.

When I first burned petroleum spirit one could and did buy of the best, the cleanest, for 11d. per gallon, retail. I speak of 1903. As the demand, the use, for it gained strength, the price steadily advanced.

History will repeat itself in the case of fuel oil for Diesel-type motors, as sure as eggs are eggs. Why not? If Tom has what Dick wants, must have, Tom will decide



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**SEND FOR A FREE SAMPLE
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This 44-ft. express cruiser was built recently to the order of the Brazilian Government by Brooke Marine Motors, Ltd., of Lowestoft

the price of that commodity. And as the Diesel fans really do base most of their calculations upon the price of fuel oil at something inside 6d. per gallon, the inflation of that price to the level of paraffin, only, will blow their calculations sky-high.

This is a digression, but one not unwarranted, because there is current far too much of enthusiasm for something which

has yet to withstand economic demonstration, over a term of years. When the petrol motor became reasonably dependable people foretold the passing of steam. Today the same enthusiasts foretell the obsolescence of the petrol and kerosene motors. They think less than they talk.

WALTER D. FAIR & CO. had a very fine display of their Watermota engines, notable among which was the 10 h.p. two-cylindere two-phase job, which weighs 110 lbs. and costs only £67.

H. Gibbs, of Trowlock Island, Teddington, had a 30 ft. runabout, at 295 guineas, engined with one of the new Amanco 10-25 h.p. fours built by the Standard Motor Co., Ltd., for Associated Manufacturers (London), Ltd.

David Hillyard had an 18-ft. auxiliary cruiser, with two bunks and an accommodation galley, offered at £150, with a Stuart engine, or £100 without that useful adjunct. Hillyard was represented also on the stand of John Marston, Ltd., who showed a 9-ft. dinghy designed for outboard propulsion, and selling, with a Seagull Lightweight motor, at £43 10s.

Harry Milham of Twickenham showed two pram dinghies, of 9 ft. 6 in., and 11 ft., one of them exhibited in knock-down form, for transport overland to its purchaser, the constituents being all numbered for erection. Both boats are available in "bits," the prices being £5 10s. for the 9 ft. 6 in. boat, knocked down, or £10 assembled, and £6 15s. for the

In the September issue of *Review of Reviews*, Mr. Edgar N. Duffield, in describing a cruise which he had taken on one of the big liners, made certain statements commenting on the inefficiency of the boat drill and the state of the life-boats on the ship. No steamship company was named in the article, but the Union-Castle Mail Steamship Co., Ltd., felt that these statements were directed against them, and drew our attention and Mr. Duffield's to the matter, denying the substance of what Mr. Duffield has said.

We have since gone into the matter carefully with the officials of the Steamship Company, and are satisfied that Mr. Duffield's statements were over-emphasised, and we wish unreservedly to withdraw the statements made in that issue, and to announce to our readers that the boats and equipment of the Union-Castle Steamship Company have been found in a satisfactory condition.—*The Editors.*

HELP THE EX-SERVICE MAN TO LIVE!

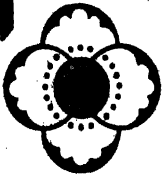
THERE are thousands of men, who fought for you and yours eighteen years ago, still fighting a hard battle to obtain the necessities of life. A battle which is made more and more difficult in face of the present cry of economy in every walk of life. . . .

A sad army of British ex-Service men is still in our midst—in urgent need of that special assistance which the British Legion is anxious to give. . . .

You will be amply repaid in the certain knowledge that your gift has "done its bit" in aiding those who did their bit for you if you send a contribution, however small. . . .

Won't you help us to help them and their dependants?

Give more generously for your Poppy on November 11th or better still, send a donation, and help our vital work to continue and expand.



EARL HAIG'S (BRITISH LEGION) APPEAL FUND

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BY 239 MOTOR
MANUFACTURERS**

WAKEFIELD
Castrol
MOTOR OIL

11-footer, dismantled, or £12 ready for launching.

THORNYCROFTS displayed a 30-ft. twin-screw cruiser, with two 10-17 h.p. fours—a standard type, in the main, but with its accommodation elaborated for trips of more than common duration, and an extremely attractive little ship, which was easily the most interesting exhibit of the section.

IN the Ford Exhibition, at the White City, Vanadium, Ltd., of Victoria Street, London, S.W.1, displayed an adaptation of the Ford Model Y motor of 8 h.p., selling, with complete equipment (including the Ford electrical starting and lighting installation) at £70. It was claimed to develop 22 h.p. at 4,200 r.p.m. £12 10s. extra is charged for a Langdon 2-to-1 reversing gear, the weight of the complete plant amounting to 240 lbs. At the White City this unit was shown in a yacht's tender said to be good for 15 m.p.h.

A NATIONAL SERVICE FOR PROGRESSIVE MANUFACTURERS

MOST of the larger gas undertakings to-day have built up a comprehensive service to handle industrial questions and to advise enquirers on the latest developments in the application of gas to various heating processes. These industrial departments with their trained staffs have at the back of them industrial research laboratories, such as those at Birmingham, Watson House (London), Sheffield and other towns, in which research and experiments are continually being carried out to explore the possibilities of gas for all industrial processes requiring heat. It is, therefore, often possible for the gas undertaking to carry out experimental work of a practical nature in its own demonstration rooms in cases where a potential consumer's requirements cannot be met by standard apparatus.

Nor is the gas industry content merely to point out to the industrialist the benefit that will accrue to him from a change-over from other fuel, and to persuade him to instal gas-fired appliances. The sale of a piece of apparatus is not considered the end of the transaction. Specially organized schemes of service to manufacturers using gas provide for repairs to appliances installed and for periodical inspection by experts from the undertaking. Such service gives opportunity for the replacement of out-of-date apparatus, for the introduction of new designs and materials, and for improvements which will give greater efficiency

THE GAS INDUSTRY PLANS FOR REVIVAL

combined with economy in gas consumption.

This organized industrial service carried out by large gas undertakings is made available to the whole gas industry by means of "it" which collect and disseminate information on industrial appli-

na-
na-
cation

This energy in becoming known to industrialist the use of gas as a scientifically controlled fuel, combined with a net decrease in the process costs compared with those when using other heating methods, is, without doubt, largely responsible for the steady expansion of the gas industry's sale to industry.

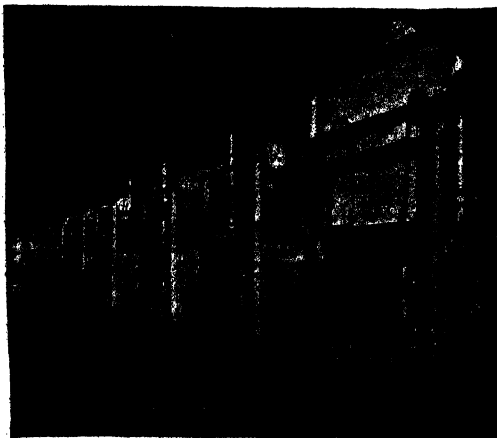
The Motor and Cycle Trades

Experimental work of a valuable nature has recently been carried out on three carburizing furnaces in use at the works of a large firm of motor car manufacturers. This was for the purpose of ascertaining whether towns gas could be applied with a greater degree of efficiency and at less cost to the furnace installation which was then running on other fuel. As a result of these experiments the firm has become a gas consumer to the extent of approximately 100 million cubic feet per annum and during the time that the heat treatment shop have been running entirely on towns gas the installation has worked with complete success.

Other furnaces in the heat treatment shop at these works include a battery of re-heating furnaces, both oven and rotary types. One room situated in the shop is used as a control room for the general pyrometer equipment and temperature control.

In the motor cycle and bicycle trade the use of towns gas for heating processes, such as brazing, case-hardening, hardening, and japaning, is rapidly increasing. One large firm in the Birmingham district decided two or three years ago to use oil instead of gas for drying japan on wheels, mudguards, and similar parts. At the same time conveyor ovens were installed in place of the ordinary in-and-out type.

At the end of a year or two, however, the firm found that the replacement of burnt-out tube in the oil-fired heater was an extremely costly item, and decided to experiment with a change over to a gas heater. This necessitated a direct fired system in place of an indirect system of heating, but, although the products of gas combustion are in contact with the work to be dried, the japaning results are quite up to the standard of the oil-fired heater.



An installation of six carburizing furnaces at the works of a motor manufacturer. These furnaces are fitted with automatic gas and damper control

A further advantage in the saving of valuable gas-fired heater is installed at the oven, whereas the oil under the size had to be placed in another

The gas-heated conveyor is 60 feet long, and its approximate capacity is 1,300 cubic feet per hour. The reduction effected in maintenance costs, the savings compared with those of the oil-burners per hour.

The experience of this firm is by no means isolated, and the use of gas-fired conveyor ovens is being extended.

The Manufacture of Roller Bearings

An interesting example of the exclusive use of gas is to be found at the works of an important manufacturer of high-grade tapered roller bearings of all sizes. The reputation for accuracy and quality obtained by this firm springs from the use of highest grade material, scientifically heat treated. Gas is the fuel used throughout for the various heat processes necessary, and the heat treatment shop, which has a maximum output of 120,000 components a week, has an annual consumption of gas amounting to over 48,000,000 cubic feet.

The company has now perfected a roller bearing for use in rolling mills, and a new furnace has been installed to deal with these large bearings. This furnace has a working chamber 11 feet long by 6 feet 6 inches wide by 3 feet 6 inches high, and is fitted with automatic temperature control.

The function of the furnace is carburizing, and bearings up to 44 inches outside diameter will be treated. An accurate and certain temperature has to be maintained for periods up to 150 hours. A depth of case of 5/16 inch is obtained with a minimum core strength of 100 tons per square inch. The work this furnace is called upon to perform is in all probability a record in the metallurgical world.

In the same works a continuous re-heating circular furnace which is gas-fired has been giving some excellent results. This piece of apparatus consists of a flat disc-shaped table about 8 feet in diameter. The work is fed into an opening on the left hand side, the table moves in a clockwise direction, and the work is taken out from an opening on the other side of the furnace. This appliance is capable of dealing with 500 components per hour, and figures as low as 1.75 cubic feet of gas per lb. of steel treated have been obtained during tests.

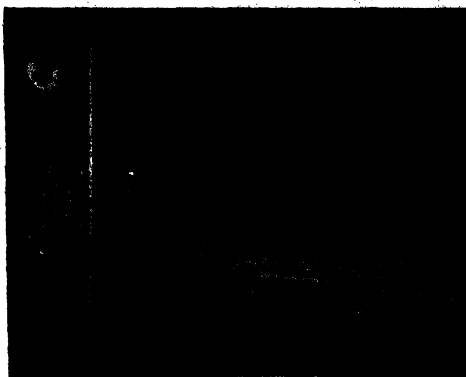
Other gas-fired furnaces in use at these works include carburizing furnaces fitted with automatic temperature control, and rotary barrel hardening furnaces used for the carburizing of rollers and

other small components. These latter can be tilted over the quenching tank so that the components can be quenched straight from the furnaces.

Gas as a Motor Fuel

Much interest is being taken in the research now being carried out by the gas industry into the possibilities of the use of gas in a compressed form for the running of internal combustion engines, and the recent increase in the price of petrol will give an added incentive to the efforts being made in this direction.

At the present stage of the investigations it has been found that the maximum power output of a



A low pressure gas recuperative oven furnace for carburizing large roller bearings. A constant temperature has to be maintained with this furnace for periods up to 150 hours.

standard low-compression engine when running on town gas is about 88 per cent. of that obtained with petrol. By increasing the compression ratio when running on gas alone, or by the addition of benzole, it will, it appears, be possible to raise the maximum power almost to that obtained with petrol.

Light-weight steel cylinders capable of withstanding a pressure of over 3,000 lb. to the square inch are used, and experimental vehicles, fitted with such cylinders, are now carrying out exhaustive road tests. In Chesterfield a working test is being made on a corporation motor-bus, in Birmingham and Tottenham commercial lorries have been chosen for practical experiments, and already for compression stations are in course of construction in various parts of the country.

In a paper read recently before the Iron and Steel Institute, Mr. Frank S. Marsh, of Chesterfield, estimated that a heavy motor vehicle running on compressed town gas or coke oven gas, would be able to cover seventy miles at cost equivalent to that of petrol at 6d. a gallon.

THE TRAVEL SUN

Christmas Abroad—Attractive Christmas Cruises—The Mediterranean—Popularizing the Land of the Pharaohs—Special Winter

and Palestine—Round the World

By HAROLD J. SHEPST

WHERE shall we spend Christmas? That is the question we shall shortly have to decide. A decade or two ago we should have been content to stay at home, but fashion has now decreed otherwise. After all, we look upon Christmas as a holiday, and a holiday means a vacation away from home. A cynic has said that it was the overworked housewife who instituted the Christmas holiday. It was no change for her to remain at home and face all the drudgery of waiting upon her guests. Be that as it may, those who can manage to get away at Christmas now do so.

The railway companies are alive to this new spirit of keeping the festive season and announce special express trains to the various spas and winter resorts. While it is impossible to forecast what the weather will be like so far ahead, generally speaking we do experience fair weather at this season of the year. The really cold weather makes its appearance after Christmas, which is just as well. Last Christmas the promenades at our South coast resorts presented quite an

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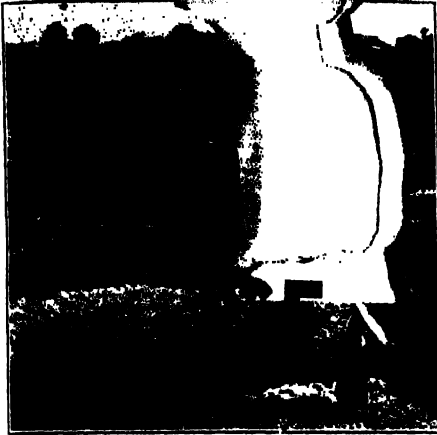
any of them were bathed in light overcoat was all an acknowledged winter resort energy in the Isle of Wight. Then we had of gas as a sea, Falmouth, St. Austell Bay, and the Scilly Isles, and a score of others. I had a peep at St. Austell Bay in Cornwall the other week. It will be recalled how one of the wings of the new Carlyon Hotel, was destroyed by fire last Christmas. It has now been rebuilt, boasts of 150 bedrooms, and down upon the extensive beach there are hard tennis courts, a club-house with a squash court, a dancing floor, and a fine golf course upon the cliffs above. Then there are the spas which enjoy both a summer as well as a winter season. Not least, the curative properties of their waters often surpass those of boosted spas much further afield, while in their scientific equipment British spas more than hold their own with foreign rivals. In the west country we have three great spas—Bath, Cheltenham, and Malvern, which lie



The S.S. "Homeric," the 34,351 ton luxurious cruising liner of the White Star fleet, which is to make six winter cruises to the Mediterranean and the Atlantic Islands. The first, the Christmas Cruise, leaves on December 21, returning on January 4, when Madeira, Tenerife, Las Palmas, Casablanca and Gibraltar, will be visited.

on a curve around the
the beautiful P
we have Buxton

Then in
by ship



A typical Palestine village. This is El Kubebeh, the Emmaus of the New Testament.

Our shipping companies have awakened to the call for Christmas cruises and they are presenting some attractive programmes. The largest and most luxurious of liners are being requisitioned and they will make trips of duration varying from a few days to several weeks, and at prices to suit all pockets. For those who have only the Christmas days there is the week-end cruise of the Royal Mail liner *Alcantara*. She leaves Southampton on December 23rd, for Santander, on the north coast of Spain, and the four-days' trip costs about eight guineas. The Cunard have arranged a short New Year's cruise to the Madeira Islands. It will be by their luxurious liner *Berengaria*. She leaves Southampton on December 28th for Madeira, arriving there in time for her passengers to witness the famous New Year's Eve fireworks display.

The White Star announce two Christmas cruises, one of fourteen days, and the other of four weeks' duration. The first named is by their palatial liner *Homeric*. She is of 34,351 tons, and is the world's largest twin-screw liner. She leaves Southampton on December 21st, for Madeira, Teneriffe, Las Palmas, Casablanca, and Gibraltar, covering

all told some 35,000 miles upon the sea. All these places are worth seeing and one is sure to find them bathed in brilliant sunshine. The fare is most reasonable, ranging from £25, according to cabin accommodation selected.

A more ambitious Christmas cruise of this famous line is that of the *Laurentic*, of 19,000 tons, to Egypt and the Holy Land, enabling tourists to spend some time in Bethlehem. The vessel sails from Liverpool on January 11th, returning to that port on February 8th. She only carries first-class passengers and the fare is from £42, according to cabin accommodation selected. From Liverpool the steamer proceeds direct to Gibraltar where there is a stay of ten hours, sufficient to see this quaint outpost of the Empire standing guard at the entrance to the



The "goats" of the Pyramid. Egyptian boys who assist tourists to climb the Great Pyramid, which rises to a height of 480 feet.

Mediterranean. There is a stop at Villefranche, enabling one to visit Monte Carlo and Nice.

The next stopping place is Alexandria, where there is a stop of eighteen hours, sufficient for a run up to Cairo and back to see the Pyramids and the Sphinx and something of the wonders and beauties of the Egyptian metropolis. Then comes Haifa, in Palestine. Those desirous of seeing something of the old Bible cities and sacred sites of the Holy Land are advised to leave the ship here and proceed southward through the country, picking up the steamer again at Alexandria. It is a trip worth taking and one that will live long in the memory.

From Haifa, dominated by Mount Carmel, which is associated with the Prophet Elijah,

the visitor will be taken to two Jerusalem: the old, narrow streets, paved with narrow pavements, and a modern city with noble buildings, and a modern city with noble buildings, and a modern city with noble buildings. A fascinating journey here is that into the Jordan, passing through Bethany, the Dead Sea and the Jordan. A pilgrimage paid to Bethlehem, Jerusalem by car. On the way, the Well of the Magi, the Tomb of the Virgin Mary, the Church of the Nativity, the oldest Christian edifice in existence, having been founded



The Canadian Pacific 20,000 ton luxury liner, 'Duchess of Richmond.' She leaves on January 28 next for West Indies cruise visiting* Gibraltar, Trinidad, Venezuela, Curacao, Panama, Jamaica, Cuba, Bahamas, Porto Rico, Barbados, Grenada, St. Lucia and Martinique.

motor car is taken for Nazareth, one of the most picturesque towns in Palestine. Here are pointed out many memorable sites—the House or Workshop of Joseph, the synagogue in which Christ is thought to have preached, and the site of the Annunciation. A short run from here brings one to Tiberias on the Sea of Galilee, a fascinating eastern city, and here motor boat trips may be taken round the lake visiting such Biblical sites as Bethsaida and Capernaum, with its ruins.

Then across the Plain of Esdraelon with its thriving Jewish colonies, through Samaria to Nablous, and on to Jerusalem. Here one visits the Temple Area, with its celebrated Mosque of Omar, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, with its tomb of Our Lord, the Garden of Gethsemane, and the Mount of

Sion. Some sixteen hundred years ago. A visit should be paid to the grotto, marking the spot of the Nativity. From Jerusalem one can journey down to Alexandria to pick up the steamer either by motor car or by rail. One crosses the Sinai Desert, the scene of the Forty Years' Wanderings. It is some eight or nine hours' journey by train and can be made either in daylight or by sleeper.

Here it may be added that the *Laurentic* is making two such trips to Egypt and the Holy Land this winter, one in February, and a second in March of next year, both occupying 28 days. On the return voyage a halt is made at Naples enabling one to see Vesuvius.

The Christmas trip of the famous Blue Star cruising liner *Arandora Star*, starting on December 19th, includes Portugal,

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Madeira, and the Canaries. The Christmas cruise of the Royal Mail liner *Atlantis* to the Mediterranean begins on December 21st. The Lamport and Holt Line announce an attractive Christmas cruise by their special cruising liner *Vollare*. She leaves on December 23rd. It is a fifteen days' trip, and the fare is from 19 guineas. It is first-class only and among the places visited are Ceuta, Casablanca, Madeira, and Lisbon.

Many have refrained from visiting Egypt on the plea that such a tour is beyond their means. Yet it is surprising what can be done in seeing something of the beauties and wonders of the Nile valley for £70 or £80. With a view to popularizing tours in the land of the Pharaohs, the Egyptian Travel Bureau, in co-operation with the leading shipping companies and hotels, are offering combined inclusive tickets. They cover the cost of the steamer passage, railway travelling in Egypt, hotel accommodation, and transport to and from the stations to the hotels. There are four series of tickets, the prices decided by choice of first or second class upon the steamers and the class of hotel selected. In the lowest priced tickets, however, one is assured of every comfort and convenience. All tickets include first-class on the railways in Egypt and the hotels listed are all good. Thus

it is possible to say, P. & O. steamer from Egypt to Marseilles and visit Cairo, from £54 upwards. The only ones added for are the excursions.

The companies made reference to the West India lines, including the Canadian White Star, P. & O., Fyns, and the Union Line and others among these famed Isles of the Blest. The end of December or early in January are reasonable rates. The Boatswain have a Christmas or New Year voyage to the Amazon, when one voyages for a thousand miles up this mysterious river with its banks clothed in dense tropical jungle, passing quaint Indian settlements, and in fact, full of interest and novelty.

I note that the Canadian Pacific have made a revision of fares in connection with their West Indies cruise by the *Duchess of Richmond*. Accommodation can be arranged from 80 guineas. This is remarkable value when one remembers the splendid steamer employed, that the trip occupies 47 days the numerous places visited, while on the sea alone over 12,000 miles are covered. The *Duchess of Richmond* is one of the world's newest cruising ships. She is of 20,000 tons and burns oil fuel, so one is assured of decks. She leaves Southampton on Janu-



Typical street scene in Algiers, the capital of Algeria. From the water, the city seems to rise out of the sea in a series of dazzling white terraces with houses set in the luxuriant foliage. Modern Algiers suggests Paris with palms for the plantations of the boulevards, a striking contrast to its native quarter, with its narrow twisting passages and overhanging balconies.



Canadian Pacific 42,500 ton luxury liner, "Empress Britain," photographed at Liverpool. She leaves on December 16 next on a world cruise.

next, returning to that port on March

The itinerary shows excellent knowledge of the West Indies, for all the most picturesque and fascinating sights of this wonder region are included. The first port of call is Gibraltar, and then across the Atlantic to beautiful Trinidad, an equatorial paradise, where two calls are made at La Brea and Port of Spain, the capital. Then across the main-

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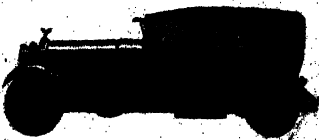
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land to South America for La Guaira, Venezuela, from which point one reaches the capital, Caracas, by an ingenious mountain railway. Curacao, Holland's principal possession in the West Indies, is visited, as well as the Panama Canal. Then come Jamaica the largest of the British possessions, Havana in Cuba, Nassau in the Bahama Islands, Porto Rico, Barbados, Grenada, St. Lucia and Madeira on the return voyage. At the various ports of call ample time is afforded for excursions ashore, the halt at the more important points ranging from twenty to over forty hours.

Then there are the round the world cruises. The *Empress of Britain*, of the



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Canadian Pacific line, leaves Monaco on December 16th, visiting some twenty-three countries. Her passengers will spend Christmas in the Holy Land and New Year's Eve in Cairo.

Then I notice that my friend, Mr. Edward Gray, famous among the travelling public, is just arranging another of his annual world tours—his eighteenth one—leaving this country on December 16th next. It is unique in that so much of the ground covered lies off the beaten track. Mr. Gray is a pastmaster in planning such tours. He

Brisbane comes spent, caves, lakes, and possesses some world. Oceano pago Sea, Azo. T. reme

new are visited and then five weeks are spent in the mountains of New Zealand, the most beautiful scenery in the world. The Southern Pacific, the Galapagos Canal, the Caribbean Sea, the West Indies and the

is £535, and when on tour occupies four full



FIG. 1. Port of Spain, Trinidad, in the West Indies. It is framed in lovely hills clothed in rich tropical vegetation. One of its sights is Queen's Park, always in riot of gorgeous flowers. From Port of Spain excursions may be taken to the Botanical Garden and the Lake of Pitch, regarded as a world's wonder.

has been round the world himself over a score of times and has conducted parties in every known country. In the forthcoming tour, places in the Mediterranean and in Egypt are visited, as well as Ceylon, Sumatra, Singapore, and Java. At each port of call, sight-seeing motor drives are planned. Twelve days are spent motoring through the beautiful island of Java, which has been justly called "The Pearl of the Orient," one of the excursions here being to the famous temple of Borobudur.

After visiting Celebes, the largest of the Spice Islands, comes a voyage down the coast of Queensland and sails for a thousand miles upon the waters just inside the Barrier Reef, obtaining one

months, and this includes everything—first-class passage fare, hotel accommodation, motoring, etc.—it cannot be regarded as an excessive charge. No one travelling alone could cover such a distance and see so much for such a sum. Mr. Gray will accompany the party throughout. To the tired and overworked business man or woman the tour can be heartily recommended as one of the finest mental and physical rejuvenations known.

Those of our readers who are interested should write to me, care of the Editor, for further particulars. I will at once advise Mr. Gray, who will give the most personal attention.

